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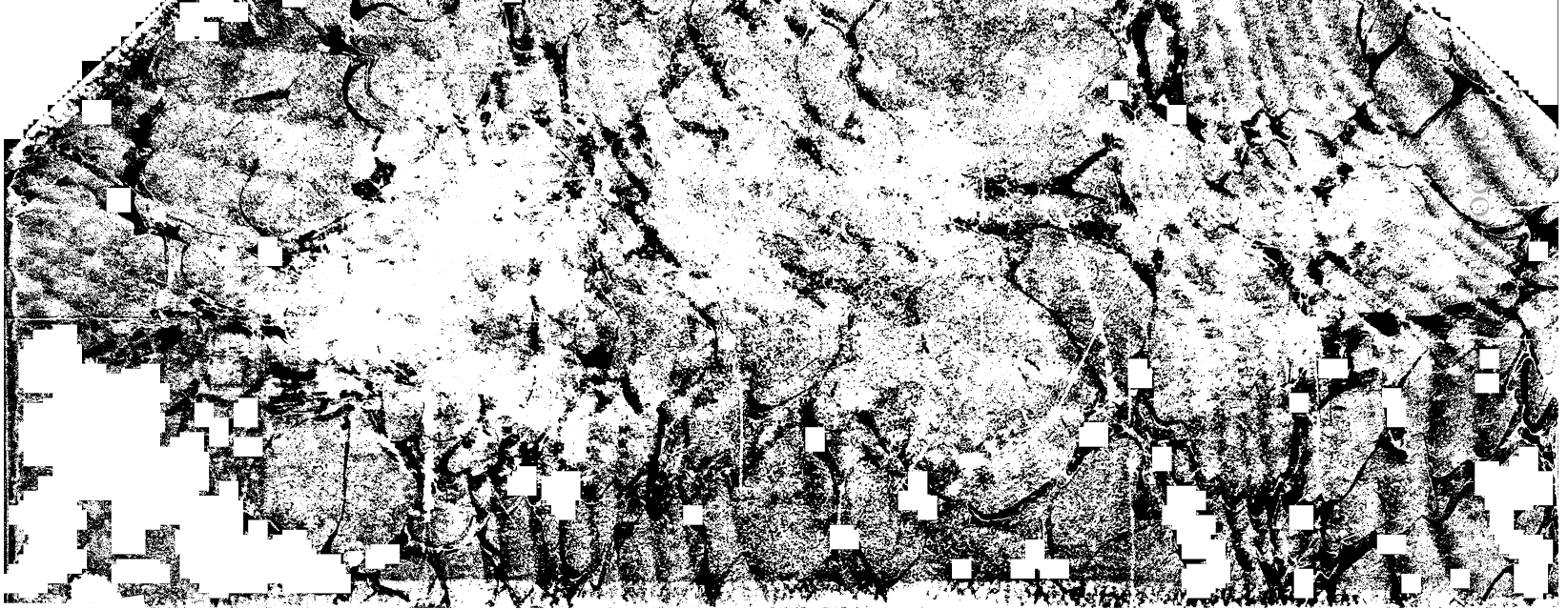

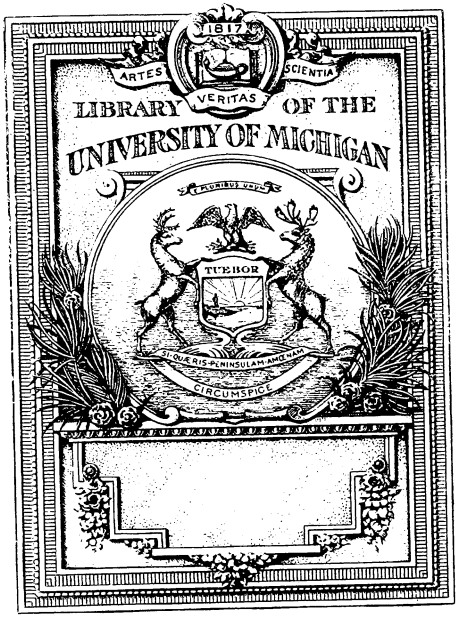

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THE WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

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1750

THE WORKS

OF

7420

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER;

THE TEXT FORMED FROM A NEW COLLATION OF THE EARLY EDITIONS.

With Notes

AND A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

GENERAL LIBRARY University of MICHIGAN

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR.
DEDICATION, &c.
COMMENDATORY POEMS.
THE WOMAN-HATER.
THIERRY AND THEODORET.
PHILASTER.
THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

LONDON:

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TO

THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS,

AS A MEMORIAL OF A LONG AND UNINTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP,

THESE VOLUMES ARE INSCRIBED

BY

THE EDITOR.

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PREFACE.

Of Beaumont and Fletcher only three *critical* editions have been hitherto attempted. The first was that of 1750, commenced by Theobald and completed by Seward and Sympson, in which the most unwarrantable liberties were taken with the text. The second, published in 1778, was at least an improvement on that of 1750, inasmuch as the Editors (of whom the elder Colman was the chief) rejected the greater portion of the arbitrary alterations introduced by their predecessors. The third was that of 1812, edited by Weber, who, having availed himself of Monck Mason's *Notes* (printed in 1798), produced on the whole the best edition of the dramatists which had yet appeared.

Much, however, remained to be done for Beaumont and Fletcher—principally by collation of the early copies. In this respect the above-mentioned Editors were so unpardonably careless, that though (as their annotations prove) they used nearly all the early copies extant, they yet entirely overlooked a great number of readings, by which both the sense and the metre might have been restored. Nor were they less deserving of censure on another account: in too many passages which they happened not to understand they deliberately substituted their own improvements for the authors' genuine language.

The text of the edition which I now submit to the public, is formed from a minute collation of all the early copies:

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but I have not thought it necessary to crowd the pages by noticing every trifling variation which the quartos and the folios exhibit. Two of the plays,—*The Honest Man's Fortune* and *The Humorous Lieutenant*,—have been greatly amended by means of MSS.

As to the memoir of the authors,—while I have endeavoured to state, with more precision than has hitherto been aimed at, the particulars already known concerning themselves and their writings, I have had the good fortune to discover, among some other new facts of less importance, the date and place of Fletcher's birth. With the biographical details I have mingled such observations as were suggested to me by repeated perusals of the poets' works.

To George Craufurd Heath, Esq., I owe my best acknowledgments for the unsolicited loan of a manuscript commentary on Beaumont and Fletcher, written, soon after the appearance of ed. 1750, by Benjamin Heath, whose *Notæ* on the Greek tragedians, and *Revisal of Shakespeare's Text*, are familiar to many readers. From that commentary (in which Heath has anticipated not a few of the corrections made by the Editors of 1778 and by Monck Mason) I have derived, as will be seen, considerable benefit.

To the following gentlemen I beg leave to return my thanks for assistance of various kinds received during the progress of these volumes through the press;—the Rev. John Mitford; the Rev. Henry Cooper, Vicar of Rye; W. Courthope, Esq.; W. H. Black, Esq.; J. P. Collier, Esq.; and Peter Cunningham, Esq.

A. D.

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SOME ACCOUNT

OF

THE LIVES AND WRITINGS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

During the reigns of Elizabeth and James, while distinguished statesmen, warriors, and divines occasionally received the honours of biography soon after their decease, it was not the fashion to gratify the curiosity of readers with the private history of individuals who had attained celebrity by literature alone. When even the most illustrious poets went down to the grave, their relatives and friends paid them perhaps the tribute of some elegiac verses, but left the particulars of their lives unrecorded, except in the inscriptions which they placed upon their tombs[a]. We learn, indeed, that Heywood long meditated an extensive work, which would have conveyed to posterity much valuable information concerning the men of genius who had been his contemporaries, and most of them, very probably, his intimate associates—"the Lives of all the Poets, foreign and modern, from the first before Homer to the *novissimi* and last"[b]: but, though he continued to write

[a] A little tract which appeared in 1577, Whetstone's metrical *Life* of Gascoigne, is (to say nothing of the meagreness of its details) unique in its kind.

[b] That Heywood was engaged on this work as early as 1614, we know from a piece by Brathwait published during that year. Heywood thus notices his design in *The Hierarchie of the blessed Angells*, &c., 1635: "But I had almost forgot myself; for in proceeding further, I might haue forestalled a Worke, which hereafter (I hope) by Gods assistance to commit to the publick view, namely, the Liues of all the Poets, Forreine and Moderne, from the First before Homer, to the *Novissimi* and last, of what Nation or Language soeuer; so farre as any Historie or Chronologie will giue me warrant." p. 245.—Malone (*Life of Shakespeare*, p. 6, ed. Boswell), and others, have mentioned that Browne, the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, &c., intended to write "the Lives of the English Poets": but *his* work (if he ever signified an intention of composing it, which seems very doubtful) would have comprised only the poets of his native county. Let us hear what Carpenter

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at a very advanced age, never accomplished the design; and his manuscript collections have unfortunately perished. The *Theatrum Poetarum* of Phillips, 1675 [c], added something to criticism, but very little to biography: Langbaine's *Account of English Dramatic Poets*, 1691, treats much less of the authors than of their plays: and it was not to be expected that Wood, with all his own research and the assistance of Aubrey, should recover more than a few comparatively unimportant facts relating to those earlier poets whom the plan of his *Athenæ* embraced.—Hence the lamentable dearth of materials for such memoirs as the present, which, in spite of antiquarian diligence, are generally mere catalogues of the writers' works, with some incidental notices derived from the pages of their contemporaries.

In an Address to the Reader, prefixed to the folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays, 1647, Shirley observes; "It is not so remote in time, but very many gentlemen may remember these authors; and some, familiar in their conversation, deliver them upon every pleasant occasion so fluent, to talk a comedy. *He must be a bold man that dares undertake to write their lives* [d]"; and the passage has been understood as if Shirley, either from modesty or from some less worthy feeling, had declined the office of their biographer. I apprehend, however, (for the whole Address is rather affected and rhetorical,) that the words "He must be a bold man that dares undertake to write their lives", were introduced solely for the sake of impressing the reader with the most exalted notions of the genius and talent which, even in the common intercourse of society, distinguished the dramatic pair; nor do I believe that Shirley had ever been expected, much less solicited, to undertake the task which, with all possible disadvantages, I must attempt to execute.

But, first, it may be well to dispose of a question which has been frequently asked, viz., why that collection of dramas, in which Beaumont

says on this subject: "Many inferiour faculties are yet left, wherein our Dæuon hath displaied her abilities, as well as in the former, as in Philosophers, Historians, Oratours, and Poets, the blazoning of whom to the life, especially the last, I had rather leaue to my worthy friend Mr. W. Browne; who, as hee hath already honoured his countrie [sic] in his elegant and sweete Pastoralls, so questionles will easily bee intreated a litle farther to grace it, by drawing out the line of his Poeticke Auncesters, beginning in Josephus Iscanus, and ending in himselfe." *Geographie*, p. 263. ed. 1635.

[c] Winstanley's *Lives of the most Famous English Poets*, 1687, is a very worthless compilation.

[d] Vol. i. v.—The expression, "some familiar in their conversation," would seem to prove that Shirley had not been personally acquainted with Beaumont and Fletcher.—We find a similar character given of Fletcher's conversational powers in the Prologue to a revival of *The Chances* and in R. Brome's verses *To his Memory*, both which will be cited afterwards.

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had a comparatively small share, should be called "*Beaumont* and Fletcher's", instead of "*Fletcher* and Beaumont's"?—None of Beaumont's dramatic pieces, with the exception of *The Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn* (1612), were given to the press till after his decease. Three plays only, *The Scornful Lady* (1616), *A King and No King* (1619), and *Philaster* (1620), were printed during Fletcher's lifetime as the joint-productions of himself and Beaumont; and the title-pages of those three dramas set forth that they were written by "*Beaumont* and Fletcher",—the name of Beaumont standing first, either because he was known to have composed the larger portion of them[e], or because that precedence was considered as a mark of respect due to a deceased writer[f]. At a later date no one was willing to disturb an arrangement which had become familiar to the reader; and hence, on the title-pages of the subsequently-published quartos and of the two folio collections, the name of Beaumont retained its usual place.

I shall now proceed with separate biographical accounts of the two poets, till the period of their dramatic union, and shall commence with that of Fletcher, who was born several years earlier than Beaumont.

Richard Fletcher, the father of our poet, is generally said to have been a native of Kent[g];—in which county his father, who was also named Richard, held at different times two benefices[h]. In 1563 the younger Richard Fletcher was a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, having probably been admitted there during the preceding year. In

[e] As early as 1612, Webster, in the Preface to his *White Devil*, mentions "the no less worthy composures of the both worthily excellent *Master Beaumont* and Master Fletcher".

[f] In the publication of *A King and No King* and of *Philaster*, Fletcher was certainly not concerned; nor, most probably, in that of *The Scornful Lady*. Indeed, it would seem that the only piece which he himself gave to the press was *The Faithful Shepherdess*.

[g] "Richard Fletcher was born in this County," &c. Fuller's *Worthies* (*Kent*), p. 72, ed. 1662, where there is a marginal note, "So his near relation informed me."—"Richard Fletcher D.D. is generally said to have been a native of Kent, and as such is placed by Fuller among the Worthies of that County, where that name has been very common; otherwise, from his having been one of the first Fellows here upon Abp. Parker's Foundation, I should rather have imagined he must have been either of Norwich or Norfolk, those Fellowships being solely appropriated thereto." Masters's *Hist. of Corpus Christi Coll.*, &c., p. 284, ed. 1753 (a work to which I have considerable obligations).

[h] Richard Fletcher, the elder, was appointed vicar of Bishop's Stortford in Hertfordshire, 19th June, 1551 (Clutterbuck's *Hist. of Hertf.* iii. 254: "12 Junii 1551," according to an extract by Kennet from *Reg. Bonner*, in a note on Wood's *Fasti Oxon.*, *Part First*, p. 190, ed. Bliss; but see Kennet's *Coll.*, *MS. Lansd.* 982, fol. 241, where the date is "19 Junii"); and deprived before 23d Febr., 1555 (see the same authorities, *ibid*). In 1555 he was vicar of Cranbrooke in Kent (Hasted's

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1569 he took the degree of A.M., and was elected Fellow of Bene't College; and on the 15th of July[i], 1572, he was incorporated A.M. of Oxford. On the 30th of September following he was instituted to the prebend of Isledon (Islington) in the Church of St. Paul, London, which he held together with his fellowship. In 1573 he was chosen President of Bene't College[j]; but he left Cambridge soon after, carrying with him testimonials of his learning and good conduct, and of the credit with which he had acquitted himself in the college, in the Public Schools, and in the pulpit. In 1574 we find him officiating as minister of Rye in Sussex; where he was still resident in December 1579, and where several of his children were born[k]. In 1581 he proceeded D.D. and became chaplain to the queen; and in 1583 the deanery of Peterborough was conferred upon him by her majesty. In 1585 he received the prebend of Long Sutton in the Church of Lincoln; he was also parson of Alderkirk (Algarkirk) in the same diocese; and in 1586 he was presented by Sir Thomas Cecil to the church of Barnack in Northamptonshire. As Dean of Peterborough, he attended Mary Queen of Scots during the fatal scene at Fotheringay, on the 8th of February, 1586-7, and rendered himself conspicuous by the zeal with which he urged that unfortunate princess to renounce the faith of Rome.

On the 14th of December, 1589, Richard Fletcher was consecrated Bishop of Bristol; and, if report may be credited, he obtained that promotion on condition of leasing out the lands to certain greedy courtiers, by which the bishopric was not a little impoverished[l]. On the 5th of February, 1590-1,

Hist. of Kent, iii. 55): "The martyrdom of Christopher Wade in Kent, in July 1555 [is] related by Mr. Fox upon this authority; 'Spectatores præsentes, Richardus Fletcher pater, nunc minister ecclesiæ Cranbrook, Richardus Fletcher filius, minister ecclesiæ Riensis.' *Act. Mon.* vol. 3. p. 382 [ed. 1641]", quotation from Kennet's papers, note on Wood's *Fasti Oxon.*, *ubi supra*. He was inducted rector of Smarden in the same county, 19th July, 1566 (Hasted's *Hist. of Kent*, iii. 237: Kennet from *MS. Batley* (*ubi supra*) gives, "Mr. Ric. Fletcher vicarius de Cranbrook et rector de Smarden ex patronatu Archiepi. 1569").

[i] Wood's *Fasti Oxon.*, *Part First*, p. 190, ed. Bliss. Masters (*Hist. of Corpus Christi Coll.*, &c., p. 285, ed. 1753) says "on the 15th of *June*."

[j] "Upon Mr. Norgate's promotion to the Mastership." Masters, *ubi supra*. Norgate succeeded to the Mastership "22 Aug. 1573." *Id.* p. 113.

[k] On the margin of the Rye-Registers of baptisms, marriages, and deaths, the words "Ric. Fletcher, Minister" are inserted, under the year 1574: and see the extracts from the Rye-Register of baptisms in a later part of this memoir.

[l] "Consecratus est in Episcopum Bristoliensem (superstite adhuc Bullinghamo) decimo quarto Decembris 1589 [*Registr. Whitg.* f. 62], cum sedes (nisi quatenus a Commendatariis administrata est) vacasset annos 32." Godwin *De Præsul. Angliæ*, ii. 144, ed. Richardson, 1743.—"I remembred before how Ely had been long vacant, almost 20 years, and Bristol and Oxenford, though both new erected Bishopricks (saved as it were out of the ruines and ashes of the Abbies), were thought in some

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he was made High Almoner[m]. On the 10th of February, 1592-3, he was removed to the see of Worcester[n]. The death of Aylmer, in June, 1594[o], having caused a vacancy in the see of London, Dr. Fletcher lost no time in earnestly soliciting the Lord Treasurer Burleigh for a translation thither, "chiefly because that city he most delighted in, where he had his education, most common residence, and where he had many agreeable friends, and a considerable share in the love and esteem of the citizens, who desired that he might be their bishop; and that he might be nearer the court, where his presence was accustomed much to be, and his influence might be of use to serve the court[p]." His solicitations proved successful; though it was not till some months after that his election was confirmed, 10th January, 1594-5[q]. At this period he was a widower with a numerous family, his first wife, Elizabeth, having been buried at Chelsea Church between the 16th of December, 1592, and the 14th of January following[r]: but no sooner was he raised to the metropolitan see than he entered into a second marriage with Lady Baker[s], widow of Sir Richard

danger again to be lost; for Bristoll was held *in Commendam*, and Oxford not much to be commended; wherefore about the year 88, that same *annus mirabilis*, some of the zealous Courtiers, whose devotion did serve them more to prey on the Church than pray in the Church, harkened out for fit supplies to these places, and sent their Agents to find out some men that had great mindes, and small means or merits, that would be glad to leave a small Deanry to make a poor Bishoprick by new leasing out Lands that were now almost out of Lease; but to free him from the guilt of it, the poor Bishop must have no part of the fine. - - - - - I come now to Bishop Fletcher, that made not so much scruple to take Bristol in his way from Peterborough to Worcester, though that were wide of the right way, upon the sinister or bow hand many miles, as the Card of a good Conscience will plainly discover," &c. Sir J. Harington's *Briefe View of the State of the Church of England*, &c., 1653, pp. 23—5.

[m] Cole's *MS. Collections*, vol. xli. 440 (Brit. Museum).

[n] "Confirm. Feb. 10. 1592. *Registr. Whitg.*" Godwin *De Præsul. Angliæ*, ii. 51, ed. Richardson, 1743.

[o] His death is variously dated, the 3d, 5th, and 13th June: see *Id.*, ii. 193.

[p] Strype's *Life of Whitgift*, p. 428, ed. 1718 (the passage being substance of part of a letter from Fletcher to the Lord Treasurer, dated 29th June, 1594).

[q] "Joanne [Elmero] defuncto, licentia eligendi concessa est 25 Dec. 1594. *Rym. Fœd.* T. 16. p. 267. Regium habet assensum 4 Januarii. *Id. ib.* Confirmatus est Jan. 10. *Registr. Whitg.* p. 2. f. 20." Godwin *De Præsul. Angliæ*, 1. 193, ed. Richardson, 1743.

[r] "Elizabetha uxor Rici Fletcher Bristol. Epi. sepultus [*sic*] in Cancello subter mensa." *Chelsea-Church Register*. This entry is preceded by one dated 16 Dec^r, 1592, and is followed by one dated 14 Jan^y.

[s] Lady Baker was Maria, or Mary, daughter of John Gifford (or Giffard) of Weston-under-Edge in Gloucestershire: see *MS. Harl.* 1543, fol. 72. Her first husband, Sir Richard Baker, died 27th May, 1594. *Funeral Certificates*, I. 6, *College of Arms*. After Bishop Fletcher's death, she again became a wife, marrying Sir Stephen Thornhurst, knight. She was buried in St. Michael's Chapel in Canterbury Cathedral, where a very handsome monument was erected to her

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Baker of Sisingherst in Kent, and sister of Sir George Gifford one of the gentlemen-pensioners; "which", says Harington, "the Queen seemed to be extremely displeased at, not for the bygamy of a Bishop (for she was free from any such superstition), but out of her generall mislike of Clergymens Mariage, this being indeed a mariage that was talked of at least nine dayes[t]."—The character borne by Lady Baker must have contributed to heighten the indignation of the queen[u]; and there is no

memory, with the following inscription: "Here lieth the Lady Thornhurst, who was sometime the Wife of Sir Richard Baker of Sisingherst in the County of Kent, and had Issue by the said Sir Richard, two Daughters; the Lady Grisogone Lenerd, and the Lady Cicely Blunt. She departed this present World, in the Month of May in the Year of our Lord God 1609. She then being of the Age of sixty Years." Dart's *Hist. and Antiq. of Canterbury Cath.*, p. 74. (An engraving of her monument is given in that work, p. 72.) In one particular, however, the above inscription is certainly wrong: the Cathedral Register, a much better authority, states that Lady Thornhurst "was buryed the 26 daye of Aprill", 1609. From the same register we learn that Sir Stephen Thornhurst was buried 16th Oct., 1616.—The first husband of Lady Baker is erroneously called by several writers Sir *John* Baker; but, besides the inscription on the monument just cited, see *MS. Harl.* above referred to (where, by mistake, the name is written *Barker*).—It is worth notice that the monumental inscription makes no mention of her second nuptials.

[t] *A Briefe View of the State of the Church of England*, &c., 1653, p. 27.

[u] "He [Bishop Fletcher] married a Lady of this county, who one [*Note.* Sir Richard Baker in his Chron.] commendeth for very virtuous, which if so, the more happy she in herself, though unhappy that the world did not believe it." Fuller's *Worthies* (*Kent*), p. 73, ed. 1662.—The following poem was transcribed by Cole into his *MS. Collections* (vol. xxxi. 204, Brit. Museum) from "MS. Crewe": another copy of it is in a MS. miscellany of my own; and a third copy (with the passages differently arranged) is in a MS. volume belonging to Mr. J. P. Collier. I give it from Cole's transcript, corrected here and there by the other copies. "This bitter satire," says Cole, "was made by some of the gang of Martin Mar-Prelate in Queen Eliz. time, when the godly Puritans took all sorts of liberty in abusing the conformable clergy. The first line refers to John Aylmer, Bp. of London, who in 1579 was brought before the Council, and had a smart reprimand for his immoderate falling [sic] of timber on the bishoprick, from the Lord Treasurer, and an order from the Queen to fall no more. See Strype's *Life of Bp. Aylmer*, p. 71, &c.: and Sir John Harington in his *Brief View of the State of the Church of England*, p. 19, says that this Bp. was called *Ellmarr*, for his marring the elms at Fulham."

"*A Satyr on Ri: Fletcher, Bp. of London.*

JOHN LONDON was condemned for spoiling wood,
And now Dick London commons doth enclose;
He sought his private, this the publike good,
And both their credits by their gettings lose:
But tell me, Martin, whethers gaine is more,
He sould the wood, or this hath bought a whore?
Mariage, they say, is honorable in all;
Yet some do yt in priests dishonour call:

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doubt that the marriage was hurried on with unusual haste, for it took place in less than a year after the decease of Sir Richard Baker.—The

Yet honorable it is in him, and more,
That wedds a Lady and a common whore.
The Romain Tarquin, in his [illegible]ly blynde,
Did fayre chast Lucrece for a Läys take :
But our proud Tarquin bears a better minde ;
He of a Läys doth a Lucrece make ;
And she, as not confyrmed in her faithe,
Will now be trewlye bishoppyd, she saythe.
If Fletcher wedded to amend her misse,
Good Fletcher did an honest deed in this.
The pride of prelacye, which now long since
Was bannisht with the Pope, is sayd, of late
To have arrived at Bristowe, and from thense,
By Worceter, unto London brought his state.
Wher, puffed up with more then vanitye,
He quite forgetts his calling and his place ;
And, like a compound of extremitye,
He bears, of lust the hart, of pride the face :
None but a Ladye cane content his eyes,
None but a whore his wanton lust suffice.
Yt is a question now in herauldrye
What name proude prelats Ladye now may beare :
Though, London like, she be of all trades free,
And long hath bene a common occupier,
Her Lord of London cannot London give ;
Yt is his owne, but as he holds his place ;
And that so proude a foole in yt should lyve,
Yt was but superfluitie of grace.
And Ladye Fletcher less may she be named ;
How can a vicars sonne a Ladye make ?
And yet her Ladyship were gretelye shamed,
Yf from her Lorde she could no title take :
Wherfore, they may divide the name of Fletcher,
He my Lord F., and she my Lady Letcher.
Yf any aske why Tarquin ment to marry ?
Yt better is to marry then to burne :
Yf any, why he could no longer tarrye ?
The devill ought his pride a shamefull turne :
Yf any, why he wold a Ladye wedd ?
Because he wold a double miter weere :
Yf whye a Ladye of a common bedd ?
The match was equall ; both had common geare.
But yet, yf any wold the reason finde
Why he, which lok't as loftye as a steple,
Should be so base as for to come behinde,
And take the levings of the common people ?
'Tys playne ; for in processions, you knowe,
The priest must after all the people goo."

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bishop was immediately forbidden to appear in the presence of her majesty or to approach the court; and (in spite of his appeal to the Lord Treasurer to intercede with the queen in his behalf) he was soon after, at the royal command, suspended from the exercise of his episcopal function by Archbishop Whitgift, 23d of February, 1594-5. Time, however, having softened the displeasure of Elizabeth, at the expiration of about six months Dr. Fletcher was restored to the discharge of his office: but the queen still continuing obstinate in her refusal to receive him at court, on the 7th of January following (1595-6) he addressed a letter to his friend the Lord Treasurer, in which he says, "Yt is now a yere within a weeke or two since I haue sene her Majesty, which to me hath semed a longer tyme then a whole *seculum*, it being the especiall cumfort seculer that ever I conceyved to haue lived in hir highnes gratious aspect and favour now xx^{ty} yeres past. Your Lordship was the honorable meanes of the fyrst recovery of that hir Majestys good favour to the libertye of my function, and if it please your Lordship to add therunto your honorable mediation to hir Majesty to let hir vnderstande my most humble sute to do my dutye and service in hir presence, and, if not farther, yet to see hir Majesty, I shall hould my self most bound to your Lordships kindenes," &c[v]. That the bishop never fully recovered his place in the queen's favour, there is every reason to believe; though, according to one account, she so entirely laid aside her anger that she paid him a visit in his house at Chelsea[x]. But, could he have foreseen what was shortly to befall him, he would have been alike indifferent to the smiles and frowns of royalty: on the evening of the 15th of June, 1596, as he sat smoking in his chair, he suddenly expired; his death being attributed by some to vexation at the troubles in which his second marriage had involved him, and by others to the immoderate use of tobacco[y].

[v] *MS. Lansd.* 80, fol. 131. This letter is printed in Appendix xx. to Strype's *Life of Whitgift*, p. 183, ed. 1718, but there a portion of the passage just cited is omitted by mistake.

[x] "Yet in a while he found means to pacifie her so well, as she promisd to come, and I think did come, to a house he had at Chelsey. For there was a stayre and a dore made of purpose for her in a bay window", &c. Sir J. Harington's *Briefe View of the State of the Church of England*, 1653, p. 27.

[y] "The Bishop of London died the other day very sodenlye, having sette in commission till Sixe a clocke at night and deceased at seaven." *Letter from Anthony Bacon to Dr. Hawkins*, dated 19th June, 1596—Kennet's *Coll., MS. Lansd.* 982, fol. 241.—"Morte obiit repentina in Londinensi suo palatio, quando ante quartam horæ partem rectissime sanus, ne levissima quidem ægritudine tentatus fuisset, Junii decimo quinto, 1596." Godwin *De Præsul. Angliæ*, i. 193, ed. Richardson, 1743. (In the same work (*ibid.*) we find, "Testamentum ejus probat. 2 Jun. 1596. *MS. Wood* ",—a mistake for "22 Jun.": see the Will in Appendix I. to this Memoir.)—In the fifth of *Reasons to moue her Majesty*, &c., (see p. xiv,) we are told that his

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He was buried, "without any solemn funeral[z], in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul; nor was any monument erected to his memory. —Bishop Fletcher is described as "a comely and courtly prelate"; and the queen (to whom good looks were always a recommendation) was so anxious that his person should be set off to the best advantage, that "she found fault with him once for cutting his beard too short[a]." As a preacher, he was distinguished for his eloquence. Fuller informs us that "he lov'd to ride the great horse, and had much skill in managing thereof", and that he was "condemned for very proud (such his natural stately garb) by such as knew him not, and commended for humility by those acquainted with him[b]." A paper consisting of *Orders to be observed by the ecclesiastical officers of the diocese of London*[c], and a few letters, are the only extant specimens of his composition; unless we

death "proceded spetially from the conceipt of her Highnes displeasure and indignation conceiued against him."—"Richardus Fletcherus, Episcopus Londinensis, Præsul splendidus, qui dum curas e nuptiis infaustis et Reginæ improbatis (quæ præsules conjugatos minus probauit) Nicosia immodice hausta obruit, vitam efflauit." Camdeni *Annales*, &c., t. ii. 128, ed. 1627.—"He lost the Queens favour because of his second unhappy match, and died suddainly, more of grief then any other disease." Fuller's *Church-History*, &c., B. ix. p. 233, ed. 1655.—"Sure I am that Queen Elizabeth (who hardly held the second matches of Bishops excusable) accounted his marriage a trespasse on his gravity, whereupon he fell into her deep displeasure. Hereof the Bishop was sadly sensible, and seeking to lose his sorrow in a mist of smoak, died of the immoderate taking thereof." Fuller's *Worthies* (*Kent*), p. 73, ed. 1662.—See also Wood's *Fasti Oxon.*, *Part First*, p. 191, ed. Bliss.—Sir J. Harington's account of his death is as follows: "But certain it is that (the Queen being pacified, and hee in great jollity, with his faire Lady and her Carpets and Cushions in his bed-chamber) he died suddenly, taking Tobacco in his chaire, saying to his man that stood by him, whom he loved very well, 'Oh boy, I die!'" *A Briefe View of the State of the Church of England*, &c., 1653, p. 28. Harington (*ibid.*) gives an epitaph on the Bishop composed by some wit of the time,—

"Here lies the first Prelate made Christendom see
A bishop a husband unto a Ladie:
The cause of his death was secret and hid;
He cry'd out 'I die', and ev'n so he did."

A MS. Miscellany in my possession contains the above epitaph with considerable variations.

[z] Stow's *Survey*, &c., B. v. p. 5, ed. 1720.

[a] "Whereas," adds Harington, "good Lady (if she had known that) she would have found fault with him for cutting his Bishoprick so short." *A Briefe View*, &c., p. 20.

[b] *Church-History*, &c., B. ix. p. 233, ed. 1655.

[c] *Orders which the Right Reverend Father Richard Lord Bishop of London desires to be assented unto and carefully observed by every Ecclesiastical Officer exercising Jurisdiction Ecclesiastical under him, within the Diocess of London. Dat. March the 8th* 1595,—printed among the *Records* appended to Collier's *Eccles. Hist.*, p. 100, ed. folio.

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include among them a short account of *The manner of the Solemnity of the Scottish Queen's Funeral*[d], which, as Dean of Peterborough, he attested with his signature.

That Bishop Fletcher left his family in necessitous circumstances, we have incontrovertible evidence. Soon after his decease, his younger brother, Dr. Giles Fletcher the civilian, who had become security for his "debt to the Exchequer for his first fruits and tenths[e]", was forced to have recourse to the favour of the queen, and drew up the following *Reasons to moue her Majesty in some commiseration towards the orphanes of the late Bisshopp of London:*

"1. He was translated from Worcester Bishoprick to the sea of London within two yeares, and so entered into new first fruites before he had fully paid the ould. By which meanes her Majestes good and gratious meaning for his preferment was rather turned to his great hinderance and diminution of his worldly estate, hauing paid within 3 yeares, or not much more, into her Highnesse Exchequer, for his first fruites, tenthes, and subsidies, the some of 1458 li.

"2. He bestowed in allowances and gratifications to diuers attendants about her Majestie, since his preferment to the sea of London, the some of 3100 li, or thereaboutes, without any regarde made to himselfe, as appeareth by his note of perticulers; which was giuen by him, for the most parte of it, by her Highnes direction and spetiall appointment.

"3. Finding the building and mansion houses of the sea of London greatly decayed and in a manner ruinate, hee hath bestowed great somes of mony vppon reperations, namelye, vpon the Bishops houses at Wickham, Hadham, London, and Fulham[f], where he bestowed extraordinary charge, as in respect of his owne dutie and necessary vse, so in spetiall regard of her Highnes liking and good contentment, hoping one day, as himselfe would say, after the end and pacification of her Highnesse displeasure, and the recouery of her gratious fauour, which of all worldly thinges he most desired, to see her Majesty in his house at Fulham.

"4. He employed himselfe and his whole reuenew in hospitality and all other duties of his vocation, as for conscience sake, so with a spetiall regard of her Majestes liking, and to prouoke her Highnes reconciliation and fauour towards him.

"5. He hath satisfied the errour of his late marriage with his vntimely and vnlooked for death, which proceded spetially from the con-

[d] Printed in Gunton's *Hist. of the Church of Peterburgh*, p. 77.

[e] Birch's *Mem. of Elizabeth*, ii. 113.

[f] "The hall [of Fulham Palace] was fitted up by Bishop Fletcher in the year 1595. (*Note*) As appears by that date in the windows, and the initials R. F. with the word *fecit*." Lysons's *Environs of London*, ii. 347.

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ceipt of her Highnes displeasure and indignation conceiued against him, bearing a most louing and reuerent affeccion towardes her Majesty as euer poore subiect towardes his prince; which may moue her Majestes royall harte in some compassion towardes his poore and fatherles chilldren. He hath left behinde him 8 poore chilldren, whereof diuers are very yong. His dettes due to the Quenes Majestie and to other creditors are 1400 li, or thereaboutes, his whole state [g] is but one house wherein the widow claimeth her thirds, his plate valewed at 400 li, his other stuffe at 500 li.[h]"

The Earl of Essex, to whom this memorial had been forwarded by Anthony Bacon, "represented to the queen the case of the bishop's orphans in so favourable a light, that she was inclined to relieve them": but whether her intentions were frustrated by the speed with which the Exchequer sued Dr. Giles Fletcher for payment, or whether the bishop's family was eventually assisted by the interposition and bounty of Elizabeth, I am unable to discover [i].—Though now scarcely remembered, Dr. Giles Fletcher was a person of some notoriety among his contemporaries; and the account of Russia [j] which he published on his return from an embassy to that country, may still be perused with pleasure and instruction. He is termed "an excellent poet" by Wood [k],

[g] i. e. estate.

[h] This document was printed in *Mem. of Elizabeth*, ii. 113, by Birch, who made some alterations in the wording of it. I now give it from the Bacon Papers in the Lambeth Library, vol. v. 658, fol. 193 (according to Todd's *Catalogue*, "Cod. Man. Tenison, xii. 658"). It is indorsed "Dr. Fletcher, the Bishop of Londons reasons to haue his debte stalled, the 21th [sic] of August, 1596."

[i] "The Earl [of Essex] likewise represented to the queen the case of the orphans of bishop Fletcher in so favourable a light, that she was inclin'd to relieve them: for which mr. Bacon return'd his thanks to his lordship in a letter of the 8th of December, but expressed his surprise to find, that the under officers of the exchequer took a contrary course in suing and pressing dr. Fletcher with threats, if he fail'd to pay 600*l.* within five days; by which the queen's inclination would be frustrated, unless his lordship should take Sir John Fortescu at his word, who promis'd the day before to join with the earl in a second motion for the present stalment of 600*l.*" Birch's *Mem. of Elizabeth*, ii. 224.—I find from the *MS. Pell Receipt Book*, that, after the Bishop's death, various sums were paid into the Exchequer, at different times, by his executor, "for tenths of the clergy."

[j] *Of the Russe Common Wealth. Or Maner of Gouernement by the Russe Emperour (commonly called the Emperour of Moskouia) with the manners and fashions of the people of that Countrey*, 1591.

[k] *Fasti Oxon., Part First*, p. 191, ed. Bliss.—Dr. Giles Fletcher wrote various copies of Latin verses. A very short tract consisting of Latin hexameters, composed by him during his youth, and entitled *De Literis Antiquæ Britanniæ, Regibus præsertim qui doctrina claruerûnt, quique Collegia Cantabrigiæ fundârunt*, was published in 1633 by his son Phineas, who added to it a *Sylva Poetica* of his own. The whole of this publication is generally attributed by mistake to Phineas.—A poem

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who, however, has neglected to specify the compositions which entitled him to such praise. His two sons, Phineas and Giles Fletcher, have acquired a more enduring fame,—*The Purple Island* and *Piscatory Eclogues*, &c. of the former, and the *Christ's Victory* of the latter, being familiarly known to all the students of our early poetry [l].

When Bishop Fletcher made his Will, 26th Oct., 1593 [m], he had nine children alive: but at the period of his decease, as we have just learned from the document drawn up by his brother, they were eight in number, and "divers of them very young." They were doubtless all by one mother, Elizabeth, whose death has been already mentioned [n]. The names of four of them are not known: the others, besides John the poet, were—Nathaniel, born at Rye in Sussex in 1575, Theophilus, born there in 1577, Elizabeth, born there in 1578, and Maria,

called *The Rising to the Crowne of Richard the Third*, which is appended, with several other short poems, to *Licia, or Poemes of Loue*, &c. n. d. 4to, is unhesitatingly assigned by Mr. Hunter (*New Illustr. of Shakespeare*, ii. 77) to the pen of Dr. Giles Fletcher, because in the *First Piscat. Eclogue* of his son Phineas, where he certainly is represented by the person called Thelgon, he is made to say,—

> "And then appear'd young Myrtilus, repining
> At generall contempt of shepherds life;
> And rais'd my rime to sing of Richards climbing," &c.

I suspect, however, that Mr. Hunter is mistaken. The volume in question was evidently intended for private circulation, having neither printer's nor publisher's name. I see no reason to doubt that all the pieces in it are by the same writer. The Epistle Dedicatory to *Licia* is dated by the author "from my chamber, Sep. 4, 1593"; and assuredly the author of the amatory rhapsodies so entitled was not Dr. Giles Fletcher.

[l] Of these pieces there are several modern editions. But Phineas wrote a good deal of poetry (to say nothing of his Latin metrical compositions) which has never been reprinted; viz., *The Locusts, or Appolyonists*, 1627, 4to, (appended to his Latin *Locustæ*); *Sicelides, A Piscatory, As it hath beene acted in Kings Colledge in Cambridge*, 1631, 4to; and various copies of verses scattered through a prose volume entitled *A Father's Testament. Written long since for the benefit of the Particular Relations of the Authour, Phin. Fletcher; Sometime Minister of the Gospel at Hillgay in Norfolk. And now made Publick at the desire of Friends*, 1670, 8vo.

Whether the authors of the following pieces were related to our poet's family, I have not discovered;—

Ex otio Negotium. Or, Martiall his Epigrams translated. With Sundry Poems and Fancies. By R. Fletcher, 1656, 8vo.

Poems on several occasions, and Translations: Wherein the First and Second Books of Virgil's Æneis are attempted in English, by Tho. Fletcher, B.A. Fellow of New College in Oxon., 1692, 8vo. Wood describes this person as "bach. of arts 1690, possessed of the donative of Fairfield in com. Somerset, 1694." *Ath. Oxon.* iv. 559, ed. Bliss.

[m] See Appendix I to this Memoir.

[n] See p. ix.

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born at London in 1592[o]. A distinguished writer on stage-history has more than once thrown out a conjecture that Lawrence Fletcher the player was a son of Bishop Fletcher, and an elder brother of the dramatist,—a conjecture in which I am certainly not inclined to acquiesce[p].

[o] "1575. August. 21st. Nathaniell the son of Mr. Rich. Fletcher preacher and minister of the Church of Rye."—"1577. October. The xxty daie Theeophylous the son of Mr. Richard Flecher preacher of the word of god in Rye."—"1578. November. The xxiiii daie Elizabeth the daughter of Mr. Richard Flecher mynister." *Rye Baptismal Register*. "1592. Maria filia Rici Fletcher Bristol Epi. baptiz. 15o Octob." *Chelsea-Church Baptismal Register*.

In a MS. note by Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, on a copy of Roper's *Life of More*, ed. 1642, (sold among the books of Horace Walpole,) mention is made of "Mr. Fletcher [the poet], brother to Natt Fletcher, Mrs. White's seruaunt"; and Mr. Collier, who cites the note in his *Life of Shakespeare*, p. cci, observes, "what was the precise nature of 'Nat Fletcher's' servitude, we have no information." It was doubtless the soft slavery of love; *servant* in the sense of lover occurs repeatedly in the present volumes.—Mr. Collier, I trust, will excuse me if I notice a trifling mistake in the same very valuable *Life*,—a mistake only worth noticing because our great dramatist is in question. At p. xcvi, in order to shew that Shakespeare's "deer-stealing" must have been regarded by his contemporaries as a venial crime, he quotes from the *Life of More* another MS. note by the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, in which mention is made of "the noble Count of Dorset, a Privy Councillor, and a Knight of the Garter, *and a deer-stealer*". But Mr. Collier has confounded two distinct notes: the words, "*and a deer-stealer*", do not refer to Lord Dorset; they belong to an abominably obscene passage concerning another person. The mention of Lord Dorset occurs in a memorandum concerning Aurelian Townsend, which runs *literatim* thus,—"Mr. Aureliand Townesend, a poore & pocky Poett, but a marryed man & an howsekeeper in Barbican, hard by ye now Earl of Bridgewaters. Hee hath a very fine & fayer daughter, Mrs. to the Palsgraue first, & then afterwards [to] *y noble Count of Dorset, a Priuy Councelour & a Knight of ye Garter*. Aurelian would bee glad to sell an 100 verses now at sixepence a peice, 50 shillinges an 100 verses." The words, "an howsekeeper in Barbican", illustrate a line at the commencement of Carew's verses to Aurelian Townsend,—

> "Why dost thou sound, my deare Aurelian,
> In so shrill accents, from *thy Barbican*,
> A loud allarum," &c. *Poems*, p. 126, ed. 1642.

[p] In his Will (Appendix I. to this Memoir) the bishop mentions only two of his sons,—evidently, the two eldest then alive,—Nathaniel and John (Theophilus, whose birth occurred between theirs, must have been dead at that period): if Laurence had been an elder brother of John, he would surely have been mentioned in his father's Will. Again:—the name of Laurence Fletcher heads the list of actors in the patent granted to them by King James on his arrival in London: but, if we suppose Laurence Fletcher to have been the bishop's son, his age, at the date of that patent, 17 May 1603, was somewhat under thirty-one (for the bishop in his Will speaks of his children as not having "come to the age of one and twentye yeares"),

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Our poet's biographers are mistaken both in the place and date of his birth[q]. John Fletcher was born at Rye in Sussex (while his father officiated there as minister) in December 1579, and was baptized on the 20th of that month[r]. He perhaps passed his boyhood, and received the rudiments of learning, under his father's roof.

We find that a "John Fletcher of London" was admitted pensioner of Bene't College, Cambridge, 15th October, 1591[s]; and the probability that the pensioner of Bene't College was no other than the subject of this memoir, is greatly strengthened, when we consider that the bishop would naturally entrust the education of his son to that society of which he had himself been Fellow and President, and for which he entertained during his whole life a sincere regard[t]. At the above date our poet had not completed his twelfth year; but in those days students were admitted into the universities at a very early age: and he might have been described as "of London," because he had resided there with his father, who, after rising to the bench, spent much time in the metropolis[u]. The youth whom we seem thus to have identified with our poet, was made one of the Bible-clerks in 1593: whether he proceeded to take the degrees of A.B. and A.M., and what was the duration of his college-residence, are matters of uncertainty[v]. We are told by Fletcher's biographers that he pursued his studies at the university with diligence and success. His plays, indeed, though containing various graceful recollections of the classic writers, evince no traces of superior scholarship; but we cannot therefore infer that he had not attained it: among our early dramatists several might be named, who were un-

and it appears very unlikely that so young a man, and one too without any celebrity as a performer, should have held so prominent a station in the company.

[q] His biographers were led into the error of stating that he was born in 1576 by the inscription on his portrait, prefixed to the folio of 1647,—"Obiit 1625. Ætat. 49."—Fuller (*Worthies, Northampt.*, p. 288, ed. 1662) conjectured that he was born in Northamptonshire. Those who have more recently written his Life, agree in supposing him to have been a native of London.

[r] "1579. December. The xx[th] daie John the son of Mr. Richard Flecher mynister of the word of god in Rye." *Rye Baptismal Register.*

[s] Masters's *Hist. of Corpus Christi College*, &c., p. 288, ed. 1753.

[t] See, in Appendix to Masters's work, p. 64, two Latin letters from the College to the bishop, thanking him for various proofs of his kindness, one dated "Ap. 12 1591", the other "6 Jun. 1592". We learn from the second of these letters that the bishop had presented to the college "Globum totius Orbis, singulari artificio elaboratum, et sumptibus magnificis acquisitum"; and we know from his Will (Appendix I. to this Memoir) that he bequeathed to the College a "peece of plate of one estriges egge."

[u] See p. ix.

[v] "Whether it was he, or *Edward* of the same name and place, who proceeded A.B. the year following, and afterwards [1598] A.M., cannot easily be determined." Masters, *Id.*, p. 288.

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questionably masters of a deep and extensive erudition, which, however, is but faintly reflected in their scenes[v].—His love of literature had, no doubt, soon developed itself, and perhaps was remembered by his father, when he dictated the following bequest,—"Item, I geue to Nathaniell Fletcher and *John Fletcher* all my bookes, to be devyded betwene them equallie[w]."

At what period of his life Fletcher abandoned all other pursuits for dramatic authorship is a question to which no satisfactory answer can be given. His first essays as a play-wright may have been alterations of older pieces, and may have perished among the multitude of dramas that were never printed.

In Henslowe's *Diary*, under a note of money lent to various persons "sence the 14 of Octobr. 1596," we read,—

> "Lent unto martyne [Martin Slaughter, a dramatist and player] to feache *Fleacher* - - - - - - - vj s."
>
> "Lent the company to geve *Fleatcher*, and the[y] have promysed me payment: who promysed me is marten [Martin Slaughter], Donson, and Jewby [two players] - - - - - xx s.[x]"

Malone[y] supposed that these entries referred to our poet. Mr. Collier[z] is uncertain whether they relate to him or to the actor Laurence Fletcher, who has been already particularly mentioned[a]. Assuredly they refer to Laurence Fletcher. Now that the date of our poet's birth has been discovered, we know that in October 1596 he was under seventeen years of age.

It does not appear that Fletcher, on quitting the university, was entered at one of the Inns of Court: his name has been vainly sought for in the registers of those societies.—But we must now turn to the history of his celebrated associate.

Francis Beaumont, the father of our dramatist, was sprung from an ancient and honourable family, whose seat had been more recently at

[v] e.g. Chapman and Heywood. See their undramatic works.

[w] See the bishop's Will in Appendix I. to this Memoir.

[x] Henslowe's *Diary*, p. 78, ed. Collier. Any account of manager Henslowe would be superfluous here: but probably few readers know that this illiterate man (who never for a moment could have dreamed of "leaving a name behind him") figures as one of the characters in a work by a living German writer of acknowledged genius,—*Dichterleben*, a novel by Tieck.

[y] *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 321.

[z] Note on Henslowe's *Diary*, p. 78.

[a] See p. xvii.—In a paper printed by Mr. Collier (in *New Facts regarding the Life of Shakespeare*, p. 22) mention is made of a player called "*Laz.* Fletcher": but "*Laz.*" is doubtless an error of the scribe for "Lar." [i. e. Laurence].

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Grace-dieu[c] in Leicestershire, a property to which, as the lineal heir, he eventually succeeded. He was brought up to the law; and the high office which he afterwards held is a proof that he pursued his profession with assiduity. His life seems to have been marked by few incidents; at least there is little recorded concerning him[d]. He was appointed one of the Justices of the Common Pleas, 25th January, 1592-3[e]; and

[c] The poet's biographers talk of Grace-dieu as if it had been for centuries in the possession of his family. The fact is, the site of the priory of Grace-dieu was purchased in 1539 by his grandfather John Beaumont; who for a time was Surveyor of Leicestershire for the crown, and Master of the Rolls, but, soon after the accession of Queen Mary, was forced to resign both these offices. See Nichols's *Hist. of Leicest.*, iii. 655, 661*. A letter from him to Lord Cromwell is printed in Wright's *Letters relating to the Suppression of Monasteries*, p. 251. "Grace-dieu, beautifully situated in what was formerly one of the most recluse spots in the centre of Charnwood Forest, is now remarkable only for a noble fragment of its ruins." Nichols *Id.*, p. 651. In *Two Bookes of Epigrammes and Epitaphs*, &c., by Thomas Bancroft, 1639, are the following lines "*To Grace-dieu*";

> "Grace-dieu, that under Charnwood stand'st alone,
> As a grand Relicke of Religion,
> I reverence thine old, but fruitfull, worth,
> That lately brought such noble Beaumonts forth,
> Whose brave Heroick Muses might aspire
> To match the Anthems of the Heavenly Quire:
> The mountaines crown'd with rockey fortresses,
> And sheltering woods, secure thy happinesse,
> That highly favour'd art (though lowly plac'd)
> Of Heaven, and with free Natures bounty grac'd:
> Herein grow happier; and that blisse of thine
> Nor Pride ore-top, nor Envy undermine!" *B.* i. *Ep.* 81.

In the *Poems* of Sir John Beaumont (the dramatist's elder brother) we find mention of "rocky Charnwood", and "stony Charnwood's dry and barren rocks." pp. 26, 101.

[d] Burton terms him "that grave, learned, and reuerend Judge." *Descr. of Leicest.*, p. 120, ed. 1622. Dr. Dryasdust himself would have derived little pleasure from learning that "in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated Normanton by Derby, July 3, 1589, he [the future Judge] apologizes for omitting to pay £100 on a certain day, and requests the earl's permission to name him as his chief patron in his introductory speech in the Court of Common Pleas as a serjeant at law, such being the custom on those occasions", &c. Nichols's *Hist. of Leicest.*, iii. 655. What follows may be worth quoting for its absurdity. "One Judge Beaumont living at Grace-dieu, two men came before him for justice; and one of the men prayed the ground might open, and he might sink, if what he attested in his own cause was not true; and the ground immediately opened; but the judge, by pointing with his finger, ordered them to go off, and it closed again; and that place will now sound, being struck on, as Robert Beaumont of Barrow on Trent, esq. (who married one of Sir Thomas Beaumont's coheirs, and had his part of the estate) affirmeth." From a MS. Note on a copy of Burton's *Descr. of Leicest.*, *Id.* p. 656.

[e] *MS. Patent Book of the Auditor of the Receipt, No.* 10, fol. 203.

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subsequently he received the dignity of knighthood. He married Anne, daughter of Sir George Pierrepoint, of Holme-Pierrepoint, co. Nott., knight, and relict of Thomas Thorold of Marston, co. Lincoln, esq.; and by that lady he left issue born in the following order,—three sons, Henry, John, and Francis, and one daughter, Elizabeth[f]. He died at Grace-dieu, 22nd April, 1598, having made his Will the day before.[g]

Henry, the eldest of Judge Beaumont's sons, was knighted in 1603, and died in 1605, ætat. 24[h].——John, the second son, became possessor of Grace-dieu on the decease of his brother Henry: he was created a baronet in 1626, and, according to the common accounts, died in the winter of 1628[i], ætat. 44. He is still remembered as the author of *Bosworth Field and other Poems*[j], the productions of his youth, which, though they display little imagination, have been justly praised (and by one[k] whose praise is fame) for their "spirit, elegance, and harmony." In his title and estate he was succeeded by his eldest son, John.

[f] She married Thomas Seyliard of Kent. *MS. Visitation of Kent*, 1619, *College of Arms*.—Nichols, *Hist. of Leicest.* iii. 656, calls him, by mistake, "Thomas *Hilyard*."

[g] The inquisition, taken June 8 following, informs us that he "was seised of the house and site of Grace-dieu aforesaid, of divers lands in the parish of Belton, Grace-dieu, Meriel, Shepeshed, Osgathorpe, Thringston, and Swannington," &c. *Id.*, p. 656. And see his Will, Appendix II. to the present Memoir.

[h] "Sir Henrye Beaumont knight buried 13th day of Julie anno domini 1605." *Belton Church Register*.

[i] Nichols states that he "did not survive the winter of 1628. He is said by Wood to have been buried at Grace-dieu; but this is a mistake for Belton, as the priory church was not then existing." *Id. ibid.* The register of Belton Church contains no entry of his burial.—"Obiit 1628." *MS. Le Neve's Baronets*, p. 47, *College of Arms*.—The act of administration to his property was granted 3d Jany, 1628-9. *Registry of the Prer. Court*.—Yet we find; "1627. Sr John Beaumont bd in ye broad Ile, on ye south s. Apr. 29." *Register of burials in Westminster Abbey*, —*Collect. Top. et Gen.* vii. 361.

[j] Printed in 1629. Among the Commendatory Verses prefixed to that volume are some by Jonson and Drayton.

[k] Wordsworth,—Note on *The Song at The Feast of Brougham Castle*.—Campbell remarks that Sir John Beaumont "deserves notice as one of the earliest polishers of what is called the heroic couplet". *Spec. of Brit. Poets*, p. 105, ed. 1841.—His verses *To his late Majesty, concerning the true forme of English Poetry* shew how much he had reflected on the subject, and may be read with advantage by all youthful poets. Besides the volume above mentioned, Sir John wrote a poem called *The Crown of Thorns*, which appears to have perished.—He is thus noticed, together with his brother Francis, and Browne (the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*), in Drayton's Epistle to Reynolds *Of Poets and Poetry*;

> "Then the two Beaumonts and my Browne arose,
> My dear companions, whom I freely chose
> My bosom friends; and in their several ways
> Rightly born poets, and in these last days

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Francis Beaumont, the dramatic writer, and third son of Judge Beaumont, is said to have been born at Grace-dieu in 1586: but it would seem that his birth ought to be fixed at a somewhat earlier date; for "1586" agrees neither with what is found concerning him in the Funeral Certificate on the decease of his father[l], nor with what is next to be mentioned. At the age of twelve, 4th February, 1596-7[m], he was admitted (together with his two brothers) a gentleman-commoner of Broadgates-Hall[n], which was then the principal nursery in Oxford for students of the civil and common law. He appears, however, to have resided there only a short time, and to have quitted the university without taking any degree. He was entered a member of the Inner Temple, 3rd November, 1600[o]: but, though he may have at first made some exertions in following up the profession for which his father had intended him, there can be no doubt that he soon withdrew his attention from the law, and devoted himself wholly to poetry and the drama.—His biographers speak of "his acquirements in classical learning": what I have before observed concerning Fletcher's scholarship, applies to that of Beaumont[p].

> Men of much note and no less nobler parts,
> Such as have freely told to me their hearts,
> As I have mine to them."

[l] Judge Beaumont had issue "living att the tyme of his death [22d April, 1598], three sonnes and one daughter, viz. Henry Beamount, his eldest sonne and heire, of the age of seauenteen yeares or thereaboutes; John Beamount, his second sonne, of the age of foureteen yeares or thereaboutes; *Frauncys Beamount, third sonne, of the age of thirteen yeares or more;* and Elizabeth Beamount, only daughter, of the age of nyne yeares or thereaboutes." *Funeral Certificates*, I. 16. *College of Arms.* Yet Ben Jonson (as we shall afterwards see) told Drummond that Beaumont died before he had completed his thirtieth year.—Hoping to find the entry of Beaumont's baptism, I carefully examined the church-registers of Belton (in which parish Grace-dieu stands); but in vain; and it seems doubtful therefore if he was born at Grace-dieu.

[m] Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, II. 437, ed. Bliss.

[n] On the site of which, Pembroke College now stands.

[o] In the Admission-book of the Inner-Temple is the following entry. "SS Franciscus Beaumont, de Gracediewe in Com. Leic. generosus, unnus [*sic*] filiorum Francisci Beaumont unnus [*sic—read* unius] Justic. dnē R^ne de Banco, admissus est specialiter, gratis, in societatem istius comitive, per parliament. tent. apud Interius Templum, tercio die Novembris A° R^i R^ne Eliz. xlij^do; et perdonatur ab omnibus officiis, vacacionibus, festis natalis Domini, et omnibus aliis oneribus quibuscunque, communibus pencionibus et reparacionibus ecclesie solum modo exceptis; et extra-communes esse ad libitum su[u]m, non jacens in domo Interioris Templi predicte [*sic*].

Pleg. { H. Beaumont,
{ Joh. Beaumont".

[p] The names, Francis Beaumont, were borne by at least two of our dramatist's contemporaries:—

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If *Salmacis and Hermaphrōditus*[q], which was published in 1602 without the author's name, be really from the pen of Beaumont, it is the earliest of his known attempts as a writer; and, notwithstanding the doubts which have been recently thrown on its genuineness[r], I still

Francis Beaumont (a relation of the dramatist), of the family of the Beaumonts of Coleorton, who was educated at Cambridge, appointed Master of the Charter-House in 1617, and died in 1624. He wrote an epistle *To his very loving and assured good friend Mr. Thomas Speght*, prefixed to Speght's edition of Chaucer's *Works*, 1598. According to some accounts, he was "a poet". Wood and others have confounded him with the dramatist.

Francis Beaumont, second son of Sir John Beaumont, and nephew to the dramatist. A copy of commendatory verses by him is prefixed to the *Poems* of his "deare father", 1629. He became a Jesuit.

"There was", says Nichols, "a Francis Beaumont of Peter-house, Cambridge, and another of St. John's; but I know not their dates". *Hist. of Leicest.*, iii. 660.

Besides the nephew Francis just mentioned, the dramatist had another nephew who possessed some talent for versification,—John, the eldest son of Sir John Beaumont, and the successor to his title and estate. He edited his father's *Poems*, 1629, prefixing to them *A Congratulation to the Muses for the immortalizing of his deare Father by the sacred Vertue of Poetry*: he put forth some lines *To the memory of him who can never be forgotten, Master Benjamin Jonson*, which form a portion of *Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638: and he figures among the writers of *Obsequies to the memorie of Mr. Edward King* (the Lycidas of Milton), 1638. He took up arms in defence of Charles the First, obtained a colonel's commission, and was killed at the siege of Gloucester in 1644. His strength and activity of body were prodigious.

Dr. Joseph Beaumont, Master of Peter-house, Cambridge, was collaterally related to the family of the Beaumonts of Cole-orton, and might therefore claim kindred with the dramatist. He once enjoyed no mean reputation from his poem entitled *Psyche, or Love's Mystery, displaying the Intercourse betwixt Christ and the Soul*, which originally appeared in 1647, consisting of twenty-four cantos. The author died at a very advanced age in 1699; and a second edition of *Psyche, with corrections throughout, and four new cantos*, was published in 1702. The immense length of this now-forgotten work is enough to deter the reader; but whoever peruses it will be well rewarded for his labour by the many highly poetical passages which it contains. *Original Poems in English and Latin*, &c. *by Dr. Beaumont, with an Account of his Life and Writings*, were printed for the first time in 1749.

I possess a transcript of an unprinted *Maske presented on Candlemas nighte at Cole-overton by the Earle of Essex, the Lorde Willobie, Sr Tho. Beaumont*, &c. It was probably composed by Sir Thomas Beaumont, who was created Lord Viscount Beaumont of Swords in 1622.

The late G. Chalmers had a copy of the poem called *The Metamorphosis of Tabacco*, 1602, on the title-page of which was written in a contemporary hand "By John Beaumont". (The compiler of Chalmers's sale-catalogue says that "*Chalmers* ascribed the poem to John Beaumont"; but Chalmers only copied the old MS. inscription on the title-page.)

[q] A poem entitled *Salmacis*, translated from the Italian of Giralomo Preti, appeared, among other pieces by Sherburne, in 1651. The original (*La Salmace*) was first printed, I believe, in 1619.

[r] By Mr. Collier, *Life of Shakespeare*; vide note, vol. xi. 445 of the present work.

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believe that it is his. Weber calls it "rather a paraphrase than a translation of Ovid's tales[s]":—"rather a paraphrase," indeed; for it extends to more than 900 lines, while the Latin original consists of only 104. *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus* is evidently the production of an inexperienced author, who has swelled out the old fable with sundry ill-conceived and ill-told incidents, and incrusted the whole with a variety of those frigid conceits, from which even the best narrative poetry of that age is seldom altogether free.

We find that as early as 1607 Beaumont had acquired the friendship of Ben Jonson; for prefixed to the admirable drama of the latter, *The Fox*[t], is a copy of verses by the former, in the heading of which he designates Jonson as his "dear friend"; and that these verses exhibit singular judgment for so young a man, is allowed even by the accomplished critic[u], who is justly somewhat scandalized at their assigning to Jonson a pre-eminence as a comic writer over all his contemporaries, and consequently over Shakespeare.—When Jonson printed his *Silent Woman* in 1609 and his *Cataline* in 1611, Beaumont was again ready with commendatory verses, though shorter and of less merit than those with which he had hailed *The Fox* in 1607.—But a conjecture has been hazarded that, some years before the last-mentioned date, Beaumont had afforded more important aid to the elder poet than that of eulogy,—having assisted him in the composition of *Sejanus*, which was first performed in 1603. It was printed in 1605; and in an address "To the Readers", Jonson says, "Lastly, I would inform you that this book,

When that note was written, I believed, with Mr. Collier, that in 1602 Beaumont was only sixteen: but I have since found reason to suppose that he was older; see p. xxii. Among the commendatory verses prefixed to *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*, is a copy signed "J. B.",—which, surely, are the initials of the author's elder brother, John (afterwards, Sir John) Beaumont.—I have just mentioned that a poem called *The Metamorphosis of Tabacco*, 1602, is assigned in an old MS. inscription to "John Beaumont"; and it is worthy of particular notice that, among the commendatory verses prefixed to that piece, are the following lines signed with the initials of our poet;

"*In laudem Authoris.*

My new-borne Muse assaies her tender wing,
And, where she should crie, is inforst to sing:
Her children prophesie thy pleasing rime
Shall neuer be a dish for hungrie time:
Yet be regardlesse what those verses say,
Whose infant mother was but borne to day.
F. B."

[s] *Pref. remarks to Beaumont's Poems.*

[t] *The Fox* was originally acted in 1605, and printed in 1607.

[u] Mr. Darley (himself a true poet),—*Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xix.

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in all numbers, is not the same with that which was acted on the public stage ; *wherein a second pen had good share:* in place of which I have rather chosen to put weaker, and, no doubt, less pleasing, of mine own, than to defraud *so happy a genius* of his right by my loathed usurpation". Gifford, who at first felt assured that the "happy genius" meant Fletcher, was afterwards less confident in that opinion, and observed that "if Beaumont's age would admit of it (he was in his nineteenth year), I should more willingly lean to him[v]". For my own part, I think that the "happy genius" was neither Fletcher nor Beaumont: I am strongly inclined to believe that it was Chapman, a man who stood high in the regard of Jonson, and who possessed a fund of classical learning which fully qualified him for the task[w].—We are told by Dryden that "Beaumont was so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots[x]". For this report there may have been some foundation ; but Dryden was accustomed to write on such subjects very much at random, and with very imperfect knowledge.—More concerning the friendship of Beaumont and Jonson will be interwoven with the subsequent details of this memoir.

How and when the acquaintance between Beaumont and Fletcher commenced, we are unable to ascertain. Most probably it originated in their love of the drama: that two young men, who had determined to devote themselves to stage-composition, and who therefore courted the society of managers, should not remain long unknown to each other, was almost a necessary consequence. Perhaps, indeed, they were first brought together by Ben Jonson. It has been already shewn that Beaumont was intimate with Jonson in 1607, when he furnished an encomium for *The Fox:* at that time Fletcher too was on very familiar terms with Jonson, for he supplied commendatory verses to the same comedy: he also wrote some lines which are prefixed to Jonson's *Cataline*, 1611. The acquaintance between Beaumont and Fletcher, whatever was its origin or

[v] Jonson's *Works*, iii. 8,—*Memoirs of Jonson*, p. lxx.—I have not discovered what was Gifford's authority for saying that Beaumont was then in his nineteenth year.

[w] I agree with Gifford (*ubi supra*) that "Shakespeare is entirely out of the question".

[x] *On Dram. Poesy,—Prose Works*, Vol. i. P. ii. p. 100, ed. Malone.—"Which", observes Mr. Darley, "would prove our author indeed a precocious genius, as *Every Man in his Humour* was produced in 1596, when Beaumont was but ten years old." *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xix. Beaumont may have been more than ten ; and the probable date of *Every Man in his Humour* is 1598 (see Collier's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. clxvii) : but still Dryden's statement is absurd.

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date [y], eventually ripened into the warmest friendship. "There was," says Aubrey, "a wonderfull consimility of phansy between him [Beaumont] and Mr. Io. Fletcher, which caused that dearnesse of frendship between them.* * * They lived together on the Banke side [z], not far from the Play-house, both batchelors, lay together, had one wench [a] in the house between them, which they did so admire, the same cloaths and cloake, &c. between them [b]." Perhaps Aubrey's informant (Sir James Hales), knowing his ready credulity, purposely overcharged the picture of our poets' domestic establishment; at least, we are certain that this community of goods was not during the whole period of their friendship; for Beaumont did not die a bachelor, and his marriage must have left Fletcher in undisturbed possession both of the lady and the wardrobe [c].

"In the most high and palmy state" of our early drama, when the demand for novelty was almost incessant, it is well known that more than one play-wright was frequently employed by a manager to labour on the same piece,—two, three, four, and sometimes even five poets being hired to combine their talents [d]. But there seems to be no doubt that the literary partnership, which has given immortality to the united names of Beaumont and Fletcher, was altogether different,—that it was formed

[y] I do not take into consideration the commendatory verses signed "*J. F.*" in ed. 1640 of *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*, because in ed. 1602 they have the initials "*A. F.*": see note, vol. xi. 445.

[z] In Southwark. By "the play-house" we are to understand the Globe: but other theatres stood there.

[a] Ridiculously metamorphosed into "bench" by almost all the writers who have cited this passage.

[b] *Letters written by Eminent Persons*, &c. Vol. ii. P. i. p. 236.

[c] In Shadwell's *Bury-Fair*, a personage called Oldwit is made to say; "I myself, simple as I stand here, was a wit in the last age. I was created Ben Jonson's son, in the Apollo. I knew Fletcher, my friend Fletcher, and his maid Joan; well, I shall never forget him: I have supped with him at his house on the Bank-side; he loved a fat loin of pork of all things in the world; and Joan his maid had her beer-glass of sack; and we all kissed her, i' faith, and were as merry as passed [i. e. as that it surpassed]." Act i. sc. 1. In the above passage Shadwell probably retails some of the then floating traditions concerning our dramatist.—As a writer, poor Shadwell has not the reputation which he deserves: if he had never fallen under the lash of Dryden's satire, his comedies would have been at present better known: every lover of the drama ought to read them—once.—I may here notice that in my copy of Langbaine's *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, on the margin of the page (449) where Shadwell's *Psyche* is mentioned, there is written in an old hand, "S[r] R. Howard gaue 14[li] for one side box [on the first representation of that piece at the Duke's Theatre]". The music, dancing, and scenery were the great attractions of *Psyche*.

[d] e.g. A (lost) play called *Two Harpies* was the joint-production of Dekker, Drayton, Middleton, Webster, and Munday.

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and continued at their own free choice, and not at the pleasure of a theatrical proprietor.—From "the immediate causes which led to their dramatic alliance", Weber tells us that we must exclude "the urgency of providing for their subsistence[e]." In the case of Fletcher, I am certainly not disposed to do so. Fletcher, indeed, declares that he did not print his *Faithful Shepherdess* for the sake of procuring bread[f]; and at that period perhaps he may have possessed some private resources (for we are not sure that the appeal made to the crown in behalf of the bishop's orphans had been unsuccessful): but I agree with his latest biographer[g] in thinking that such an assertion, thrown out while he was still irritated by the condemnation of his pastoral, carries little weight; and that a line in his verses *Upon an honest man's fortune*,—

"Nor want, the curse of man, shall make me groan[h]",—

sounds as if he himself had experienced the bitterness of that curse. Though a document, which will be presently given, proves that he was not reduced to such abject poverty as some of his associates, it is yet far from proving his independence; and that during the later part of his life he looked mainly to the stage for subsistence, we have strong presumptive evidence in the rapidity with which he continued to produce his dramas[i]. I may further observe that the following passage in Richard Brome's verses *To his Memory* is to be interpreted only of Fletcher's remarkable facility in dramatic composition; Brome does not mean that he made writing a mere pastime without regard to profit;

"That to him was play
Which was to others' brains a toil; with ease
He play'd on waves, which were their troubled seas:
* * * * * *

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[e] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xi.—The truth is, none of Fletcher's biographers were aware of the poverty in which his father died. They say that he who could remember a college, could hardly forget a son in his Will. But what was the bequest which Bishop Fletcher left to Bene 't College? see note, p. xviii.

[f] "Nor to make it serve to feed
At my need," &c.
Verses to Sir W. Skipwith, prefixed to The F. Shep.

[g] Mr. Darley, *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.* p. xiii.

[h] Vol. iii. 455.

[i] He assuredly gained no increase of fortune by the death of his uncle, Dr. Giles Fletcher, in 1610. On searching the Registry of the Prerogative Court, I found that Dr. Giles Fletcher, by a nuncupative Will, dated 11th February 1610, left all his property, after the payment of his debts, to his wife.

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> The writer that made writing his delight,
> Rather than work. He did not pump, nor drudge,
> To beget wit, or manage it," &c.[j]

As to Beaumont,—though perhaps he was far from indifferent to the emoluments of his literary labours, there is no reason to suppose that his shorter career was ever clouded by the discomforts arising from indigence. On the decease of his eldest brother, Henry, he inherited what was probably a considerable sum[k]; and, if at any time afterwards he required pecuniary assistance, we may be sure that it was not withheld by that amiable brother who was then the possessor of Grace-dieu, and who mourned his early death in lines which are evidently written from the heart. Besides, Beaumont must have received some accession of fortune by his marriage, though it would seem that he made no provision for the daughter who so long survived him.

The acquaintance between Beaumont and Fletcher, or at least their literary partnership, had perhaps not yet commenced, when *The Woman-Hater*, in all probability the unassisted composition of the latter, was brought upon the stage, either in 1606 or 1607.—If this comedy was one of those "very unsuccessful pieces" which (as we shall presently see) are mentioned by Dryden as having been produced by our authors anterior to *Philaster*, I can hardly think that it deserved a milder fate: yet such is the variety of taste in criticism, that Weber talks of the audience having been "blind to its excellencies[l]."

Thierry and Theodoret is generally considered as another early composition of Fletcher, the epilogue (which appears to have been that originally delivered) mentioning only one poet. Perhaps, however, it is of a later date than most critics have supposed; and Mr. Darley's conjecture is entitled to attention,—that it was one of those plays which, though

[j] *Commend. Verses*, vol. i. lxiv-v.

[k] In the Will of Sir Henry Beaumont, of Grace-dieu, knight, which was proved 3d Febr, 1605-6, is the following clause. "I do giue power and authoritie to my said Executors to sell the tythes of Woorthington and Wilsonn, and the farme there, and to dispose of my whole estate thus followinge, viz. after my debts paide and my legacies, and after my said sister Elizabeth hath satisfied her self for soe much mony of her porcion as I haue in my hands, which is not fiue hundred pounds, as I thincke, then the surplusage to bee devided into twoe partes, wherof one parte my sister Elizabeth to haue for her aduancement in mariage, the other to bee equallie devided betwene my brother John and *my brother Francis*" . . . . . "This is my laste will published by me Henry Beamont of Gracedieu in the presence of *Francis Beomont*, Sampson Shelton, Francis Harley." *Registry of the Prer. Court.*—In Judge Beaumont's Will (see Appendix ii. to this Memoir) none of his children are mentioned except Elizabeth.

[l] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xiii.

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"not brought out till after Beaumont's death, may have been planned, and partly or wholly written, with his co-operation, before it[m].—Whatever may be its faults, *Thierry and Theodoret* is among the most energetic tragedies in this collection. Brunhalt and Ordella present one of those violent contrasts which our authors loved to exhibit; and, though both characters are strained very far beyond the truth of nature, there is unquestionably much strong painting in the fiendish wickedness of the former, and many beautiful touches in the angelic purity of the latter. The first scene of the fourth act is praised by Lamb as "the finest scene in Fletcher[n]": it is indeed exquisitely written; but it verges closely on the melodramatic; nor is it, I think, what the poet evidently strove to render it, profoundly pathetic.

"The first play," says Dryden, "that brought Fletcher and him [Beaumont] in esteem was their *Philaster*; for, before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully[o]." This statement may be correct; but Dryden has elsewhere shewn such ignorance concerning our authors and the early stage, and was altogether so careless and inaccurate on points of literary history, that no reliance can be placed upon his testimony. *Philaster* is assigned by Malone to 1608 or 1609[p]: the former date is most probably the true one. If the decision of recent critics may be trusted, the weightier share in it is Beaumont's: we are at least certain that it was the joint-composition of our poets.—Concerning this play Mr. Hallam observes; "The plot is most absurdly managed. It turns on the suspicion of Arethusa's infidelity. And the sole ground of this is that an abandoned woman, being detected herself, accuses the princess of unchastity. Not a shadow of presumptive evidence is brought to confirm this impudent assertion, which, however, the lady's father, her lover, and a grave sensible courtier, do not fail implicitly to believe[q]." These remarks are very just, except as far as regards the too easy credence of Philaster, Mr. Hallam having forgotten that in act iii. sc. 1 the poets had chosen to make the respectable Dion play the part of a villain, and boldly assert to Philaster a downright falsehood concerning the princess and Bellario,—

"In short, my lord, *I took them; I myself.*"

Philaster and Arethusa are delineated with great skill and spirit, and both are, on the whole, very pleasing; though we can find no

[m] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xxiv.
[n] *Spec. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 403, ed. 1808.
[o] *On Dram. Poesy,—Prose Works*, Vol. i. P. ii. p. 100, ed. Malone
[p] See vol. i. 199 of the present work.
[q] *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, iii. 100, ed. 1843.

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satisfactory excuse for Philaster when he wounds his mistress and afterwards his page (which Dryden reprobates as unmanly[r]), and though we could wish that Arethusa did not on one occasion so unnecessarily proclaim her own rectitude, when, to the simple question of her father, "Who attends you?" she replies,

> "None but my single self: I need no guard;
> I do no wrong, nor fear none." Act iii. sc. 2.

But a far higher interest belongs to Euphrasia (disguised as the page Bellario). She is one of our authors' most perfect creations,—unequalled in the romantic tenderness and the deep devotedness of her affection by any character which at all resembles her in the wide range of fiction,—from her supposed prototype, the Viola of Shakespeare, down to the Constance of Scott and the Kaled of Byron. Passages, remarkable alike for poetic beauty and felicity of language, are profusely scattered through the play. Among these, of course, is to be reckoned Philaster's description of his page (act i. sc. 2),—

> "I have a boy,
> Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent," &c.

a description which has been often cited and deservedly praised, but without the remark that it is much too long for the situation of the speaker[s]: the dramatist was lost in the poet.

The death of Lady Markham on the 4th of May, 1609[t], occasioned an elegy by Beaumont. Sprung from a family intimately connected

[r] "He will see Philaster wounding his mistress, and afterwards his boy, to save himself: not to mention the Clown, who enters immediately, and not only has the advantage of the combat against the hero, but diverts you from your serious concernment with his ridiculous and absurd raillery". *Defence of the Ep. to the Sec. Part of the Conquest of Granada,—Prose Works*, Vol. i. P. ii. p. 235, ed. Malone. "When Philaster wounds Arethusa and the boy, and Perigot his mistress in *The Faithful Shepherdess*, both these are contrary to the character of manhood". *Grounds of Crit. in Tragedy, Ibid.* p. 280.

[s] See what immediately precedes it;

> "*Phi.* 'Twill be ill
> I should abide here long", &c., vol. i. 225.

[t] According to the Register of Twickenham Church, she "dyed in the Ladie of Bedford's house in the Parke", and was buried 19th May, 1609. In that church a monument was erected to her memory with the following remarkable inscription. "Brigidæ lectissimæ, piissimæ, innocentissimæ, tamen hoc autem uno quo sexus dignior sexum fassæ quod mater fuit, cætera viri; quæ generi suo, quo Jacob Harringtoni Eq. Aur. Io. Baronis de Exton frat. filia fuit, itaque inclytæ Luciæ Comitissæ de Bedford sanguine (quod satis) sed et amicitia propinquissima, quantum accepit, addidit splendoris; et serenissimæ Annæ Mag. Brit. Reg. Dan. Reg. F. cui ab interiori camera acceptissima; quæque litigantibus in illâ de superioritate singulis virtutibus ad summum Dei tribunal ut lis dirimeritur, provocavit, migravit,

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with the literature of the time,—she was Bridget, daughter of Sir James Harington, baronet, (a younger brother of John Lord Harington, father of Lucy Countess of Bedford); and she was the wife of Sir Anthony Markham, knight, of Sedgebrook in Nottinghamshire. Beaumont himself declares that he "never saw her face"; and he perhaps composed the elegy in question at the desire of some of her relatives[u]. Donne also wrote an elegy on Lady Markham[v]. Both are in the vilest taste: but Donne's conceits, however far-fetched and puzzling, are at least not so outrageous as those of Beaumont, who gravely calls out to the worms, "his rivals,"—

> "Refrain
> With your disorder'd eatings to deface her,
> But feed yourselves so as you most may grace her.
> First, through her ear-tips see you make a pair
> Of holes," &c[w].

The Maid's Tragedy, according to the hypothesis of Malone, was first acted in 1610[x]: I am now inclined to fix its date in 1609. It was undoubtedly written by our authors in conjunction,—the larger portion of it perhaps, as is generally imagined, having been from Beaumont's pen.—Hazlitt commences his critique on this tragedy by informing us that it is "one of the poorest[y]" of their pieces. Mr. Hallam declares that "it is among the best[z]." For my own part, notwithstanding the undeniable faults of the story (which were long ago dwelt on at much length by Rymer[a]), I regard it as the greatest tragic effort of Beaumont and Fletcher. There may be serious plays in these volumes which are superior to it in particular scenes; but it stands among them

maturavit; ante in defuncto Marito Anto. Markham, Eq. Aur. semimortuæ adhuc in ejus liberis Io. Rob. Henr. Franc. semisuperstitis, depositum hic servare voluere amici ejus mœstiss. Secessit 4° Maii a° salutis suæ 1609, ætatis 30." See Lysons's *Environs of London*, iii. 581, 589.

[u] Other poets have written in commendation of dead ladies who had been utter strangers to them. "Doctor Donne . . . acknowledges that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable *Anniversaries*. I have had the same fortune, though I have not succeeded to the same genius". Dryden's *Ded. of Eleonora, a panegyrical poem, dedicated to the memory of the late Countess of Abingdon*.

[v] *Poems*, p. 66. ed. 1633. [w] Vol. xi. 504.

[x] See vol. i. 313 of the present work.

[y] *Lectures on the Dram. Lit. of Age of Eliz.*, p. 135, ed. 1840.

[z] *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, iii. 99, ed. 1843.

[a] Rymer's *Tragedies of the Last Age considered and examined by the Practice of the Ancients, and by the Common sense of all Ages* is a violent censure on *The Bloody Brother, or, Rollo Duke of Normandy, A King and no King*, and *The Maid's Tragedy*. Rymer had some learning, more acuteness, and no taste. How he attacked Shakespeare, is well known. In the work of which the title has just been given, he

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unrivalled for the growing interest which it excites and for the ultimate impression which it produces. The daring character of Evadne[b] is finely conceived, and happily preserved through all its phases: after her repentance (to which she is first roused by no inward promptings, but by her brother's weapon pointed at her breast), she is as resolute in taking vengeance on her royal seducer, as she had been impudently bold while secure of his protection. The scene in which Melantius wrings from her a confession of her dishonour and an oath to kill the king, and that in which she implores and obtains the pardon of Amintor, if deficient in the subtler strokes of passion, are at least full of vigour and powerfully affecting; nor is it a mean proof of the poets' art that they should have been able to render such a character as Evadne an object of sympathy, even when, with all her penitence for her former sin, she is rushing on to far deeper guilt. Aspatia, as she appears in the earlier part of the play, is the very personification of blighted maiden love, meekly submitting to unmerited sufferings: the quiet pathos and the picturesque beauty of her speeches have never been surpassed: but the scene in which, disguised as her brother, she provokes Amintor to the combat for the sake of receiving a death-wound from his hand, is surely not only disagreeable in itself, but somewhat inconsistent with the gentleness and resignation which she has previously displayed. The weakness and irresolution of Amintor are well contrasted with the opposite qualities of his friend Melantius,—a striking portrait of a brave rough honest warrior, which we find repeated, with some shades of difference, in several other plays of this collection.—An anecdote, which perhaps refers to *The Maid's Tragedy*, is thus recorded by Fuller: "[Beaumont and Fletcher] meeting once in a Tavern, to contrive the rude draught of a Tragedy, Fletcher undertook to *kill the King* therein; whose words being overheard by a listener (though his Loyalty not to be blamed herein), he was accused of High Treason, till the mistake soon appearing, that the plot was only against a Drammatick and Scenical King, all wound off in merriment[c]."

The Faithful Shepherdess is wholly by Fletcher. In composing it, he evidently had an eye to the celebrated Arcadian dramas of Tasso and

mentions "that *Paradise Lost* of Milton's, which some are pleased to call a Poem". p. 143, ed. 1692.

[b] "Mr. Rymer and Mr. Theobald", says Seward in a note at the end of this tragedy, "concur in blaming our authors for making the *title* of the play relate to the distress of Aspatia", &c. But from Mr. P. Cunningham's *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, &c., it appears that the title has a reference to Evadne; "Shroue Teuesday A play called *the proud Mayds Tragedie*". p. 211.

[c] *Worthies* (*Northampt.*), p. 288, ed. 1662.—Mr. Darley, who was misled by Weber to suppose that Winstanley was the only authority for this anecdote, points

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Guarini; and he doubtless indulged the hope that it would win no less praise from his countrymen than the Italians had awarded to the *Aminta* and the *Pastor Fido*. About the commencement of 1610, and perhaps earlier[c], *The Faithful Shepherdess* was submitted to the ordeal of the stage, and received, on the first night of its performance, the most decided condemnation. Its failure must have been a severe mortification to the author. He had some consolation, however, in the verses which were addressed to him on the occasion by Field, his beloved Beaumont, Jonson, and Chapman, who vied with each other in declaring their admiration of his "murder'd poem", and in stigmatizing the ignorance and injustice of "the many-headed bench." With these testimonies of his friends, and with copies of verses by himself to Sir Walter Aston, Sir William Skipwith, and Sir Robert Townshend, as well as with a prose Address to the Reader, Fletcher consigned his ill-fated pastoral to the press.—The plot of *The Faithful Shepherdess* is neither interesting nor skilfully constructed: the wanton Cloe, intended as a contrast to the all-pure Clorin, is an ugly blemish to the piece; and the passion of Thenot for Clorin, founded solely on admiration of her constancy to her deceased lover, and not to be cured till she pretends to favour it, is ridiculous in the extreme[d]. But the imperfections of *The Faithful Shepherdess* as a drama are counterbalanced by its many excellencies as a poem. The lyric portions are steeped in the most delicate and brilliant hues of fancy, and so exquisitely modulated, that the mere music of the verse with its rich variety of cadence is delightful to the reader: nor are the unlyric portions without frequent passages of great beauty; even from the mouth of the licentious Cloe we have lines which are not inferior to any in the play[e]. Its failure on the stage was occasioned, I apprehend, not so much by the defects just specified, as by the incapacity of the audience to enter into the spirit of a piece, which

> "Renews the golden world, and holds through all
> The holy laws of homely pastoral,
> Where flowers and founts, and nymphs and semi-gods,
> And all the Graces, find their old abodes[f]:"

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out a parallel to it in *The Woman-Hater*, where "Lazarillo, an epicure, from his vague talk to a friend about grotesque means to come at the head of an 'umbrana-fish', is accused by Intelligencers [informers] of a plot to 'kill the duke', his sovereign prince", &c. *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xxi.

[c] The first edition has no date: but Sir W. Skipwith, one of the three friends to whom Fletcher dedicates it, died 3d May, 1610.

[d] And see Dryden's remark cited in note, p. xxx.

[e] See vol. ii. 38; "Shepherd, I pray thee, stay", &c.

[f] Chapman's verses to Fletcher: see vol. ii. 12.

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and Fletcher has himself informed us that "the people," having no idea what a "pastoral tragi-comedy" was, and "missing Whitsun-ales, cream, wassail, and morris-dances, began to be angry." In good truth, dramas of this description, which exhibit an impossible state of sylvan life, and make their strongest appeal for favour by the charms of poetry, are rather for the closet than the theatre. That *The Sad Shepherd* of Jonson has reached us incomplete, will be ever regretted by the reader, —but by the reader only. Even when containing nothing of the ideal, and reflecting the actual manners and feelings of the country where the scene is laid, a pastoral play has little power upon an audience[g]. —Fletcher had been dead several years when *The Faithful Shepherdess* was revived at court, on the occasion of an entertainment given by the Queen to the King at Denmark-House on Twelfth-Night, 1633-4[h]. Soon after that revival (as we learn from the title-page of the third quarto) it was acted "divers times with great applause" at the theatre in Blackfriars. The favour which it had experienced at court was doubtless the cause of its being produced at the Blackfriars, and in all probability too the cause of its eliciting this tardy applause from the public, who were now prepared to like what royalty had condescended to admire. We hear of no subsequent attempt to revive *The Faithful Shepherdess:* the prophecy of Jonson that it would "rise up a glorified work to time," has been fulfilled; but not through the medium of the stage.—From this pastoral, as is well known, Milton borrowed largely for his immortal masque. Some critics, after closely comparing *The Faithful Shepherdess* with *Comus*, have pronounced, that, if we take into consideration the lyric portions only, Milton seems scarcely to have surpassed his predecessor,—an opinion from which I altogether dissent: the lyric strains of Fletcher are beautiful indeed; but in those of Milton a loftier imagination, a "diviner fire," is, I

[g] Of this we have a proof in Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, a work dear to all the author's countrymen: it owes none of its well-merited popularity to the Scottish stage. When it was originally acted is not known: but it was certainly played as an after-piece at Edinburgh in 1729, previous to which date it had passed through several editions, having been first published in 1725. Of the later attempts to bring it on the stage in Scotland, none have been attended with much success. When performed at the London theatres, it was tolerated partly as a curiosity, and partly on account of the music.

[h] From Marmyon's verses (vol. ii. 18) we may gather that its revival was suggested by Taylor the player. I cannot believe that her Majesty had a very refined taste in such matters. Montague's *Shepherd's Paradise*, which was privately acted before the King by the Queen and her Ladies of Honour, is a piece of such intolerable nonsense (to say nothing of its length) that one wonders how the fair performers, even with the prompter's assistance, could have got through their parts. It was not printed till 1659: most of the copies have, by a press-error, the date 1629.

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think, every where manifest. There have been critics who have even doubted to which of the two dramas the palm of excellence should, on the whole, be given,—a doubt something more than foolish: *The Faithful Shepherdess* is a gem with several flaws and clouds; the Masque at Ludlow Castle is "one entire and perfect chrysolite."

The Knight of the Burning Pestle[i] would seem to have been brought upon the stage in 1611. Whether it was the joint-composition of our authors, or written by one of them alone, is matter of uncertainty: Mr. Darley thinks that it is "by Beaumont chiefly[j]." The satire of this excellent mock-heroic play (the first of its kind in our language both as to date and merit) is directed against the absurdities of the earlier dramas, more particularly those of Heywood's *Four Prentices of London*, while, at the same time, the ignorance and conceit of the citizens are abundantly ridiculed throughout. The whole is highly artistic and in perfect keeping; the humour of great breadth and raciness. On its first performance, however, it was quite as unsuccessful as *The Faithful Shepherdess*: "the world," says the publisher, "for want of judgment, or not understanding the privy mark of irony about it, utterly rejected it." Perhaps, as has been suggested, it owed its condemnation to the anger of the citizens and apprentices: the latter, indeed, who were a very riotous and a really formidable band, must have felt no little indignation at the ludicrous picture of their fellow Ralph,—especially after the compliment paid to them by the above-mentioned play of Heywood, which in sober earnest sets forth how the four sons of Godfrey Earl of Bulloigne (who finish their prodigious exploits by mainly contributing to the conquest of Jerusalem) were originally bound apprentices to London tradesmen[k]!—Many years seem to have elapsed before *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* was revived: but about 1635 it was a favourite piece; and it was acted with success even after the Restoration.

A King and No King was certainly produced in 1611, and as certainly composed by our authors in conjunction, though, as usual, their

[i] Its title was perhaps suggested by that of an earlier (and not extant) play, *The history of the Knight in the Burning Rock*: see Cunningham's *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, &c. p. 142.

[j] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xlviii.

[k] *The Four Prentises of London* was written about the close of the preceding century: the earliest edition known is dated 1615; but an expression in the present play (vol. ii. 200, where see note) seems to shew that there must have been a considerably earlier edition. Heywood dedicates it "To the honest and hie-spirited *Prentises*, the Readers", and concludes his Dedication thus; "But, to returne againe to you, my braue spirited *Prentises*, upon whom I haue freely bestowed these Foure, I wish you all, that haue their courages and forwardnesse, *their noble Fates and Fortunes*."

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respective shares cannot be determined. The chief subject of this tragi-comedy is far from pleasing; its plot is liable to great objections; and it contains but few passages of striking poetic merit: yet must it ever rank among the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Beaumont and Fletcher. The suspense in which we are kept during the first four acts is relieved by a discovery, which, though rather violently brought about, we have certainly not anticipated. The character of Arbaces is strangely compounded of valour, boastfulness, insolence, selfishness, generosity, and voluptuousness; and there is assuredly great dramatic effect in the instantaneous changes of his temper, in the various moods by which, at the slightest impulse, he is swayed: perhaps, however, the mechanism of this (—I allude to the earlier part of the play[1]—) is occasionally too apparent; the reader almost feels as if he were present at a puppet-show, and saw more than a spectator ought to see,—the master of the exhibition pulling the wires that govern the motions of his puppet. The first meeting of Arbaces and Panthea, and his sudden intoxication with her beauty, are admirably conceived; and the subsequent inconsistencies of his conduct, while under the bewildering influence of a supposed incestuous passion, against which he vainly struggles, are displayed with a truth and vigour worthy of all praise. The character of Panthea is drawn with little force. That of Bessus (a study after Ben Jonson's "humours") has been greatly lauded by the earlier as well as some of the modern critics; but, though containing a considerable portion of *vis comica*, it is, on the whole, a violent caricature,—inferior, as the portrait of a swaggering coward, both to Parolles and to Bobadil, not to mention Falstaff, with whom Bessus has been rashly compared.

The shafts of criticism had not yet assailed *The Arcadia* of Sidney; it was still the delight of thousands when it furnished the groundwork of the drama next to be mentioned,—*Cupid's Revenge*. According to the earliest extant notice of this tragedy, it was acted by the Children of Whitefriars on the Sunday following New-year's night, 1611-12; and we may suppose that only a short time had elapsed between that date and its original representation. In an address to the Reader (prefixed to the first quarto) the Printer speaks of "the author [Fletcher]"; but, as he immediately adds that "he is not acquainted with him", his authority is insufficient to establish that the play was wholly by Fletcher; and the generally received opinion that Beaumont had some share in its composition is probably correct.—*Cupid's Revenge*, though a wretched drama, appears not only to have met with great success at first, but to have long continued popular.

[1] See, for instance, act i. sc. 1 (vol. ii. 245); "*Arb.* Talk'd enough!" &c., and the dialogue which follows.

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Among the noble ladies of the time, few were more distinguished for their love of poetry and patronage of poets than Elizabeth Countess of Rutland. She was the only child of Sir Philip Sidney, and the wife of Roger fifth earl of Rutland. Ben Jonson told Drummond that she "was nothing inferior to her father in poesie[m]"; and in an epistle which he addressed to her, after declaring that he has no gold to send her,—only "verse,"—he says,

> "With you, I know, my offering will find grace;
> For what a sin 'gainst your great father's spirit
> Were it to think, that you should not inherit
> His love unto the Muses, when his skill
> Almost you have, or may have when you will[n]."

Her marriage was an unhappy one[o]; and she probably hoped to find in literature some consolation for her domestic grievances. It would seem, however, that the earl disapproved of the familiarity with which she treated those men of genius whom she patronized; for, on one occasion, "he accused her that she keept table to poets[p]".—Beaumont, like the rest, offered up his poetical incense to this admired lady in a short *Epistle;* and when (having survived her husband little more than a month) she died[q] in August 1612, he lost no time in putting forth an *Elegy.* Neither of these pieces rises above mediocrity, though the latter is praised by Earle as

> "A monument that will then lasting be,
> When all her marble is more dust than she[r]."

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[m] *Notes of Jonson's Conversations with Drummomd*, p. 16, ed. Shake. Soc. "Sir Th: Overburie", continues the record, "was in love with her, and caused Ben to read his Wyffe to her, which he, with ane excellent grace, did, and praised the author. That the morne thereafter he discorded with Overburie, who would haue him to intend a sute that was unlawful. The lines my Lady keep'd in remembrance, *He comes too near who comes to be denied.* Beaumont wrott that Elegie on the death of the Countess of Rutland".

[n] Jonson's *Works*, vii. 277, ed. Gifford.

[o] The cause is told plainly enough in Beaumont's *Elegy* on her death.

[p] "Ben one day being at table with my Lady Rutland, her Husband comming in accused her that she keept table to poets, of which she writt a letter to him [Jonson], which he answered. My Lord intercepted the letter, but never challenged him". *Notes of Jonson's Conversations*, &c. p. 24.—The earl was, at one time, a great lover of the drama: in a letter to Sir Robert Sidney, dated 11th Oct^r., 1599, Rowland Whyte writes thus; "My Lord Southhampton and Lord Rutland came not to the Court; the one doth but very seldome; they pass away the Tyme in London merely in going to Plaies euery Day". Collins's *Sidney Letters*, &c. ii. 132.

[q] Chamberlaine, in a letter to Sir R. Winwood, says; "The Widow Countess of Rutland dyed lately, and is privately buryed in Pauls, by her Father Sir Phillip Sydney and Secretary Walsingham. Sir Walter Raleigh is slandered to have given her certaine Pills that dispatch'd her". Winwood's *Memorials*, iii. 385.

[r] *Commend. Poems*, vol. i. xxxv.

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The Coxcomb appears to have been the joint-work of Beaumont and Fletcher. We may presume that it was originally performed towards the close of 1612, as Rosseter and the Children of the Queen's Revels were paid by a warrant, dated 24th November of that year, for having presented it before the Prince, the Princess Elizabeth, and the Count Palatine, when probably it was still a novelty [s]. We learn from the prologue at a revival of the play, that on its first representation, while it was favourably received by "men of worth", it was condemned for its length by some "among the ignorant multitude".—Though an amusing comedy, with several snatches of natural painting, it is, on the whole, extravagant in plot, character, and incident.

On the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth and the Count Palatine of the Rhine, the Inns of Court determined to present masques of a very splendid description to the royal family at Whitehall. Accordingly, the Middle-Temple and Lincoln's-Inn employed Chapman to compose a piece for the occasion. The Inner-Temple and Gray's Inn selected Beaumont (himself a member of the former society) to supply them with a rival entertainment: its machinery and contrivances were by Inigo Jones (as were those of the other masque); and even Bacon "by his countenance and loving affection advanced it[t]."—The Masque of the Middle-Temple and Lincoln's-Inn [u] (a masque of great magnificence) was exhibited

[s] "Item, paid to Philip Rosseter, by Warrant, 24 November, 1612, for himself and the Children of the Queen's Majesty's Revels, for presenting before the Princess Elizabeth and the Count Palatine a comedy called *The Coxcomb* £6. 13. 4". Memoranda concerning *Plays acted at Court, from the Accounts of Lord Harrington*, &c.,—*Shakespeare Soc. Papers*, ii. 125. "To Philip Rosseter upon a warrant dated the 24th of November 1612, for presenting a play [*The Coxcomb*] by the Children of the Chapple before the Prince, the lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatyne vj[li]. xiij[s]. iiij[d]." *Introd.* to Cunningham's *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, &c. p. xlii.—We are told in the *Biog. Dram.* that when the elder Colman composed his comedy called *The Suicide*, which was acted in 1778, but never printed, he borrowed "the duel from *The Coxcomb* of Beaumont and Fletcher". What is meant by "the duel?"

[t] See the Dedication, vol. ii. 455. For particulars of the charges attending this masque, see *ibid.* p. 453.

[u] *The Memorable Maske of the two Honorable Houses or Inns of Court; the Middle Temple, and Lyncolns Inne. As it was performd before the King, at White-Hall on Shroue Munday at night; being the* 15. *of February.* 1613. *At the Princely celebration of the most Royall Nuptialls of the Palsgraue, and his thrice gratious Princesse Elizabeth, &c. With a description of their whole show; in the manner of their march on horse-backe to the Court from the Maister of the Rolls his house: with all their right Noble consorts, and most showfull attendants. Inuented, and fashioned, with the ground, and speciall structure of the whole worke, By our Kingdomes most Artfull and Ingenious Architect Innigo Jones. Supplied, Aplied, Digested, and written, by Geo: Chapman. At London, Printed by G. Eld, for George Norton and are to be sould at his shoppe neere Temple-bar.* n. d., 4to.

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at Whitehall on Monday the 15th of February, 1612-13. The following night had been fixed for the performance of that of the Inner-Temple and Gray's Inn; and the masquers ("striving to vary from their Competitors, and their Device being the marrying of the Thames to the Rhine[v]") proceeded to Whitehall by water: they started from Winchester-House in Southwark, their boats and barges gorgeously decked and brilliantly illuminated; and at their setting out, at their passing the Temple, and at their landing, peals of ordnance were fired. But, on reaching Whitehall, they had the vexation to find that the heavy expenses[w] of this river-pageant had been incurred in vain; for the performance of the masque was deferred till the ensuing Saturday. If we might credit some accounts, the hall was too densely crowded to admit either the masquers or those many ladies of rank who were stationed in galleries to see them land[x]: the probability, however, seems to be that the exhibition was postponed because the good king James (who did not equal his queen in passionate love of such spectacles) "was so satiated and overwearied with Watching, that he could hold out no longer[y]." At last, on the appointed Saturday, the masque was performed "in the new Banketting-House, which for a kind of Amends was granted to them, though with much Repining and Contradiction of their Emulators. The next Day the King made them all a solemn Supper in the new Marriage Room, and used them so well and graciously, that he sent both Parties away well pleased with this great Solemnity[z]."—Beaumont's *Masque of the Inner-Temple and Gray's Inn*, though not to be compared to the finest of Jonson's similar compositions, displays at least,—what is not to be found in Chapman's *Masque of the Middle-Temple and Lincoln's-Inn*,—some invention and some gracefulness of style.

While the custom of acting only a single piece a day prevailed almost

[v] Letter from Mr. Chamberlaine to Sir R. Winwood,—*Memorials*, &c., iii. 435.

[w] Above £300, *Id. ibid.*

[x] *Id. ibid.* The account given in the preface to the masque is nearly the same.

[y] *Id. ibid.*—"Whereupon Sir Francis Bacon ventured to entreat his Majesty, that by this disgrace he would not as it were bury them quick; and I hear the King should answer, that then they must bury him quick, for he could last no longer; but withall gave them very good words, and appointed them to come again on Saturday". *Letter from Mr. Chamberlaine to Sir Dudley Carleton*,—Nichols's *Prog. of K. James*, ii. 590.—On the 15th (as mentioned above) Chapman's Masque was performed at Whitehall; and on the 14th (Sunday) Campion's *Lords' Masque* had been exhibited there. Another masque on the 16th would have been rather too much.

[z] Chamberlaine, *ubi supra*.

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constantly[a] at our early theatres, the managers, for the sake of a little variety, occasionally brought forward that peculiar species of entertainment which consisted of several short and distinct plays represented *within* another play, and which occupied no longer time in the exhibition than a common drama. Concerning performances of this kind, —*Three Plays in One*, *Four Plays in One*, and *Five Plays in One*,— various notices are extant ; but no specimen[b] of them remains except the *Four Plays, or Moral Representations in One* which we have among the works of Beaumont and Fletcher. In the composition of these *Four Plays*, the date of which is uncertain, there is every reason to believe that both our poets were concerned. They are entitled *The Triumph of Honour*, *The Triumph of Love*, *The Triumph of Death*, and *The Triumph of Time*, and they are introduced into a fifth play (a mere frame to contain them) as successive representations at the nuptials of the King and Queen of Portugal.—*The Triumph of Honour* has a few well-written passages amidst a great deal of extravagance. *The Triumph of Love* is better, and has afforded one very natural scene for the *Specimens* of Lamb. In *The Triumph of Death* the authors have evinced perhaps a more than usual tragic power : but, while they strike some deep notes which we could wish that they had repeated oftener, they outrage the feelings by one of those atrocities, which our early dramatists, mistaking the horrible for the terrible, so frequently bring before the eye in disgusting nakedness[c]. *The Triumph of Time* is an allegory supported with ingenuity.—Of the effect which this kind of entertainment produced on the spectators, we may judge from our own experience when modern managers "set up" half-a-dozen short dramas for the same night,—when one piece effaces the impression of the other, and when we carry away from the theatre little more than a confused recollection of characters and incidents.

[a] I should have said "prevailed constantly", had it not been for an entry by Henslowe which seems to mean that "*Times Triumphe*" and "*Foztus*" were played on the same day, and for a passage in Field's *Amends for Ladies* where one of the characters talks of going "to see *Long Meg* and *The Ship* at the Fortune." Vide Henslowe's *Diary*, p. 86, and Mr. Collier's note *ad loc.*—The ludicrous metrical composition called a *jig*, which used to be introduced after the play, certainly does not come under the denomination of a second dramatic piece.

[b] That is, no complete specimen. *A Yorkshire Tragedy* (attributed to Shakespeare) is termed on the title-page *All's One, or, One of the foure Plaies in One*, &c. : but the other three do not exist.

[c] Gabriella, after murdering Lavall, cuts out his heart, and throws it down, from a gallery, on the stage.—A "heart" must have been among the regular "properties" of our old theatres, for it was frequently required. So, towards the close of Ford's *'Tis Pity she's a Whore*, we have the stage-direction, "*Enter Giovanni with a heart upon his dagger*".

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Concerning the date of *The Scornful Lady*, we only know that it was brought upon the stage some time between the breaking out of the Cleve wars, 1609[d], and the death of Beaumont (March 1615-16), who is mentioned on the title-page of the earliest 4to as its joint-author, and who appears to have written a large proportion of it. I cannot agree with those critics who think that this once-popular piece is not excelled by any comedy in the collection. The two principal characters, the Lady and the Elder Loveless (the former perhaps one of the authors' most original conceptions) are no doubt delineated with considerable force: in the scenes between them, during the last three acts,—in the ingenious stratagems by which she defeats his "most fine plots" to win her, and in the provoking nonchalance of her triumph, till, in the end, he "casts beyond her wit" and completely "cozens" her,—there are several highly comic situations, abundance of broad humour, and numerous points (obvious only to a reader familiar with the stage) which skilful performers could not fail to seize on, and to bring out with great effect[e]. Another well-drawn character is the old steward Savil[f], who when left by the Elder Loveless to check, during his absence, the riot of his brother, is unable to resist the temptations which surround him, and becomes himself a reveller and a debauchee. But the sudden transformation of the sordid usurer Morecraft into a reckless spendthrift, is one of those metamorphoses to which even the authority of Terence, who suggested it, will hardly reconcile us; the authors have unnecessarily degraded the character of the Younger Loveless by adding selfishness and heartlessness to the more excusable vices of youth; an unusual coarseness of feeling prevails throughout the whole play; and the

[d] See act v. sc. 3, vol. iii. 104.

[e] This comedy, I believe, has been banished from the stage since the days of Mrs. Abington, who appeared in an alteration of it; see vol. iii. 3; and *Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons*, i. 370, by Boaden, the best of our critics on acting,—Cibber always excepted.

[f] Theobald states in a note, that Addison told him "he sketched out the character of Vellum in *The Drummer* purely from this model" (see vol. iii. 3),—a mistake evidently on the part of Theobald: the two characters are totally different. No doubt, what Addison said was this—"that the Abigail of *The Scornful Lady* was the model on which he formed *his* Abigail in *The Drummer*": as in the former play there are the loves of Abigail and the old chaplain Sir Roger, so in the latter we have the loves of Abigail and the old steward Vellum, &c.,—Addison having divested the waiting-woman of her coarseness and licentiousness.—Now-a-days, when *Cato* lives only in the recollection of those who have seen John Kemble act its hero, and when even *The Spectator* and *The Tatler* seem hastening to oblivion, it is scarcely to be expected that the reader should have any acquaintance with a minor work of Addison: I may therefore observe, that, in spite of its odd and improbable plot, *The Drummer* is a comedy of considerable merit, very entertaining, and with a good deal of that quiet humour so characteristic of Addison.

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dialogue (of which, in many places, we evidently possess a corrupted text) is destitute of poetic colouring. Mr. Hallam has remarked that this is "one of those comedies which exhibit English domestic life, and have therefore a value independent of their dramatic merit[g]". I question, however, if it deserves such particular mention as a picture of the olden time; at least, I am sure that there are not a few comedies by third-rate authors, in which the habits of our ancestors are more fully revealed and more vividly depicted than in *The Scornful Lady*.

The Captain[h] appears to have been first acted either towards the end of 1612, or early in the following year, as we learn that, on the 20th of May, 1613, Hemming was paid for having presented it and five other plays at court. It seems to have been the unassisted work of Fletcher. —It is a very indifferent comedy: but, were its merits even of a high order, we should scarcely remember them in the intense disgust excited by one of its scenes,—that in which Lelia boldly avows to her father the passion she has conceived for him, and as boldly argues in defence of its lawfulness. This is perhaps the most odious incident in any of our early dramas. Ford and Massinger, indeed, (not to mention others,) have written plays on the subject of incestuous love; but those are *tragedies of the deepest horror*, and in them the guilty parties are visited with signal punishment. Fletcher's Lelia is, on the contrary, a character in *a broad comedy;* and her father, though at first so indignant that he threatens to destroy her, seems afterwards to regard the overture she had made to him as little more than an indiscretion arising from the heat of youthful blood[i]!

Among the plays performed at court in 1613 was *The History of Cardenio*[j], a drama, as the title proves, derived from the story of

[g] *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, iii. 104. ed. 1843.

[h] In the introd. remarks on this comedy (vol. iii. 219) I cited a MS. note by Oldys which states that it was "acted at Court 20 May 1613 by the Kings Comp., under Jn° Hemmings, &c.": but I find from some memoranda concerning *Plays acted at Court, from the Accounts of Lord Harrington*, &c. *Shakespeare Soc. Papers*, ii. 125,—that the "20 May 1613" is the date of the payment to Hemming for plays performed at court, of which *The Captain* was one, and not the date of the actual performance of that comedy: see the next note but one.

[i] "yet, because
Her youth is prone to fall again, ungovern'd,
And marriage now may stay her", &c. act v. sc. i. vol. iii. 309.

[j] "In the MS. Register of Lord Stanhope of Harrington, the play of *Cardenes* or *Cardenio* is said to have been performed at Court in 1613. Mr. Malone, who furnishes me with this notice", &c. Gifford,—Massinger's *Works*, iv. 238, ed. 1813.—"Paid to John Hemmings, upon like Warrant for himself and the rest of his fellows, his Majesty's Servants and Players, for presenting a play before the Duke of Savoy's

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Cardenio in *Don Quixote*; and it was entered on the Stationers' Books, as the joint-production of Fletcher and Shakespeare, 9th September, 1653 [k], but never given to the press. The Stationers' Books are not always to be depended upon as evidence in matters of authorship; and in the present case, though they may be right with respect to Fletcher, I have little or no doubt that they are wrong with respect to Shakespeare. According to Weber, "if we admit that Shakespeare assisted Fletcher in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, it will not be altogether improbable that he assisted him in *Cardenio* [l]." I must here anticipate my remarks on *The Two Noble Kinsmen* so far as to say that, while I am fully convinced that a large portion of it is from Shakespeare's pen, I deny that it was composed by Shakespeare and Fletcher in conjunction.—*Cardenio* is supposed by some critics to have been that tragi-comedy which Theobald published in 1728 under the title of *Double Falsehood, or, The Distrest Lovers. Written originally by W. Shakespeare*, &c. Of this piece Theobald possessed three manuscript copies [m]. In "revising and adapt-

Embassador, on the 8th of June, 1613, called *Cardema*, the sum of £6. 8. 4.": "Item, paid to the said John Hemings, 20th May, 1613, for presenting six several plays, viz., one play called *A bad beginning makes a good ending;* one other, called *The Captain;* one, *The Alchemist;* one other, *Cardano;* one other, *Hotspur;* one other, *Benedicite and Bettris;* all played in the time of this account. Paid 40 pounds, and by way of his Majesty's reward 20 pounds more, £60".—Memoranda concerning *Plays acted at Court, from the Accounts of Lord Harrington*, &c. *Shakespeare Soc. Papers*, ii. 125. It is evident that "*Cardema*" of the first entry, and "*Cardano*" of the second, should be "Cardenio". For "*Benedicite and Bettris*" read "Benedict *and Bettris* [Beatrice]," i. e. Shakespeare's *Much Ado about Nothing*.

[k] The author of *Lives of the Dramatists* (Lardner's *Cyclopædia*) states that *Cardenio* was *printed* in 1653, and proceeds to speak of it as if he had read it: vol. i. 249. This gentleman's taste is on a par with his accuracy: he says that *Cymbeline* is "a poor drama, and perhaps one that Shakespeare did not compose, but merely improved," and that *The Winter's Tale* "is unworthy of Shakespeare's genius." pp. 120, 121.

[l] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xxiv.

[m] "One of the Manuscript Copies, which I have, is of above Sixty Years' Standing, in the Hand-writing of Mr. Downes, the famous Old Prompter; and, as I am credibly inform'd, was early in the Possession of the celebrated Mr. Betterton, and by Him design'd to have been usher'd into the World. What Accident prevented This Purpose of his, I do not pretend to know: Or thro' what hands it had successively pass'd before that Period of Time. There is a Tradition (which I have from the Noble Person, who supply'd me with One of my Copies) that it was given by our Author, as a Present of Value, to a Natural Daughter of his, for whose Sake he wrote it, in the Time of his Retirement from the Stage. Two other Copies I have, (one of which I was glad to purchase at a very good Rate,) which may not, perhaps, be quite so Old as the Former; but One of Them is much more perfect, and has fewer Flaws and Interruptions in the Sense." Theobald's *Preface*.

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ing it to the stage[n]", he undoubtedly made many violent alterations: enough, however, of the genuine text remains to shew that, in spite of one or two pleasing passages[o], the play was originally a very poor performance. I do not believe it to be the *Cardenio* of 1613. It is founded, indeed, on the story in *Don Quixote:* but it has no character named Cardenio; and the style bears less resemblance to Fletcher's than to Shirley's. I agree with Dr. Farmer[p] in attributing it to the latter dramatist, whose name abbreviated "Sh." in one of the three manuscripts may have been mistaken (and perhaps wilfully) for "Shakespeare."

The Honest Man's Fortune[q] was first played in 1613. If Weber be wrong in assigning the greater part of it to Beaumont, there is at least every reason to suppose that it was written by our authors in conjunction. —Taken altogether, it is a drama of superior merit: it has some very animated and effective scenes, and occasional gnomic passages which strike me as possessing more depth of thought than is usual with our authors. Montague, "the honest man", who preserves his mild dignity of character and his cheerfulness of temper under the most adverse circumstances, is drawn with a vigorous pencil; and our curiosity to learn what "fortune" will eventually attend him is unabated till the very close of the play. The page Veramour is a

[n] It was acted with success at Drury-lane Theatre in 1728, and revived at Covent-Garden Theatre more than once at much later periods: the Covent-Garden play-bill for Hull's benefit, 6th May, 1767, announces the *Double Falsehood* "by particular desire. Acted but once these twenty-five years."

[o] e. g. "Strike up, my masters:
But touch the strings with a religious softness;
Teach sound to languish through the Night's dull ear,
Till Melancholy start from her lazy couch,
And Carelessness grow convert to attention." p. 10.

(The above passage being greatly admired, Theobald declared that it was the only one in the whole play which he had written.)

"When lovers swear true faith, the listening angels
Stand on the golden battlements of heaven,
And waft their vows to the eternal throne." p. 63.

Among the lines of the *Double Falsehood* which Pope unjustly ridiculed in *Martinus Scriblerus* Περὶ Βαθους, &c. one is, "None but itself can be its parallel," p. 25. Such phraseology may be defended by examples, not only from our early dramatists, but from foreign writers also: "Et leurs playes, dissemblables à toutes autres, n'avoient rien de semblable, ny de pareil, qu'elles mesmes." *Hist. des Amours de Lysandre et de Caliste*, p. 255, ed. 1663.

[p] *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare.*—The writer of an article on Jones's ed. of the *Biog. Dram.* observes that "the internal evidence of that play strongly confirms his [Farmer's] decision." *Quart. Rev.* vii. 290.

[q] In the present edition the text of this play is greatly amended from a M.S.

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pretty sketch; but his affection for Montague is carried to a ridiculous and even somewhat offensive excess when he shews himself jealous of his master's attentions to the other sex. The hatred which Orleans bears to his wife seems to be about as unreasonable as the suddenness with which he at last awakens to a sense of her virtues.—Appended to this tragi-comedy is a long copy of verses by Fletcher *Upon an honest mans fortune:* some of the lines are impressive, and the whole has an air of sincerity.

In 1613 Beaumont composed an elegy (entirely worthless) on Lady Penelope Clifton, who died 26th October of that year: she was the daughter of Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, and wife of Sir Gervase Clifton, baronet. Drayton, too, made her the subject of an elegy[r]; and our poet's elder brother, Sir John Beaumont, has verses *To the immortall memory of the fairest and most vertuous lady, the Lady Clifton*, which conclude thus;

> "Thy image lives in thy sad husband's heart;
> Who, as when he enjoy'd thee, he was chiefe
> In love and comfort, so is he now in griefe.[s]"

Sir Gervase, however, did not remain inconsolable; he had afterwards a series of six wives.

For *The Little French Lawyer*, a play of uncertain date, Beaumont and Fletcher seem to have combined their talents.—Though it possesses no mean attractions in the pleasant whimsicalness of La-Writ, and in the many beautiful passages of the serious scenes, it cannot be reckoned among the very best of our authors' comedies. A good deal of it is high farce; and some of the incidents are rather forced and melodramatic. La-Writ, the lawyer,—who, being persuaded by a stranger to aid him as second in a duel, and happening to prove victorious in that encounter, becomes so fond of fighting that he neglects his business, and sets up as a regular duellist,—is a character conceived in the style of Ben Jonson, and, in some respects, not unworthy of that great master of "humours." The first three scenes in which La-Writ appears are excellent of their kind,—most amusing exaggerations of the ludicrous, with infinite ease, smartness, and rapidity of dialogue. But, in what follows, he shews to less advantage; and when he challenges a venerable judge for giving a decision in court against him, we must suppose that he has lost his understanding as well as his "suits". The other dramatis personæ are not delineated with such skill as to demand particular notice. Those who think that I have undervalued this play may defend their opinion by citing from the *Table-Talk* of Coleridge,—"*The Little French Lawyer* is excellent. La-Writ is conceived and executed from first to last in genuine comic humour[t]."

[r] See *Elegies* appended to *The Battaile of Agincourt*, &c. 1627, p. 198.
[s] *Bosworth-field*, &c., 1629, p. 175. [t] ii. 119, ed. 1835.

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Wit at several Weapons, another play of uncertain date, was most probably a joint-effort of our poets. If we may trust the epilogue spoken at a revival, it was originally "well received."—The plot of this comedy is badly managed; the characters are either meagre or overdone; and the writing is uniformly mean: yet, like most of even the worst dramas in the collection, it is, to a certain degree, interesting from the mere force of incident.

Wit without Money was certainly produced after August, 1614[u]. That Beaumont had a hand in it appears to me extremely doubtful; but, according to Mr. Darley, it "has a solid Beaumontesque air[v]."—This is a genuine comedy, with a well-conducted plot, and a constant flow of humorous dialogue. Its hero, the spendthrift Valentine, light-hearted, careless, yet not altogether depraved or unfeeling, is a masterly delineation,—more highly-finished, I think, and certainly more pleasing, than any of the characters which most resemble him in our authors' other plays. The present comedy was one of those alluded to by Dryden when he said that Beaumont and Fletcher "understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better [than Shakespeare]; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done[w]." True it is that they painted such "*gentlemen*" excellently; but Shakespeare would not have agreed with Dryden in his acceptation of the word. Next to Valentine, the free-spoken widow Lady Heartwell is the character most efficiently brought out: the other personages, though they all contribute more or less to the interest of the scene, are comparatively sketches.

The date of *The Faithful Friends* is not known. It was entered on the Stationers' Books as Beaumont and Fletcher's, 29th June, 1660; but it remained in manuscript till 1812, when it was edited by Weber from a prompter's copy, which also assigns it to our poets. I nevertheless greatly question if either of them had any share in this tragi-comedy, which, to say nothing of its slender merits, is every where dissimilar in style to their undoubted dramas: the larger portion of it is evidently by some inferior play-wright.

At the same time with *The Faithful Friends* two other pieces were entered on the Stationers' Books,—*A Right Woman* and *The History of Mador, King of Great Britain*, the former as composed by Beaumont and Fletcher, the latter as the unassisted work of Beaumont. They were certainly never given to the press, and probably have perished.—One of Massinger's dramas (licensed for the stage, 6th June, 1634, and printed in 1655) is entitled *A Very Woman*; and, as the prologue informs us, is an

[u] See act ii. sc. 4, vol. iv. 128.

[v] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. 1.

[w] *On Dram. Poesy,—Prose Works*, Vol. i. P. ii. p. 100, ed. Malone.

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alteration of an earlier play[w]. May we not conjecture that it is a rifacimento of *A Right Woman*, in which piece Massinger might have been originally concerned ?

The Widow would seem to have been produced soon after November, 1615[x]. The title-page of the only old edition attributes it to Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton. That the last-mentioned dramatist was the principal writer of this comedy is evident enough : in several scenes the pen of Jonson may be distinctly traced ; but Fletcher's share in it (if indeed he bore any) must have been very unimportant.—*The Widow* is considerably above mediocrity, and was more than once revived.

In 1628 *The Custom of the Country* was considered as "an old play[y]" ; but how many years had intervened between that date and its first appearance on the stage, we are unable to determine. Whether any portion of it was composed by Beaumont is also uncertain.—While for interest and happy management of the plot, for contrast of character, and for beauty of style, *The Custom of the Country* yields to few plays in this collection, it is unfortunately the very grossest of them all.—The many offences against decency which our poets have committed are only to be extenuated on the plea, that they sacrificed their own taste and feelings to the fashion of the times. There can be little doubt that the most unblushing licentiousness both in conversation and practice prevailed among the courtiers of James the First : we know too that "to be like the Court was a playe's praise[z]" ; and for the sake of such "praise" Beaumont and Fletcher did not scruple to deform their dramas with ribaldry,—little imagining how deeply, in consequence of that base alloy, their reputation would eventually suffer "at the coming of the better day." In this respect they sinned more grievously than any of their contemporary play-wrights : but most of the others have enough to answer for ; nor was Shakespeare himself completely proof against the contaminating influence of his age[a].—The example of Charles the First is generally supposed to have given a higher tone to the morals of our nobility and gentry ; yet, shortly before the death of that monarch, we find Lovelace extolling the art with which in the present play a veil of seeming modesty is thrown over obscenity ;

[w] Gifford (Massinger's *Works*, iv. 238, ed. 1813) thinks that *A Very Woman* is an alteration either of Massinger's *Spanish Viceroy* (acted in 1634) or of *The History of Cardenio* (acted at court in 1613—see p. xliii of this Memoir). Assuredly, it is not an alteration of *Cardenio*.

[x] See vol. iv. 303.

[y] See vol. iv. 387.

[z] Donne—*To Sir H. Wotton*, *Poems*, p. 77, ed. 1633.

[a] Though Mr. Wordsworth's opinion is against me (*Sup. to Preface*, —*Poet. Works*, iii. 325. ed. 1837), I must think that it is a mere dream of criticism to imagine that the grosser passages in Shakespeare's writings were foisted in by the players.

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> "View here a loose thought said with such a grace,
> Minerva might have spoke in Venus' face;
> So well disguis'd, that 'twas conceiv'd by none
> But Cupid had Diana's linen on[b]":—

it would be curious to know what was Lovelace's idea of downright coarseness!—Dryden, in the last of his Prefaces, and while he was yet smarting under the attack of Collier, declared "there is more bawdry in one play of Fletcher's, called *The Custom of the Country*, than in all ours together[c]." But this was a very bold assertion. If Dryden and the other dramatists of Charles the Second's time did not equal their predecessors in open licentiousness (and of that they have a tolerable share), they far exceeded them in wanton innuendoes and allusions[d]. —The truth is, the greater part of the eighteenth century had passed away, before indecency was wholly banished from the writings of our countrymen[e]: even in the pages of Addison, who did so much towards the purification of English literature, there are passages which may occasion some slight uneasiness to one reading aloud in a family circle.

The Laws of Candy, a tragi-comedy of uncertain date, is generally reckoned, and perhaps rightly, among the joint-compositions of Beaumont and Fletcher. Little can be said in its commendation.

Though the following document (a melancholy proof of the penury which oppressed our early dramatists) has already appeared in several well-known publications, it must necessarily form a portion of the present memoir. Malone[f] fixes its date between the years 1612 and 1615. Henslowe, to whom it is addressed, died on the 6th of January, 1615-16[g].—However we may disbelieve the partnership of Fletcher and Shakespeare in *Cardenio* (see p. xliii), we have here unquestionable evidence that, even during Beaumont's life-time, Fletcher was occasionally associated in dramatic composition with other poets.

[b] *Commend. Poems*, vol. i. xxv.

[c] Preface to the *Fables*.

[d] "Ita quidem ethnicum hunc [Aristophanem] longe esse innocentiorem duco multis nostris comœdiarum scriptoribus, qui miseris et perditis alendis augendisque amoribus animos effeminant atque enervant, et quum verecundiam simulent, fuco atque pigmentis flagitiosa condunt, neque ad risum apertum sed ad libidinem occultam alliciunt, et innatos hominibus igniculos ad morum pravitatem detorquent." Reisig,—*Præf. in Conject. in Aristoph.*, p. 4.

[e] Some works, indeed, have appeared in our own day which are objectionable enough on the score of occasional indecency,—such as the Younger Colman's poems and Byron's *Don Juan:* but these are rare exceptions.

[f] *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 336.

[g] Henslowe, "beyng sicke in bodye, but of perfect mynde and memorye", made his Will, 6th Janry 1615-16; on which day, no doubt, he died; for the Will was proved the day after. *Registry of the Prer. Court.*

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"*To our most louing frend Mr. Phillip Henchlow Esquire, these:*

"MR. HINCHLOW,

You vnderstand our vnfortunate extremitie, and I do not thincke you so void of christianitie, but that you would throw so much money into the Thames as wee request now of you, rather then endanger so many innocent liues: you know there is x[l] more at least to be receaued of you for the play: wee desire you to lend vs v[l] of that, which shall be allowed to you, without which wee cannot be bayled, nor I play any more till this be dispatch'd; it will loose you xx[l] ere the end of the next weeke, beside the hinderance of the next new play. Pray, sir, consider our cases with humanitie, and now giue vs cause to acknowledge you our true freind in time of neede. Wee haue entreated Mr. Dauison to deliuer this note, as well to wittnesse your loue as our promises, and allwayes acknowledgment to be euer

Your most thanckfull and louing freinds,

NAT. FIELD[h].

"The mony shall be abated out of the mony remaynes for the play of *Mr Fletcher* and ours,

ROB. DABORNE[i].

"I have ever founde yow a true lovinge freinde to mee, and in soe small a suite, it beeinge honest, I hope yow will not faile vs,

PHILIP MASSINGER."

On the back of the letter, below the direction, is the following receipt;

"Rec. by mee Robert Dauison of Mr. Hinshloe for the vse of Mr. Daboern, Mr. Feeld, Mr. Messenger, the some of v[l],

ROBERT DAUISON[j]."

Concerning the above-mentioned "play of Mr. Fletcher and ours" we have no further information. Weber[k] conjectures that it was *The Jeweller of Amsterdam, or, The Hague*, which was entered on the Stationers' Books, 8th April, 1654, as the joint-work of Fletcher,

[h] Concerning Field, see note, vol. ii. 8.

[i] Robert Daborne (immeasurably inferior as a dramatist to Fletcher or Massinger, and considerably so to Field) wrote sundry plays, of which only two are extant, *A Christian turn'd Turke*, printed in 1612, and *The Poor Man's Comfort*, printed in 1655. He had received a university education, for he styles himself Master of Arts; and he appears to have possessed some property, but to have been involved in law-suits, which, during his connection with the stage, kept him in constant poverty. See many particulars concerning him in *The Alleyn Papers*, edited for the Shakespeare Soc. by Mr. J. P. Collier, pp. 48—82. He eventually took holy orders, and seems to have been beneficed in Ireland. A sermon preached by him at Waterford was printed in 1618.

[j] This document (first printed by Malone) is preserved at Dulwich College. It is now given (but without abbreviations and with modern punctuation) from a facsimile of the original, which was executed, for private distribution, under the superintendence of Mr. J. P. Collier.

[k] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xxviii.

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Field, and Massinger, but never printed; nor does the omission of Daborne's name in that entry (which might have been either intentional or through negligence) weaken the probability of the conjecture.

It has been inferred from the preceding letter that Fletcher was not in such a wretched state of poverty as his associates; an inference which is certainly warrantable. But (as I have already observed, p. xxvii) we are not therefore to conclude that he was in circumstances which rendered him independent of the stage: he had evidently forsaken all other pursuits to become a playwright by profession; and he continued to toil at dramatic composition with a perseverance which evinces that emolument must have been his chief object.

There can be no doubt that Beaumont kept up an intercourse with his family by occasionally retiring from London into Leicestershire; and his *Letter to Ben Jonson*[1] was most probably written during a visit to Grace-dieu, whither Fletcher had accompanied him. It is chiefly interesting from the following enthusiastic allusion to their convivial meetings at the Mermaid in Friday-street[m], as members of a club which had been instituted by Sir Walter Raleigh, and which long numbered on its list whatever names were most illustrious for genius or learning,—the passage perhaps pointing more particularly at those sportive "wit-combats[n]", in which, to the delight of the company, Shakespeare and Jonson would frequently engage;

> "What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whence they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown
> Wit able enough to justify the town

---

[1] It stands in both the folios at the end of *The Nice Valour, or the Passionate Madman*, and is entitled *Master Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson, written before he and Master Fletcher came to London, with two of the precedent comedies then not finished, which deferred their merry meetings at the Mermaid.*

[m] Weber and others say "in Cornhill": but see note, vol. iv. 129.—"Here [at the Mermaid]," observes Gifford, "for many years, he [Jonson] regularly repaired with Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others, whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect." *Mem. of Jonson*, p. lxvi.

[n] "Many were the wit-combates betwixt him [Shakespeare] and Ben Johnson, which two I behold like a Spanish great Gallion and an English man of war. Master Johnson (like the former) was built far higher in Learning, Solid, but Slow in his performances. Shakespear, with the English man of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his Wit and Invention." Fuller's *Worthies* (*Warwick.*), p. 126, ed. 1662.

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For three days past ; wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancell'd ; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
(Right witty, though but downright fools) more wise[o]."

In answer to this epistle, and in return for the other laudatory verses[p] which he had received from Beaumont, a short poem was composed by Jonson in his happiest manner ;

"*To Francis Beaumont.*

"How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse,
That unto me dost such religion use !
How I do fear myself, that am not worth
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth !
At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st,
And, giving largely to me, more thou tak'st.
What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves !
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives,
When even there, where most thou praisest me,
For writing better I must envy thee[q] !"

Nor ought we to question the sincerity of these beautiful lines, because we read in Jonson's recorded *Conversations* at Hawthornden "that Francis Beaumont loved too much himself and his own verses[r]": self-love is often the besetting weakness of poets ; and friendship had not rendered Jonson blind to that infirmity in the youthful dramatist.

What remains to be told concerning Beaumont falls under the present division of this memoir.—We are ignorant at what period he became a husband : but I am inclined to fix the date of his marriage about 1613. His wife was Ursula, daughter and coheir to Henry Isley of Sundridge in Kent[s]. The Isleys had been long settled in that parish, and were a

[o] Vol. xi. 501.

[p] Lines prefixed to *The Fox*, *The Silent Woman*, and *Cataline* (already mentioned).

[q] These lines (which occur among the *Commendatory Poems on B. and F.*, vol. i. xlvi) were first printed among Jonson's *Epigrams:* see his *Works*, viii. 180, by Gifford, who observes, "This short poem is an answer to a letter, which Beaumont," &c.

[r] *Notes of Jonson's Conversations with Drummond*, p. 10, ed. Shake. Soc.

[s] "Ursula fil. et cohæres Hen : Isley de Sundridge in Kent." *MS. Vincent's Leicester*, 1619, *College of Arms:* and see too *MS. Visitation of Leicester*, 1683, *Ibid.*—Had it not been for the authorities just cited, I should have supposed that Ursula was only the step-daughter of Henry Isley ; for in his Will, which was proved 3rd September, 1599, he declares as follows. "I doe will devise and gyve all and singuler my mannors, landes, tenements, and hereditaments, in the countie of Kent or els where within the realme of England, vnto Jane my lovinge wief in fee simple, viz[t] to her and her heires for euer, to the end and purpose that she maye and doe sell or otherwise dispose at

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family of some note: it would seem, however, that before the time of Beaumont's marriage much of their property had passed into other hands[t].

Beaumont died on the 6th of March, 1615-16[u], and was buried, on the 9th of that month[v], at the entrance of St. Benedict's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, near the Earl of Middlesex's monument. It is said that he had not completed his thirtieth year[w]. No inscription was placed upon his grave.—The cause of his death, as Mr. Darley remarks[x], seems to be indicated in the verses which were written to his memory,—

> "So dearly hast thou bought thy precious lines;
> Their praise grew swiftly, as thy life declines."

> "Beaumont is dead, by whose sole death appears,
> Wit's a disease consumes men in few years[y]."

Two daughters were the fruit of his marriage,—Elizabeth, and Frances (a posthumous child). Elizabeth married "a Scotch colonel," and was resident in Scotland in March 1681-2. Frances was living unmarried, at a great age, in Leicestershire in 1700, and was then receiving a pension of £100 a year from the Duke of Ormond, in whose family she had been for some time domesticated. She is reported to have possessed several unpublished poems by her father, which were lost on the passage from Ireland to England[z].

her discretion the same, or such parte or soe much thereof as to her shall seeme fitt, for the payement of all my iust and true debts - - - - and also for the bringinge vp and preferment in maryage of *Vrsula and Vna, the two daughters or children of her the said Jane my lovinge wief.*" *Registry of the Prer. Court.*

[t] "The family of *Isle* or *Isley*, called in French deeds *L'isle*, and in Latin ones *De Insula*, was seated in this parish in very early times." Hasted's *Hist. of Kent*, i. 368. See *Id.* p. 369.

[u] "Ob. 6 Martii, 1615." *MS. Vincent's Leicester*, 1619, *College of Arms.*

[v] "Sepult. apud Westm." *MS. Vincent's Leicester*, 1619, *College of Arms.* "Francis Beaumont was bur^{d} at ye ent. of St Ben^{ts} Ch. Mar. 9 [1615-16]." *Register of Burials in Westm. Abbey,—Collect. Top. et Gen.*, vii. 356. See too Aubrey,—*Letters written by Eminent Persons*, &c. Vol. ii. P. i. p. 237.

[w] "Francis Beaumont died ere he was 30 years of age." *Notes of Jonson's Conversations with Drummond*, p. 14, ed. Shake. Soc.—But see p. xxii.

[x] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xx.

[y] See the verses by Sir J. Beaumont and Corbet, vol. i. lxviii, xlvi.—Weber (*Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xxxii) talks of Beaumont's "*sudden* death"; but without any authority.

[z] "Elizabetha; Francesca posthuma." *MS. Vincent's Leicester*, 1619, *College of Arms.* "Elizabeth, married to a Scotch Colonell, and is resident in that Kingdome. Frances, 2^{d} daughter, now resident in ye Family of ye Duke of Ormond, and unmarried 1681." *MS. Visitation of Leicester*, 1683, *College of Arms.* (The MS. vol. last cited bears date 1683, because that was the period at which it was completed; but the Beaumont family gave their account to the visiting-officer 16th March, 1681-2.)—"He left one daughter behind him, Mrs. Frances Beaumont, who died in Leicestershire since the year 1700: she had been possessed of several poems of her

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Shirley, as we have seen, attributes equal brilliance of conversation both to Beaumont and Fletcher[a].—Aubrey relates, on the authority of Earle, that Beaumont's "maine businesse was to correct the overflowings of Mr. Fletcher's witt[b]";—a tradition which is repeated in some of the Commendatory Verses[c], while in others[d] Beaumont is allowed his full share in those plays which he jointly composed with Fletcher. This subject may be soon dismissed. Fletcher would naturally avail himself of the judgment with which Beaumont appears to have been so eminently gifted: but not the slightest doubt can be entertained that of the earlier plays in the present collection (and among those plays are the best) Beaumont contributed a large (perhaps the weightier) portion.—There was scarcely a poet of the time whose Christian name escaped familiar curtailment. Davies of Hereford commences an epigram addressed to Beaumont by saying,—

"Some, that thy Name abbreuiate, call thee *Franck*[e];"

and Heywood too bears witness that

"Excellent Beaumont, in the formost ranke
Of the rar'st Wits, was neuer more than *Franck*[f]."

The premature death of Beaumont was mourned in verse by his elder brother, by Earle, and by Corbet[g]. We are not informed that Fletcher wrote any thing on the occasion: but the following lines[h], which may be confidently regarded as his composition, and which are now first printed, seem very like an epicede on his beloved associate:—

"*A Sonnet.*

"Come, sorrow, come! bring all thy cries,
All thy laments, and all thy weeping eyes!
Burn out, you living monuments of woe!
Sad sullen griefs, now rise and overflow!

---

father's writing, but they were lost at sea coming from Ireland, where she had sometime lived in the Duke of Ormond's family." *Preface to B. and F.'s Works*, ed. 1711.—Mr. Darley (*Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xix) conjectures that she had lived in the Duke's family "as companion to one of the Ormond ladies."

[a] See p. vi.

[b] *Letters written by Eminent Persons*, &c. Vol. ii. P. i. p. 237. See too Aubrey's *Hist. of Surrey*, v. 210.

[c] See those by Cartwright and Harris, vol. i., xlii. lix.

[d] See those by Maine and Berkenhead, vol. i., xxxix., xlviii.

[e] *The Scourge of Folly*, 1611, p. 215.

[f] *The Hierarchie of the blessed Angells*, 1635, p. 206.

[g] See vol. i, xxxv., xlvi., lxviii.

[h] From *MS. Harl.* 6057, fol. 34, where they are signed "I. F." and occur between two undoubted pieces of Fletcher,—the song, "Orpheus, I am," &c. (in *The Mad Lover*, vol. vi. 179), and the ode, "Beauty, clear and fair," &c. (in *The Elder Brother*, vol. x. 248).

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Virtue is dead ;
Oh, cruel fate !
All youth is fled ;
All our laments too late.
Oh, noble youth, to thy ne'er-dying name[i],
Oh, happy youth, to thy still-growing fame,
To thy long peace in earth, this sacred knell
Our last loves ring[j]—farewell, farewell, farewell!
Go, happy soul, to thy eternal birth !
And press his[k] body lightly, gentle earth !"

The text of this "sonnet" is, I apprehend, somewhat corrupted : those only who are accustomed to collate manuscripts are fully aware how poetry suffers by the process of transcription.

Fletcher was now in his thirty-seventh year, a period of human life when new and ardent friendships are not easily formed ; and he probably felt that in the death of Beaumont he had sustained an irreparable loss :

Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum ;
Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies, qua non speraveris hora,
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum[l].

But Jonson and Massinger still remained ; and with both he was on intimate terms,—more particularly, I conceive, with the latter, who was certainly his coadjutor in several plays[m].

[i] M.S. "fame."

[j] M.S. "rings."

[k] MS. "thy."—Compare a line of the song in *The Maid's Tragedy*, act ii. sc. 1, vol. i. 345 ;

"Upon my buried body lie lightly, gentle earth."

[l] Milton,—*Epit. Damonis.*

[m] We have seen (p. xlix) that, even before Beaumont's death, Massinger had joined with Fletcher in dramatic composition.—An *Epitaph on Fletcher and Massinger* by Sir Aston Cokaine, which mentions their friendship and literary partnership, is given afterwards in the present Memoir. Two copies of verses by the same rhymer concerning the folio collection of Beaumont and Fletcher's works, may be cited here :

"*To my Cousin Mr. Charles Cotton.*

"I wonder, Cousin, that you would permit
So great an Injury to Fletcher's wit,
Your friend and old Companion, that his fame
Should be divided to anothers name.
If Beaumont had writ those Plays, it had been
Against his merits a detracting Sin,
Had they been attributed also to
Fletcher. They were two wits and friends, and who
Robs from the one to glorifie the other,
Of these great memories is a partial Lover.
Had Beaumont liv'd when this Edition came

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It is impossible to allot to the years in which they were first performed,

Forth, and beheld his ever-living name
Before Plays that he never writ, how he
Had frown'd and blush'd at such Impiety!
His own Renown no such Addition needs,
To have a Fame sprung from anothers deedes:
And my good friend Old Philip Massinger
With Fletcher writ in some that we see there.
But you may blame the Printers: yet you might
Perhaps have won them to do Fletcher right,
Would you have took the pains; for what a foul
And unexcusable fault it is (that whole
Volume of plays being almost every one
After the death of Beaumont writ) that none
Would certifie them so much! I wish as free
Y' had told the Printers this, as you did me.
* * * * * * *
'Tis true, Beaumont and Fletcher both were such
Sublime wits, none could them admire too much;
They were our English Polestars, and did beare
Between them all the world of fancie cleare:
But as two Suns when they do shine to us,
The aire is lighter, they prodigious,
So, while they liv'd and writ together, we
Had Plays exceeded what we hop'd to see.
But they writ few; for youthful Beaumont soon
By death eclipsed was at his high noon.
Surviving Fletcher then did pen alone
Equal to both (pardon Comparison),
And suffer'd not the Globe and Black-Friers Stage
T'envy the glories of a former Age," &c.

Poems, p. 91, ed. 1662.

"*To Mr. Humphrey Mosley, and Mr. Humphrey Robinson.*

"In the large book of Playes you late did print
In Beaumonts and in Fletchers name, why in't
Did you not justice? give to each his due?
For Beaumont of those many writ in few,
And Massinger in other few; the Main
Being sole Issues of sweet Fletchers brain.
But how came I, you ask, so much to know?
Fletchers chief bosome-friend inform'd me so."

Ibid., p. 117.

It appears, therefore, that Sir Aston knew nothing of W. Rowley's having assisted Fletcher in *The Maid in the Mill*, and most probably in other pieces.—There is a striking resemblance between a couplet of this scribbling knight and one of Mr. Wordsworth's. Sir Aston's epigram "Of Naples" begins with—

"Naples, the Romans' old *Parthenope*,
(Built under hills, upon *the Midland-Sea*)", &c.

Ibid., p. 109.

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Bonduca, *The Knight of Malta*, *Valentinian*, *The Queen of Corinth*, and *The Mad Lover:* we are only sure that, as Burbadge acted a character in each, they must all have been produced before 13th March 1618-19, when his death took place[m]; and that one of them, *The Queen of Corinth*, as it contains an allusion to Coryate's *Crudities*, 1616, was not written till after the publication of that notorious work.

In the composition of *Bonduca* I believe that Beaumont had no share, though Weber is inclined to consider it as a joint essay of our poets. Hazlitt reckons it "among the best of their tragedies[n]": Mr. Darley speaks of it in terms much less favourable[o].—It opens finely[p]; but it wants continuity of action; and, while the serious scenes frequently teem with grandeur of thought and beauty of imagery, the comic portions are deformed with humour of the very worst description. The interest of the play centres in Caratach and his nephew the boy Hengo. Of all the attempts in these volumes to delineate the brave, blunt, high-minded soldier, Caratach is, I think, the most successful: *he* is entirely free from any of those traits which, though not intended by the authors for unamiable, lessen to a certain degree the sympathy of the reader; *he* commands our increasing respect throughout all his fortunes. Some touches, perhaps, may be discovered in the picture of Hengo which are hardly true to the simplicity of childhood: but, on the whole, that "bud of Britain" has a delicious freshness; and who can be insensible to the pathos of the scene in which he slowly breathes out his life in the arms of Caratach? Next to these, Pœnius is the best-drawn character; the other personages, though more than one of them have splendid things to utter, are deficient in strong and distinctive features.—Among the dramas on this portion of British history which have been put forth by later writers[q], the *Caractacus* of Mason alone deserves mention. It

Mr. Wordsworth's noble sonnet "On the departure of Sir Walter Scott for Naples" concludes with—

"Be true,
Ye winds of ocean and *the midland-sea*,
Wafting your charge to soft *Parthenope!*"

[m] See Collier's *Mem. of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*, p. 44.

[n] *Lectures on the Dram. Lit. of Age of Eliz.*, p. 152. ed. 1840.

[o] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. 1.

[p] "The opening scene," however, is *not* what Boaden calls it—"by many degrees the best in the English drama." *Mem. of Mrs. Siddons*, i. 161.

[q] See, for instance, *Boadicea* by Charles Hopkins, 1697, and *Boadicia* by Glover (the author of *Leonidas*), 1753.—In the prefatory remarks on *Bonduca* (vol. v. 3) I omitted to mention an earlier drama in which Caratach figures under the name of Caradoc,—*The Valiant Welshman, or The True Chronicle History of the Life and*

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is a tragedy formed with great care on the Grecian model; from the commencement to the close it has a very imposing tone of solemnity; and its choral odes occasionally flash with true poetic fire: but its general frigidity, its finical phraseology, and its redundant ornament are not a little repulsive; and its hero, when contrasted with the Caratach of the elder piece, fades into a shadow.

According to Weber, the second of these plays, *The Knight of Malta*, is partly by Beaumont: but I think that the critic is mistaken.—We may say of this tragi-comedy, as of several other pieces in the collection, that, with a rambling plot and very few characters which are vigorously delineated, it has some highly dramatic and interesting scenes, and a profusion of beautiful writing.

Concerning the third of these plays, *Valentinian*, Mr. Darley conjectures that, though "not brought out till after Beaumont's death, it may have been planned, and partly or wholly written, with his co-operation before it[r]." Weber assigns the entire play to Fletcher, and, I apprehend, rightly.—This tragedy ought to have concluded with the death of Valentinian, for the incidents which follow that event, in themselves badly managed, have a tendency to mar the effect of the whole. But, notwithstanding the injudicious prolongation of the story, and some minor blemishes, it is a very impressive drama, with great variety of character, and sustained loftiness of style. Coleridge observes that Beaumont and Fletcher's "chaste ladies value their chastity as a material thing,—not as an act or state of being; and this mere thing being imaginary, no wonder that all their women are represented with the minds of strumpets, except a few irrational humorists, far less capable of exciting our sympathy than a Hindoo, who has had a bason of cow-broth thrown over him;—for this, though a debasing superstition, is still real, and we might pity the poor wretch, though we cannot help despising him. But Beaumont and Fletcher's *Lucinas* are clumsy fictions[s]," &c. Now, Coleridge assuredly must have had a very imperfect recollection of the present tragedy, when he classed Lucina among our authors' "clumsy fictions": her character, on the contrary, is remarkable for truth and delicacy of painting; and it would be difficult to point out in any tragedy a scene which works more powerfully on our feelings than that wherein she makes known her dishonour to her husband, and bids him an eternal farewell. "An instance", says

Death of Caradoc the Great, King of Cambria, now called Wales. As it hath beene sundry times Acted by the Prince of Wales his seruants. Written by R. A [*rmin*], *Gent.* 1615. It is a miserable piece.

[r] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xxiv.

[s] *Remains*, ii. 319.

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Weber, "of great want of judgment is the entire change of the character of Maximus, which, in the preceding parts, raises our admiration and conciliates our affection; but, in the conclusion, entirely destroys it [them?], and leaves nothing in the mind of the reader but disgust. We come utterly unprepared, not for his being elected emperor, but for the sudden disclosure of *his having planned the dishonor of his wife*, and the death of his friend, the noble Aëcius[t]." In one particular only, these remarks of Weber are incorrect. We find, indeed, that Maximus, when newly raised to the empire and married to the widow of Valentinian, flatters his bride by declaring that in order to obtain her hand he had "himself prepar'd the way, nay, made the rape" of Lucina; but we have also his own confession that this was nothing more than a falsehood, uttered, for the occasion, in the heat of joy and wine[u]. Aëcius is another leading character which disappoints us as the play progresses, his fidelity to the emperor, so finely pictured in the earlier scenes, degenerating at last into absurdity. On the subordinate personages the author has bestowed more than usual pains. Among the lyrics in this tragedy, two are eminently beautiful,—the invocation to Sleep, sung beside the couch of the dying Valentinian, and the Bacchanalian ditty, "God Lyæus, ever young", &c.

There appears to be good grounds for Weber's conjecture[v], that the fourth of these plays, *The Queen of Corinth*, was not written wholly by Fletcher; and I apprehend that his unknown coadjutor was William Rowley[w], who (as we shall see) assisted him in *The Maid in the Mill*,

[t] *Pref. remarks on the play.*

[u] "*Eud.* - - - - - - - - - -
Lose such a noble wife, and wilfully?
Himself prepare the way, nay, make the rape?
Did you not tell me so?
Max. 'Tis true, Eudoxia.
Eud. - - - - - Either you love too dearly,
Or deeply you dissemble, sir.
Max. I do so;
And, till I am more strengthen'd, so I must do:
Yet, would my joy and wine had fashion'd out
Some safer lie! [*Aside*].—Can these things be, Eudoxia,
And I dissemble?" &c. Act v. sc. 6, vol. v. 309.

[v] "From some difference, especially in the third and part of the fourth act, of the versification in particular, it may be conjectured," &c. *Pref. remarks on the play.*

[w] Concerning William Rowley, who was both dramatist and actor, little is known. He is mentioned as a performer early in the reign of James the First; and he probably lived till about the commencement of the civil wars. In 1637 he was married, at Cripplegate Church, to Isabel Tooley. See Collier's *Mem. of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*, p. 233. Whether he was related to Samuel Rowley, also a

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and, most likely, in *The Bloody Brother* also. The probability that Rowley wrote a portion of this tragi-comedy is rendered greater by the

dramatist and actor, has not been ascertained. (Malone, I think, has proved—*Life of Shakespeare*, p. 172,—that, when Meres, in *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, notices "Maister Rowley, once a rare scholar of learned Pembroke Hall in Cambridge", as among "the best [writers] for comedye," he alludes to neither of these Rowleys, but to a Ralph Rowley.) Several of William Rowley's plays have perished. Not to mention those in which he assisted Fletcher, his extant dramas are,—four wholly by himself, *A New Wonder, a Woman never Vext*, 1632, *All's Lost by Lust*, 1633, *A Match at Midnight*, 1633, *A Shoomaker a Gentleman*, 1638,—one in conjunction with Day and Wilkins, *The Travailes of the Three English Brothers*, &c., 1607,—four in conjunction with Middleton, *A Fair Quarrel*, 1617, *The World tossed at Tennis*, 1620, *The Changeling*, 1653, *The Spanish Gipsey*, 1653,—one in conjunction with Massinger, *The Parliament of Love* (first printed by Gifford),—one in conjunction with Massinger and Middleton, *The Old Law*, 1656,—one in conjunction with Heywood, *Fortune by Land and Sea*, 1655,—one in conjunction with Dekker and Ford, *The Witch of Edmonton*, 1658,—two in conjunction with Webster, *A Cure for a Cuckold*, 1661, *The Thracian Wonder* (of doubtful authorship), 1661,—and (in conjunction with Shakespeare, as the title-page erroneously sets forth) *The Birth of Merlin*, 1662. (The dates given to the plays just enumerated are those of the earliest editions, not those of their original representation.) We have also from his pen a prose tract called *A Search for Money*, 1609, and *A Funerall Elegie* (a broadside) on Hugh Atwell, a player, who died in 1621.—The following story, in which William Rowley figures, has never been quoted: it is silly enough; but, as the slightest notices of our early dramatists are now eagerly sought for, it will probably be acceptable to many readers. "*Of Rape Seed.* A Handsome yong fellow hauing seene a Play at the Curtaine, comes to William Rowly after the Play was done, and intreated him, if his leisure serued, that hee might giue him a Pottle of Wine, to bee better acquainted with him. Hee thankt him, and told him, if hee pleased to goe as farre as the Kings Head at Spittlegate, hee would, as soone as he had made himselfe ready, follow him, and accept of his kindnesse. He did so; but the Wine seeming tedious betwixt two, and the rather because the young fellow could entertaine no discourse, Rowly beckoned to an honest fellow ouer the way to come and keepe them company; who promised to be with them instantly. But not comming at the second or third calling, at last he appeares in the roome, where William Rowly begins to chide him because he had staid so long. He presently craued pardon, and begins to excuse himselfe, that he had beene abroad to buy Rape seed, and that he stayd to feed his birds. At the very word of Rape seed, the man rose from the Table with a changed countenance, being very much discontented, and said, 'Mr. Rowly, I came in curtesie to desire your acquaintance, and to bestow the Wine vpon you, not thinking you would haue called this fellow vp to taunt mee so bitterly.' They wondring what hee meant, hee proceeded; ''Tis true indeed, the last Sessions I was arraigned at Newgate for a Rape; but I thanke God I came off like an honest man, little thinking to be twitted of it here.' Both began to excuse themselues, as not knowing any such thing, as well as they might. But he that gaue the offence, thinking the better to expresse his innocence, 'Young Gentleman,' saith he, 'to expresse how far I was from wronging of you, looke you here; as I haue Rape seed in one Pocket for one Bird, so here is Hempe seed on this side for another.' At which word Hempseed, saith the young man, 'Why, villaine, doest

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fact that in several passages it resembles *The Old Law*[x], which he composed in partnership with Middleton and Massinger.—The chief incident in *The Queen of Corinth*, the rape of Merione, gives rise to two scenes of no ordinary power and pathos (act ii. sc. 1, 3); but there is little else to admire; the serious characters are, on the whole, not strongly painted, and the comic are altogether vapid.

The fifth of these plays, *The Mad Lover*, was written by Fletcher alone.—From the praise with which this tragi-comedy is mentioned in the Commendatory Verses, we may conclude that it was highly successful on its first representation; and we know that it found favour with the audiences of a later and more critical age. Yet, from beginning to end, it is little else than a tissue of extravagance. Memnon, an old and victorious general, whose time has been wholly occupied in fighting, arrives at the court of his sovereign, the King of Paphos. Having never before seen "a woman of great fashion", he falls desperately in love with the king's sister as soon as he beholds her, declares his passion, and (publicly) asks her for a kiss. She, as might be expected, treats him with ridicule: upon which he goes stark mad, is with difficulty prevented from having his heart cut out that it may be sent to the princess, and does not recover his senses till the close of the play, when he determines that henceforth the war "shall be his mistress". Nor is Memnon the only one of the dramatis personæ that has a love-fit "at first sight",—the air of Paphos, perhaps, rendering them peculiarly susceptible of amorous impressions: the moment that Syphax catches a glimpse of the princess, he is ready to die for her; and she, as instantaneously, is smitten with Polydore.—The character of Memnon, by far the most important figure in the piece, is very carefully finished; yet is it altogether ineffective; for Fletcher only wasted his powers when he laboured on the minutiæ of a portrait which had no truth of outline.

The Loyal Subject, wholly by Fletcher, was brought upon the stage in 1618.—Though the plot is not badly developed, and the characters are not deficient in spirit and distinctness,—particularly that of Archas, with his indomitable loyalty under all the severities inflicted on him by his prince,—this play, I think, can only be ranked among the second-rate productions of Fletcher.—Langbaine was the first to notice that the plot of Heywood's *Royal King and Loyal Subject* "extreamly resembles that

thou thinke I haue deserued hanging?' and tooke vp the Pot to fling at his head; but his hand was stayed: and as errour and mistake began the quarrell, so Wine ended it." *Moderne Jests, Witty Jeeres*, &c., p. 64. (The copy of the very rare little volume from which I quote, has lost the title-page.)

[x] Gifford (Massinger's *Works*, iv. 506, ed. 1813) notices these parallelisms, but without drawing from them the inference which I have made.

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of Fletcher's *Loyal Subject*[y]": and Mr. Hallam observes that from Heywood's play "the general idea of several circumstances of *The Loyal Subject* has been taken. That Heywood's was the original, though the only edition of it is in 1637, while *The Loyal Subject* was represented in 1615 [1618], cannot bear a doubt. The former is expressly mentioned in the epilogue as an old play, belonging to a style gone out of date, and not to be judged with rigour. Heywood has therefore the praise of having conceived the character of Earl Marshal, upon which Fletcher somewhat improved in Archas[z]". Now, between two dramas, the one of which is founded on the other, a striking resemblance may be invariably traced in particular passages, if not in entire scenes: but this is certainly not the case with the pieces in question; and, though I make no doubt that Heywood's is much the earlier of the two, I am not disposed to believe that it contributed any thing to our poet's play. *The Royal King and Loyal Subject* was not printed till long after the death of Fletcher; it is in all respects a very poor production[a]; and, if Fletcher had ever seen it represented on the stage, it was no more likely to have impressed his memory than any other of the innumerable dramas which, during his career of authorship, had been exhibited at various theatres, and which, after serving for the attraction of a few nights, had been consigned to the dust and oblivion of the prompter's shelves. *The general resemblance* of these two plays, and *the partial agreement of their titles*, may, I think, be accounted for by supposing that the materials of both were derived from a common source,—some novel or romantic history. In laying the scene at Moscow, in the chief circumstances of the piece, and in the names assigned to several of the characters (to say nothing of the incidental mention of the Tartar warrior, Olin), I apprehend that Fletcher followed the novel. Heywood locates the scene in England,—having transferred it thither perhaps with the idea of rendering his play more interesting to the audience,—and he gives us a royal family, designated only as "King", "Prince", and "Princess", while his hero has no other appellation than "The Marshal". If Fletcher had founded his *Loyal Subject* on Heywood's play, is it likely that—when he so studiously endeavoured to conceal his obligations by changing the place of action, altering the events, and adding new characters,—he would have committed such an oversight as to retain *verbatim* a portion of the old title?

[y] *Acc. of English Dram. Poets*, p. 268.

[z] *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, iii. 103. ed. 1843.

[a] It has little character, except of an extravagant kind; and no beauty of writing. The slavish compliance of the Marshal with the monstrous demands of the King is downright foolishness.

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The dates of *The False One* and *The Double Marriage* may perhaps be fixed later than March 1618-19, as the name of Burbadge, who died on the 13th of that month, is absent from the list of the original performers in these two tragedies.

Both the prologue and the epilogue attest that *The False One* was composed by more than one author; and from the comparative regularity of the plot, as well as from the versification in several scenes, Weber conjectures, with much probability, that a portion of it is by Massinger. —The dramatis personæ of this tragedy, both the chief and the subordinate, are firmly drawn and well distinguished. Cleopatra is brought before us in the fresh morning of her youth; not indeed delineated with those exquisitely subtle touches of character which Shakespeare gave her and which he alone could give, but still with "her great mind express'd to the height", and in all respects a fit object to captivate the master of the world. The portrait of Cæsar is equal, if not superior, to any of the representations of him by other dramatists. The two counsellors, Achoreus and Photinus, are happily contrasted, and stand beside the feeble Ptolemy like his good and evil angels. Perhaps the talent of the author (or authors) is no where more conspicuous than in those parts of the play which relate to the cold-blooded murderer Septimius, whose repentance, produced chiefly by the abhorrence and contempt with which he finds himself regarded by the world, lasts only till promises of advancement have tempted him to new crime. In *The False One*, amidst the general elevation of its style, we meet with passages which rise even to sublimity; and where the *Pharsalia* is imitated, the nervous poetry (or rather, rhetoric) of Lucan is paralleled to the full.

The second of these plays, *The Double Marriage*, is, in all likelihood, the unassisted work of Fletcher.—The plot of this tragedy is at least free from confusion; the incidents have not more improbability than may be allowed to the romantic drama; and the dialogue has often much vigour and felicity of expression. The character of Juliana, on which the chief interest depends, is greatly praised by Campbell[b]; but, with all its striking beauty, it has a defect common to some other portraitures of heroines by Beaumont and Fletcher,—it is not a little overstrained. The very attempt to render it a picture of female excellence "beyond humanity" has to a certain degree debased it. When Virolet comes back to Naples, accompanied by Martia, whom he has sworn to marry because she had preserved his life, he immediately divorces Juliana from his bed and house; and, without a murmur, she submits to this unworthy treatment from a husband who owed her his eternal

[b] *Spec. of Brit. Poets*, p. lxxvi. ed. 1841.

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gratitude;—in other words, she altogether compromises the dignity of her character as a wife by a submission which is more akin to abjectness and imbecility of mind than to exalted virtue. Still, there is no denying that the poet's art has thrown round Juliana a sort of saint-like glory; and that it is rather on after-reflection than while we are reading *The Double Marriage* that we become fully sensible of the impropriety of her conduct. Throughout the whole play her purity and her devotedness to Virolet have an irresistible fascination; and there is undoubtedly a deep pathos in the scene where, mistaking him for Ronvere, she stabs him to the heart, and then, sitting down upon the ground, silently expires from the violence of her emotions.

The Humorous Lieutenant, a tragi-comedy of uncertain date, may positively be ascribed to Fletcher alone.—When Cartwright, speaking of our poet's plots, declared that

> "all [i. e. the spectators] stand wondering how
> The thing will be, until it is[c],

we may presume that he had forgotten the present piece, in which the discovery of Celia's rank is most injudiciously anticipated by the author: indeed, nothing can be worse than the conduct of the story from first to last. The character of the Lieutenant (like that of La-Writ and some other characters already noticed) is conceived in the style of those dramatised "humours" which Jonson had so successfully elaborated; and, though it wants the nice strokes and the perfect keeping by which Ben imparted a reality to personages whose eccentricities might *possibly* have had types in human nature, it produces, on the whole, a very comic effect. Celia is so devoid of delicacy and refinement, that, in spite of her playfulness and occasional depth of feeling, she fails to command our fullest sympathy[d]. Among several scenes in this play distinguished for their truth and animation, the best perhaps is the parting of the two lovers (act i. sc. 2), which has been praised by more

[c] *Commend. Poems*, vol. i. xlii.

[d] On the character of King Antigonus in this play Mason has the following remarks: "Theobald is much offended with the poets [poet] for making a king, of illustrious character, degrade himself by lewdly hunting after a young girl; which, he says, might easily have been avoided. It might, indeed, have been avoided by totally changing the plot of the play, but not otherwise. The king, however, is not represented as a vicious character: his first intention, and a laudable intention, was to discover whether Celia was a proper object for his son's affection; and, for that purpose, to try her to the test, as he terms it. On beholding her, he becomes unwarily captivated with her charms, and wishes that he had not seen her." *Comments on the Plays of B. and F.*, p. 99. But the habitual licentiousness of the king is put beyond all doubt by a portion of act ii. sc. 1, which is given in the present ed. from a manuscript, and which was unknown to Mason: see vol. vi. 442.

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than one editor. Individual passages might be selected which have all the picturesque luxuriance of Fletcher.

Women Pleased is also of uncertain date: there is every reason to believe that it was composed by Fletcher alone.—For its incidents he is indebted to three novels of Boccaccio and a tale of Chaucer, the whole being combined with the nicest art, and the interest of the piece very happily sustained. Like many other of his plays, however, it bears marks of haste and carelessness. The hungry Penurio, a kind of Justice Greedy in humble life (but with a better excuse for his voracity than Massinger's cormorant) is the most original character in this very entertaining tragi-comedy. The reader will smile at the compensation which the author finds it necessary to make the Duke of Sienna for the loss of his young and beautiful mistress, viz., her mother's hand in marriage: but this is not the only drama in which Fletcher has consoled a disappointed lover by wedding him to a respectable matron; see the conclusion of *The Queen of Corinth*.

The Woman's Prize, or, The Tamer Tamed, was "an ould play" in 1633[e]: how much earlier was its appearance on the stage, would be a vain inquiry. It is wholly by Fletcher.—This comedy forms a sequel to *The Taming of the Shrew*, and represents that Petruchio, who had hitherto "been famous for a woman-tamer", as completely subjugated by his second wife,—the scene being transferred to England, and an Englishwoman having the honour of that great achievement. But every one must perceive that the Petruchio of Fletcher is Shakespeare's Petruchio only in the name; for the hero of the elder comedy would have been as much proof against the artful contrivances of Maria as against the violence of Katherine[f]. That some of the situations, though grossly improbable, are exceedingly well imagined, is perhaps the highest praise which *The Woman's Prize* can claim.

There seems to be no cause for doubting that *The Chances*, a comedy of uncertain date, has been rightly attributed to Fletcher alone.—It is founded on *La Sennora Cornelia* of Cervantes. In that novel we recognise the author's usual invention; but the various personages are very slightly discriminated; nor is there even an approach to pleasantry.

[e] See vol. vii. 97.

[f] From the admirable speech of Katherine at the conclusion of *The Taming of the Shrew* we should have felt confident that she and her husband settled down into the happiest of couples, had not Fletcher taken care to inform us that the case was very different: *his* Petruchio has nothing but painful recollections of the days he passed with Katherine! see act iii. sc. 3, vol. vii. 162, "Was I not well-warn'd", &c.—Somewhat akin to this,—I mean, in its being opposed to the idea which the original author intended us to form of the lady's behaviour in the married state,—is the picture which Fielding gives us of (Richardson's) Pamela: see *Joseph Andrews*, B. iv. ch. 7—vol. ii. 162, ed. 1768.

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Whatever of well-marked character or of humour the play possesses, is therefore wholly Fletcher's; and it has unquestionably a considerable share of both. Don John is a good picture of a gay, frank, impetuous, honourable gallant; and his friend, the less mercurial Don Frederick, is equally well delineated. The landlady Gillian is a rich specimen of the grotesque. Towards the close of the piece, Fletcher deviates materially (and, I think, unfortunately) from the novel; and he winds up the whole by means of a very fantastical contrivance which is not in harmony with what precedes. But, however faulty it may be in structure, *The Chances* has such a throng of incidents brought out with high dramatic effect, and such sprightliness and ease of dialogue, that it affords perhaps more gratification in the perusal than any of our author's comedies, excepting *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, *The Spanish Curate*, and *The Elder Brother:* with these three, unless I am greatly mistaken, it has no pretensions to be compared.—At the beginning of the present century *The Chances* (as altered by the Duke of Buckingham and Garrick) was still on the list of "acting plays": somewhat more than twenty years ago, when the rage for musical entertainments had seized the public, it was degraded into a flimsy opera; and, most probably, it will never again in any shape "revisit the glimpses" of the lamps.

In *Monsieur Thomas*, another comedy of uncertain date, Fletcher had no coadjutor.—The serious portions of this play (which are evidently derived from some novel) have a large infusion of romantic interest and grace; but I doubt if they were in the recollection of Coleridge when he mentioned *Monsieur Thomas* as one of his "great favourites[g]" among Beaumont and Fletcher's works. The strength of the piece lies chiefly in its comic scenes,—in the exuberant animal spirits, the whim, and the madbrained freaks of the personage from whom it takes its title. That young gentleman may perhaps be thought to come under the class of ingenious caricatures; but whether he provokes his father by affecting the utmost sobriety of manner and sentiment, or regains his favour by pretending to have been on very intimate terms with "all" the maid-servants in the house,—whether, assisted by an old blind fiddler, he serenades his mistress,—or, disguised as a woman, throws a whole nunnery into confusion,—the character of Monsieur Thomas is kept up with equal spirit and consistency.

To the year 1621 belong three dramas composed solely by Fletcher, —*The Island Princess*, *The Pilgrim*, and *The Wild-goose-chase*.

Campbell observes that "the most amusingly absurd perhaps of all

[g] *Table-Talk*, i. 72. ed. 1835.

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Fletcher's bad plays is *The Island Princess*"; and, to prove the truth of his criticism, he subjoins a minute analysis of the plot. That it is to be classed among the author's inferior performances, admits of no dispute; but its chief fault is not the improbability of the incidents,—such as "Armusia hiring a boat, with a few followers, which he hides, on landing at Tidore, among the reeds of the invaded island; then disguising himself as a merchant, hiring a cellar like the Popish conspirators, and in the most credible manner blowing up a considerable portion of a large town, rescuing the king, slaughtering all opposers, and re-embarking in his yawl from among the reeds[h]",—for, in such matters, the romantic drama claims, as it were, a licence to set probability at defiance: the main blemish of *The Island Princess* is the flagrant inconsistency which marks the conduct of Ruy Dias and Quisara,—a violation of character which is more or less discernible in several other plays of Fletcher[i].

The second of these dramas, *The Pilgrim*, has a loose and desultory plot, and characters with no new or striking features: yet it charms us by the rapid succession of the events, the well-contrived situations, the vivacity of the comic scenes, and the unstrained grace and occasional vigour of the serious portions. The second scene of the fourth act, in which Pedro saves the life of Roderigo, and from his mortal foe makes him his friend, is termed "truly excellent" by Coleridge, who adds that "altogether, indeed, this play holds the first place in Beaumont and Fletcher's romantic entertainments[k]". The mad-house scenes are in a great measure extraneous to the business of the piece; and, though the monomania of the scholar Stephano is very happily developed, the various "follies and lunacies" of his companions are utterly out of nature. Our early dramatists, with equal bad taste and feeling, are fond of introducing us to the whole rabble of Bedlam[l]; but it happens luckily that these exhibitions of insanity are generally too absurd to be painful.

We learn on sure authority, that when the third of these dramas, *The Wild-goose-chase*, was originally performed, it afforded great satisfaction, not only to the audience, but to Fletcher also: "the play", observe the actors who first gave it to the press, "was of so general a received

[h] The words of Campbell,—*Spec. of Brit. Poets*, p. lxxv. ed. 1841.

[i] Since writing the above remarks, I have discovered the prose tale on which *The Island Princess* is founded: see *Addenda and Corrigenda* to the present work. Whatever the play has of improbable incident and inconsistent character may be traced to the novel.

[k] *Remains*, ii. 315.

[l] See, for instance, Dekker and Middleton's *Honest Whore*, *Part* 1, and Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*.

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acceptance, that, he himself a spectator, we have known him unconcerned, and to have wished that it had been none of his; he, as well as the thronged theatre, (in spite of his innate modesty,) applauding this rare issue of his brain[m]".—*The Wild-goose-chase*, though greatly altered, and under another title[n], still keeps possession of the stage, and may therefore be considered as well known to many readers. Modern critics have placed it in the front-rank of Fletcher's comedies; and, with such merits as it undoubtedly possesses, both of plot, character, and dialogue, I dare not question their decision. I must be allowed, however, to say, that it is by no means an agreeable comedy: the dramatis personæ excite our mirth, but none of our esteem.

In 1622 Fletcher brought upon the stage *The Prophetess*, *The Sea-Voyage*, and *The Spanish Curate;* and there seems to be little doubt that, during the same year, he also produced the *Beggars' Bush*. These plays are wholly from his pen.

The Prophetess was licensed May 14th, 1622. On the legend of Diocletian as related by Vopiscus and others, our poet has engrafted much fable of his own, exalting the *Druis mulier*, who by a quibbling prophecy first roused the ambition of the Dalmatian soldier, into a potent enchantress, whose spells irresistibly influence all his future career. But supernatural machinery is seldom successful in the hands of Fletcher: besides, the magic wonders of the present play are not always suited to the period of its action; Delphia, in a chariot drawn by dragons, hovering over the Capitol, when the Roman greatness is in its wane, must be regarded as a very incongruous fiction; such an equipage belongs to Medea and the days of the Argonauts. The character of Diocletian is not unskilfully touched; and the scene in which he voluntarily resigns the imperial purple is worked out with considerable effect,—though, after all, it is one of those incidents which have their fullest impressiveness in the simple narrative of history. The character of Geta has received high praise from Weber: it is at least very diverting. With a few good scenes, and an abundance of good writing, *The Prophetess* is far from being a first-rate production of its author.

The second of these plays, *The Sea-Voyage*, was licensed 22nd June, 1622. "Those", says Dryden, "who have seen Fletcher's *Sea-Voyage*, may easily discern that it was a copy of Shakespeare's *Tempest:* the storm, the desert island, and the woman who had never seen a man, are all sufficient testimonies of it[o]". *The Sea-Voyage* is in my opinion so poor a piece, not only as "a copy of *The Tempest*", but in

[m] Vol. viii. 105.

[n] *The Inconstant* by Farquhar: see vol. viii. 103.

[o] Preface to *The Tempest*.

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other respects, that without hesitation I should have ranked it among the worst of the romantic dramas in this collection, had I not seen that a critic of our own day has placed it (together with *The Island Princess* and *The Prophetess*) on a level with *The Faithful Shepherdess*, and "little behind" *Philaster* and *The Maid's Tragedy*[p].

The third of these plays, *The Spanish Curate*, is founded on portions of a prose-work which had very recently appeared[q]. In 1622 a translation by Leonard Digges from the Spanish of Gonçalo de Cespides was published in London under the title of *Gerardo the unfortunate Spaniard, or, a Pattern for Lascivious Lovers*,—a novel containing a great variety of adventures interwoven with the main story, some of which are neither badly conceived nor badly told. Fletcher, ever on the watch for materials to serve his purposes as a playwright, lost no time in availing himself of the newly-translated *Gerardo*[r]: and having selected, and judiciously altered, two of the tales, he combined them into *The Spanish Curate*, which was licensed 24th October of the same year.—If the plot and underplot of this excellent comedy hang together somewhat loosely, the interest never languishes. The curate Lopez, and his sexton Diego, longing for a less healthy parish and abundance of funerals, quick at expedients which promise gain, and ready to play their parts in any waggery,—the greedy unprincipled lawyer Bartolus, and his spouse Amaranta, "as cunning as she 's sweet", who finds means to baffle his unsleeping jealousy,—the young and amorous Leandro,—Don Henrique, a slave to the will of the imperious woman who passes for his wife,—the noble-minded Don Jamie,—and the boy Ascanio with a tenderness almost feminine,—compose a group of well-contrasted characters, none of which can be called weakly drawn, while the first two (though essentially caricatures) possess a firmness of outline and a richness of colouring, which Fletcher has never surpassed and seldom equalled in his comic portraitures. Those incidents in which the prose narrative is most closely followed,—the presentation of the forged epistle to Lopez, and the game at chess,—are improved upon and heightened with great dramatic skill. As

[p] *The Spectator* for 1840, p. 857.

[q] Mr. Hallam supposed that *The Spanish Curate* was "in all probability taken from one of those comedies of intrigue which the fame of Lope de Vega had made popular in Europe." *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, iii. 102, ed. 1843.—In a note on *The Coxcomb* (vol. iii. 121) I have said that the authors "perhaps borrowed a portion of it from some Spanish drama": I ought rather to have said "were perhaps indebted for a portion of it to some Spanish *tale*." I am now convinced that our early playwrights very seldom made use of foreign *dramas*.

[r] That he used the English translation, and not the Spanish original, is certain: see vol. viii. 392, 415.

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the character of Diego was not supplied by *Gerardo*, we seem warranted in attributing to the invention of Fletcher that exquisitely humorous scene, in which the penniless sexton, pretending to be at the point of death and to possess enormous wealth, dictates his testament to the curate, and gulls the avaricious lawyer by making him sole executor. It is to be regretted that in one circumstance Fletcher did not deviate from the novel, and save (as he might easily have done) the honour of Amaranta.

As to the fourth of these plays, the *Beggars' Bush*,—the romantic nature of the story, the well-conducted plot, and the humour and spirit of those scenes in which "the ragged regiment" is introduced, unquestionably render it a highly interesting and amusing piece. But, while it is more artistic, it is less poetical than Fletcher's other dramas of the same class; what is unusual with him, its female characters are altogether insignificant; and the slang phrases of the Beggars (which various popular tracts[s] had made familiar to the poet's audience) are calculated only to perplex the modern reader. Coleridge, however,—if we may credit the reporter of his sayings,—perceived no imperfections in the *Beggars' Bush*: "I could read it," he exclaimed, "from morning to night: how sylvan and sunshiny it is![t]".

The Maid in the Mill was licensed 29th August, 1623. In this comedy Fletcher was assisted by William Rowley[u], who also performed one of the characters, probably Bustofa. The greater portion of the second act, the whole of the fourth, as well as various speeches in other places of the play, are evidently from the pen of the latter poet, who (as Weber remarks) may be traced by his "rugged versification": nor is halting metre the only fault of Rowley's contributions; the dialogue is often very forced and poorly expressed; and in one scene we have (what is strangely out of keeping with the rest of the comedy) an incident effected by supernatural means,—the reconciliation of Julio and Bellides in consequence of "a vision" which had appeared to both on the same night and had spoken to both in precisely the same words[v]! With respect to Fletcher's share of the play,—while it affords no favourable specimen of his powers, it contains one of his deep offences against decency,—the scene in which the chaste Florimel assumes "for the

[s] By Dekker, &c.

[t] *Table Talk*, ii. 119, ed. 1835. I cannot help suspecting that Mr. Nelson Coleridge mistook the name of the play, and that his uncle mentioned, not the *Beggars' Bush*, but *The Faithful Shepherdess*.

[u] See note, p. lviii.

[v] Act iv. sc. 2, vol. ix. 270. This incident is the dramatist's. It does not occur in the novel which furnished the characters of the two old men; see vol. ix. 199.

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nonce" the language and manners of an abandoned strumpet. The chief merit of *The Maid in the Mill* consists in its dramatic effect; and to that may be attributed the success which it originally experienced, having been acted at court three times during the same year.

Under "17 October", 1623, Sir Henry Herbert's official register has the following notice; "For the King's Company, An Old Play called *More Dissemblers besides Women* [by Middleton], allowed by Sir George Bucke; and, being free from alterations, was allowed by me, for a new play called *The Devil of Dowgate, or Usury Put to use*, Written by Fletcher[x]". This drama must be reckoned among the lost productions of our poet, unless Weber be right in conjecturing that Fletcher's *Night-Walker*, which, after his decease, appeared on the stage as "corrected by Shirley", is only an alteration of *The Devil of Dowgate*. The last-mentioned play undoubtedly had its origin in a ballad called *The devell of Dowgate and his sonne*, which I find entered on the Stationers' Books to Edward White, 5th August, 1596[y], and which is not known to be extant.

Again, under "6 December" of the same year, Sir Henry mentions, "For the King's Company, *The Wandring Lovers*, written by Mr. Fletcher[z]"; and he has further recorded that "Upon [the ensuing] New-years night [was acted], by the K. company, *The Wandering Lovers*, the prince only being there, att Whitehall[a]". This piece has perished.—A comedy entitled *The Wandering Lovers, or The Painter*, was entered on the Stationers' Books, 9th Septr. 1653, as the composition of Massinger, but never printed; and Weber has anticipated me in the obvious remark that most probably *The Wandering Lovers* of Sir H. Herbert's memoranda and *The Wandering Lovers* of the Stationers' Books were one and the same play, a joint essay of Fletcher and Massinger[b].

Love's Cure, or, The Martial Maid was perhaps produced in 1622 or

[x] Chalmers's *Sup. Apol.* p. 215.

[y] Lib. C. fol. 12 (b).—Our early dramatists have various allusions to the hero of this ballad: so in *Wily Beguilde;* "he does so ruffle before my mistresse with his barbarian eloquence, and strut before her in a paire of Polonian legges, as if hee were gentleman Vsher to the great Turke or *the Diuell of Dowgate*". Sig. F 4. ed. 1606.

[z] Chalmers's *Sup. Apol.* p. 216.

[a] Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 227.

[b] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. lvi.—Both Weber and Gifford erroneously state that *The Wandering Lovers* was one of the MS. plays destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant. No such piece is mentioned in Warburton's list of those plays, *MS. Lansd.* 807.

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1623 : it would seem to be wholly by Fletcher.—In this comedy there is not much to praise.

During 1624 Fletcher gave two dramas to the stage,—*A Wife for a Month*, and *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*.

The first of these was licensed 27th May, 1624.—With a plot in itself disagreeable and by no means artfully framed, *A Wife for a Month* is nevertheless a drama which few readers will be content to leave half-perused. The characters of the lovers Valerio and Evanthe are not unhappily conceived nor destitute of interesting traits, though some of the scenes between them (and the best too in the play) are a good deal sullied by that grossness to which our author is so prone. Frederick and his creature Sorano, the latter especially, are coarse and commonplace exhibitions of villany. The scene which introduces Alphonso labouring under the effects of the poison has been pronounced by Seward [c] "superior" and by Weber [d] "scarcely inferior" to what was evidently its model,—the concluding scene of Shakespeare's *King John*. Such criticism is preposterous. With occasional beauty of diction, the wailings of Alphonso are a succession of extravagances and conceits ; and they are spun out to a length which must necessarily have weakened their impressiveness, had they been ever so truthful. Shakespeare, with his usual judgment, gave comparatively few speeches to the dying king. Besides, as Alphonso not only recovers from the effects of the poison, but is even cured of his former malady by its operation, the scene is not a little objectionable ; such a high-wrought display of physical suffering should have been the prelude to nothing but death. The dialogue of this drama is generally spirited, and has much of Fletcher's rapid eloquence and flowing versification.

The second of these plays, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, was licensed 19th Oct., 1624. It has always been esteemed, andjustly, as one of the author's master-pieces in comedy. The main plot and the underplot [e] are very skilfully connected, and both are so judiciously managed, that the interest never flags, and the rather unpleasing nature of the fable is entirely overlooked. The dramatis personæ are forcibly

[c] Preface to ed. 1750.

[d] Note *ad loc.*

[e] Mr. Hallam remarks ; "That *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* has a prototype on the Spanish theatre must appear likely ; but I should be surprised if the variety and spirit of character, the vivacity of humour, be not chiefly due to our own authors [author]". *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, iii. 108, ed. 1843. From what source the main plot is derived has not been ascertained ; but we know that the underplot is borrowed from one of the *Exemplary Novels* of Cervantes: see vol. ix. 391 of the present work.

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delineated and well diversified, with no unwarrantable heightening of their peculiarities, and possess as much individuality as will be found in any of Fletcher's characters[f]. The dialogue, though no vein of what is strictly termed poetry runs through it, is every where full of animation, often richly humorous, and, in some of the serious portions assigned to Leon, remarkable for the neat and forcible expression of the sentiment. *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* is better known than any play in this collection, for (with some alterations) it still proves an attractive entertainment on the stage.

But death suddenly put an end to the unwearied literary exertions of Fletcher, while he was yet in all the vigour of manhood. Being about to visit a certain knight in Norfolk or Suffolk, and delaying his journey only till the tailor had furnished him with a new suit of clothes, he fell a victim to the plague, which was then prevalent in the metropolis[g]. He died, before completing his forty-sixth year, in August 1625, and was buried, on the 29th of that month, at St. Saviour's, Southwark, without any memorial to mark the spot[h]. In the following *Epitaph on Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. Philip Massinger* by Sir Aston Cokaine, "the same grave" perhaps means nothing more than the same place

[f] Campbell, speaking of Beaumont and Fletcher, mentions, as among the very best of their "humorous characters", La-Writ in *The Little French Lawyer*, and Cacafogo in the present play. *Spec. of Brit. Poets*, p. lxxv. ed. 1841.—Davies notices a tradition, which he had learned from the old actors, that "Cacafogo was intended as a rival to Falstaff". *Dram. Miscell.* ii. 406.

[g] "In the great plague, 1625, a Knight of Norfolk or Suffolk invited him into the countrey. He stayed but to make himselfe a suite of cloathes, and while it was makeing, fell sick of the plague and dyed. This I had from his tayler, who is now a very old man, and clarke of St. Mary Overy's". Aubrey,—*Letters written by Eminent Persons*, &c., Vol. ii. P. i. p. 352. "In this Church was interred, without any Memorial, that eminent Dramatick Poet Mr. John Fletcher, Son to Bishop Fletcher of London, who dyed of the Plague the 19th of August 1625. When I searched the Register of this Parish in 1670 for his *Obit*, for the Use of Mr. Anthony à Wood, the Parish-Clerk, aged above 80, told me that he was his Taylor, and that Mr. Fletcher staying for a Suit of Cloaths before he retired into the Countrey, Death stopped his Journey, and laid him low here". Aubrey's *Hist. of Surrey*, v. 209. In the second of these passages there is evidently an error: the words "who dyed of the Plague the 19th of August" should be "who died of the plague, and was buried the 29th of August".

[h] His burial is recorded at St. Saviour's in three distinct entries. 1. In one register; "1625. Auguste 29. Mr. John Fletcher a man in the church". 2. In another register; "1625. August 29. John Fletcher a poet in the church. gr. and cl. 2s. ("cl." seems to mean, as Mr. P. Cunningham observes to me, "clerk": Mr. Collier—*Introd.* to *Mem. of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*, p. xii—reads it "*ch.*", i.e. church). 3. In the unbound monthly accounts on separate sheets; "1625. August 29. John Fletcher gentleman in the church 20s".

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of interment, for nearly fourteen years elapsed between the burials of Fletcher and Massinger [i];

> "In the same grave Fletcher was buried, here
> Lies the stage-poet, Philip Massinger:
> Playes they did write together, were great friends;
> And now one grave includes them at their ends:
> So whom on earth nothing did part, beneath
> Here, in their fames, they lie, in spight of death [k]".

That the decease of so eminent a dramatist as Fletcher must have been lamented by all to whom the stage was an object of interest, we might have taken for granted even without the express testimony of Richard Brome;

> "I knew him till he died;
> And, at his dissolution, what a tide
> Of sorrow overwhelm'd the stage; which gave
> Volleys of sighs to send him to his grave,
> And grew distracted in most violent fits,
> For she had lost the best part of her wits [l]".—

In the course of this memoir we have seen that *The Faithful Shepherdess* and *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* were completely damned on their first representation, and that *The Coxcomb*, when originally acted, was condemned for its length by a portion of the spectators: we learn, moreover, from a passage in Brome's Dedication of *Monsieur Thomas* to Charles Cotton, that Fletcher often failed to secure the full approbation of the audience; "You will find him in this poem as active as in others, to many of which the dull apprehensions of former times gave but slender allowance, from malicious custom more than reason; yet they have since, by your candid self and others, been clearly vindicated [m]."

The probability is, that Fletcher was never married [n].—Next to

[i] Massinger was buried 18 *March* 1638-9. See Collier's *Introd.* to *Mem. of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*, p. xiii.

[k] Cokaine's *Poems*, p. 186, ed. 1662.

[l] *Commend. Poems*, vol. i. lxv.

[m] Vol. vii. 309.

[n] Mr. Collier has furnished me with the following extracts from Parish-registers, and, more in jest than in earnest, would connect the second and third entry with the passage of Shadwell's *Bury-Fair* which is cited at p. xxvi of this Memoir.

"John Fletcher and Elleyne Archer were married the 4 day of August 1608". *Reg. of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate.*

"1612. Nov. 3. John Fletcher and Jone Herring [were married]". *Reg. of St. Saviour's, Southwark.*

"John the son of John Fletcher and of Joan his wife was baptised 25 Feb. 1619". *Reg. of St. Bartholomew the Great.*

But John Fletcher was a very common name: the token-books of St. Saviour's, Southwark, shew that in 1616 four persons so called were living in that parish.

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Beaumont, it would seem that Jonson and Massinger were the most intimate of his friends: "I knew him", says Brome,

> "when he,
> That was the master of his art and me,
> Most knowing Jonson, proud to call him son,
> In friendly envy, swore he had out-done
> His very self[o]";

and Jonson told Drummond "that Chapman and Fletcher were loved of him"; declaring too on the same occasion, "that, next himself, only Fletcher and Chapman could make a Mask[p]."—Fletcher's "innate modesty" is mentioned by the actors Lowin and Taylor[q]; and, as Mr. Darley observes[r], "the noble trait of self-respect" is attributed to him "in very strong language" by the prologue-writer at a revival of *The Nice Valour;*

> "It 's grown in fashion of late, in these days,
> To come and beg a sufferance to our plays:
> Faith, gentlemen, our poet ever writ
> Language so good, mix'd with such sprightly wit,
> He made the theatre so sovereign
> With his rare scenes, he scorn'd this crouching vein:
> We stabb'd him with keen daggers, when we pray'd
> Him write a preface to a play well made:
> He could not write these toys; 'twas easier far
> To bring a felon to appear at the bar,
> So much he hated baseness; which, this day,
> His scenes will best convince you of in 's play[s]".—

That sparkling wit in conversation, for which, according to Shirley (in a passage before cited, p. vi), Beaumont and Fletcher were equally distinguished, is noticed as a characteristic of the latter by two other authorities;—by the author of a prologue at a revival of *The Chances*,—

[o] *Commend. Poems*, vol. i. lxv.

[p] *Notes of Jonson's Conversations with Drummond*, &c. pp. 4, 12. ed. Shake. Soc.—We have, however, no specimens of Fletcher as a masque-writer, except in the masques which form portions of some of his plays.

[q] Ded. to *The Wild-goose-chase*, already quoted, p. lxvii.

[r] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xvi.

[s] Vol. x. 297.—The following notice concerning Fletcher and the players occurs in a comparatively modern book. "It is reported of Mr. Fletcher, that, though he write [writ] with such a free and sparkling Genius, that future Ages shall scarce ever parallel, yet his importunate Commedians would often croud upon him such impertinences, which to him seemed needless and lame excuses, his Works being so good, his indignation rendred them as the onely bad Lines his modest Thalia was ever humbled with". *Preface* to *The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence*, &c., 1658.

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" Nor fear I to be tax'd for a vain boast ;
My promise will find credit with the most,
When they know ingenious Fletcher made it, he
Being in himself a perfect comedy ;
And some sit here, I doubt not, dare aver
Living he made that house a theatre
Which he pleas'd to frequent [s] " ;—

and by Brome,—

" You, that have known him, know
The common talk that from his lips did flow,
And run at waste, did savour more of wit
Than any of his time, or since, have writ,
But few excepted, in the stage's way [t] ".—

As in the case of Beaumont and other poets of the time, Fletcher's Christian name used to undergo a familiar alteration ;

" Fletcher and Webster, of that learned packe
None of the mean'st, yet neither was but *Jacke* [u] ".

The Fair Maid of the Inn, though not brought upon the stage till after Fletcher's death, appears to have been wholly from his pen. It was licensed 22nd January, 1625-6. In the plot of this tragi-comedy some circumstances are ill contrived. There is no adequate motive for Alberto's resolution to cut off the hand of Montevole ; nor does it seem that the safety of Cæsario is rendered more certain by the course which Mariana adopts to ensure it,—a solemn protestation in open court that he is not her son ; while the atrocious cruelty in the one instance, and the flagrant mendacity in the other (for the lady supports her assertion by a tissue of falsehoods, and has witnesses ready to perjure themselves in her behalf), annihilate all the reader's sympathy with these two personages, whom Fletcher nevertheless intended to represent as not unworthy of esteem. The only interesting character in the play is that of Bianca,—a slight but beautiful sketch : the scene in which (having heard that Cæsario is no longer Alberto's heir) she offers him her hand, and is scornfully rejected, has a pathos which the author sometimes missed in his more ambitious attempts to move the heart.

The Noble Gentleman was licensed 3rd February, 1625-6. As various portions of its dialogue differ considerably from Fletcher's usual style of writing, we may conjecture that he left it in an unfinished state, and that it was completed for the theatre by a second

[s] Vol. vii. 219.
[t] *Commend. Poems*, vol. i. lxv.
[u] Heywood's *Hierarchie of the blessed Angells*, 1635, p. 206.

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dramatist—perhaps by Shirley.—The story of this comedy (derived, we may suppose, from some novel),—the gulling of Monsieur Marine, a gentleman who has been persuaded to leave his estate in the country and to haunt the court in hopes of honour and preferment,—is well adapted for the stage: but here it is most injudiciously treated, the incidents degenerating into farcical absurdities, at which the reader is the less inclined to smile, because in one case certainly, and perhaps in more, they involve a violation of character.

The Elder Brother, in which Fletcher undoubtedly had no assistant, is a proof that, even to the last, his genius was capable of bearing golden fruit. We are sure that it was not performed till after his decease (but how long after, is uncertain); and when we consider the improbability that he would have confined to his closet a piece which he had finished for the theatre with more than usual care, we may reasonably conclude that it was one of his latest compositions.—*The Elder Brother* ranks with the most perfect comedies in these volumes. The temptation to throw some touches of strong caricature into the picture of its hero, during the earlier part of the play, was more than Fletcher could resist; and accordingly Charles is represented as so wrapped up in study, and so little acquainted with the most common things of life, that he knows not what "a cook" is, and inquires the meaning of "venison": but the total change which is wrought upon him by the all-subduing power of love is exhibited with equal truth and delicacy, as well as with great dramatic effect. Nor perhaps less skilful, though less striking, is the delineation of the younger brother Eustace, who at first a fop, and anxious only to prove himself "a complete courtier," eventually redeems his character, and, in a very animated scene, spurns from him the unworthy companions by whom he had been seduced into frivolity. The three old gentlemen, Miramont more particularly, are drawn with considerable clearness and variety; and Andrew is an excellent picture of a shrewd and faithful servant. If Angelina does not fully satisfy the expectations which are raised by her appearance in the opening scene, her conduct is at least marked by firmness throughout. Of the many poetical passages which adorn *The Elder Brother*, the finest are allotted to Charles; and whether he pours forth the enthusiasm of the student or the lover, his language is noble and imaginative.

If we were certain that *The Nice Valour, or, The Passionate Madman* was wholly by Fletcher, the mention in act v. sc. 3 of a prose-tract which was not published till 1624 would determine this comedy to have been among the last he wrote: but the traces of a second pen which we seem frequently to discover in it, excite a suspicion that, after our poet's

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death, another playwright either altered it to its present shape for a revival, or completed it for its original appearance on the stage.—Its plot poor and disjointed, its chief characters altogether unnatural, and its humour violent in the extreme[x], *The Nice Valour* can add nothing to Fletcher's dramatic fame: yet is it memorable as containing that exquisite song[y] (a pearl among rubbish), to which Milton is not without obligations in his *Il Penseroso*.

The Bloody Brother, or, Rollo Duke of Normandy, "was certainly written," says Weber, "before 1621[z],"—an assertion for which he does not state any authority. As far as I can judge, it must have been one of the latest pieces on which Fletcher was engaged; and, there being strong internal evidence that only a portion of it is his, I conclude that after his decease it was completed for the theatre by another dramatist,—in all probability, by William Rowley[a].—Few critics, I imagine, will agree with Dryden in admiring the plot of this play for its "uniformity and unity of design[b]": nor is there much to admire on the score of character. What is good in *The Bloody Brother* is Fletcher's[c]; and, besides many vigorous and eloquent passages, there is one short scene distinct in its excellence from all the rest,—

> Latet arbore opaca
> Aureus et foliis et lento vimine ramus,—

the scene in which Edith implores Rollo to spare her father, and, finding her supplications vain, abandons them for curses on the tyrant. The passionate earnestness and the volubility of her language are even thrilling; perhaps, indeed, the dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher will supply no second instance of the *reality* which that short scene possesses; and every reader must regret that an unlucky recollection of Shakespeare's Richard the Third and Lady Anne[d] should have induced our author to destroy the consistency of Edith's character by afterwards representing her as on the point of yielding to the love-suit

[x] I ought not, however, to conceal from the reader that one editor thinks very differently of this play: Weber speaks of "the inimitable humour displayed in every part of it", and says that "we must claim for Galoshio a rank immediately after the clowns of Shakespeare". *Pref. Remarks on The Nice Valour.*

[y] Vol. x. 335.

[z] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xliii.

[a] See note, p. lviii.

[b] *On Dram. Poesy,—Prose Works*, Vol. i. P. ii. p. 73, ed. Malone.

[c] I now believe that in the prefatory remarks on the play (vol. x. 373) I too hastily assented to Weber's opinion that only a portion of the fifth act was written by Fletcher.

[d] Seward first noticed this imitation of Shakespeare.

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of Rollo, at the very moment when she is prepared to take away his life and avenge her father: unlike her prototype, however, she is saved by circumstances from the final disgrace of being "fool'd" by his blandishments. Rollo is a mere exaggeration, a monster of incredible wickedness: he hates his brother Otto with a hatred fiercer than that between the Theban brothers; after failing in an attempt to poison him, he stabs him in his mother's arms; offers his sword both at her and at his sister; sends his chancellor and his tutor to the block because they refuse to justify Otto's murder to the people; and has one of his captains put to death for giving burial to the beheaded chancellor. Yet does Dryden defend this superfluity of crime,—"It adds," he says, "to our horror and detestation of the criminal; and poetic justice is not neglected neither, for we stab him in our minds for every offence which he commits[e]"! Sophia, who at first shews much energy and address in quelling the discord of her sons, sinks afterwards into insignificance. The high farce of the Cook and his comrades, intended to relieve the atrocities of the play, seems utterly out of place; and the astrological jargon would be intolerable any where.—Towards the close of the seventeenth century this tragedy, with all its faults (and perhaps in consequence of those very faults), was still popular on the stage. The following anecdote, which relates to a somewhat earlier period, is from Wright's *Historia Histrionica;* and I may preface it by observing that recent inquiries into stage-history have only confirmed the authenticity of that curious tract. "When the wars were over, and the royalists totally subdued, most of 'em [the players] who were left alive gathered to London, and for a subsistence endeavoured to revive their old trade privately. They made up one company out of all the scattered members of several; and in the winter before the king's murder, 1648, they ventured to act some plays, with as much caution and privacy as could be, at the Cock-pit. They continued undisturbed for three or four days; but at last, as they were presenting the tragedy of *The Bloody Brother* (in which Lowin acted Aubrey, Taylor Rollo, Pollard the Cook, Burt Latorch, and, I think, Hart Otto), a party of foot-soldiers beset the house, surprized 'em about the middle of the play, and carried 'em away in their habits, not admitting them to shift, to Hatton-house, then a prison, where having detained them some time, they plundered them of their clothes, and let 'em loose again[f]."

[e] *Heads of an Answer to Rymer,—Prose Works*, Vol. i. P. ii., p. 313, ed. Malone.—See note on this Memoir, p. xxxi.

[f] P. cl.,—Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. i. last ed.

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The modern editors concur in stating that *The Lovers' Progress*, having been left imperfect by Fletcher, was completed by some other dramatist. But the prologue leaves no doubt that it was finished by Fletcher (and perhaps acted during his life), and that *The Lovers' Progress* as we now possess it, is Fletcher's play with sundry additions and alterations, made by another dramatist for its revival, a considerable time after Fletcher's death. I agree with Weber in thinking that the second dramatist was Massinger [g].—Into this tragedy the authors have compressed, with some slight variations, the more important incidents of a long and tedious novel [h], imbuing with life and animation the characters which they found very faintly drawn. The ghost of the innkeeper, as they have exhibited it, is a spectre *sui generis:* in the novel it appears with all the solemnity which is supposed to attend such visitations; but in the play it sings a jovial song, and enters into conversation exactly like a being of flesh and blood. Yet the effect of the scene to which I allude [i] is the reverse of comic: in the very mirth and familiarity of the ghost, accompanied with its declaration that the man himself has "been dead these three weeks," there is something which makes a near approach to the terrible. This spectre seemed to deserve especial notice here, because it was a favourite with one [k] whose judgment in all matters of romantic fiction must command respect.

An entry in Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, dated 11th May, 1633, shews that *The Night-Walker, or the Little Thief* was "corrected by Sherley"; and hence the general belief that, Fletcher having died before he had finished the play, Shirley was employed to complete it for the stage. Weber, however, conjectures that *The Night-Walker* is an altera-

[g] The chief incident in this tragedy is the murder of Cleander; and among the lost dramas of Massinger was one called *The Tragedy of Cleander*, acted 7 May, 1634: but the Cleander of the present play is an imaginary personage; and *The Tragedy of Cleander* doubtless treated of the Cleander who was an officer of Alexander the Great, and who was put to death for offering violence to a noble virgin and giving her as a prostitute to his servants.

[h] *Histoire des Amours de Lysandre et de Caliste.*

[i] Act iii. sc. 5: see the corresponding passage of the novel (abridged), vol. xi. 7.—The account in the novel of the ghost's second visit (*ibid.* p. 9) has a bold extravagance which would have pleased Monk Lewis.

[k] Sir Walter Scott:—Mr. Lockhart, describing the Sunday-evening "readings" for the amusement of Scott's domestic circle, in his house at Edinburgh, mentions that "Dryden's Fables, Johnson's two Satires, and certain detached scenes of Beaumont and Fletcher, especially that in *The Lovers' Progress*, where the ghost of the musical inn-keeper makes his appearance, were frequently selected". *Life of Sir W. Scott*, iv. 163, first ed.: see also vi. 158.

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tion, by Shirley, of Fletcher's *Devil of Dowgate*, a lost drama which has been already noticed (p. lxx).—Hazlitt[1] mentions *The Night-Walker*, together with *The Little French Lawyer* and *Monsieur Thomas*, as "coming perhaps next" to the best comedies in the collection: but to me it seems altogether inferior to either of the pieces with which he has classed it. The incidents, when we consider that the scene passes in London during the time of the author, have a very startling improbability; and the chief characters are vulgarized copies of personages in some of Fletcher's earlier comedies. Yet is it undoubtedly, what Sir Henry Herbert terms it, "a merry play," nor does it ever weary the reader. For the marks of haste and negligence which it frequently betrays, Shirley, not Fletcher, must be held responsible.

Love's Pilgrimage, according to the common opinion, was left imperfect by Fletcher and completed by Shirley[m], the latter having introduced into it a whole scene and some detached passages from Jonson's *New Inn*: but Weber inclines to believe that it was written by Fletcher and Massinger in conjunction, that it was brought upon the stage during Fletcher's life-time, and (what I think very unlikely) that the interpolations from Jonson were made by the players, without the assistance of Shirley, when the comedy was revived in 1635[n]. All uncertainty about its date and authorship would probably be removed, if the entire memoranda of Sir Henry Herbert were given to the public.—*Love's Pilgrimage* (founded, and, for the greater part, closely, on *Las Dos Donzellas* of Cervantes) is pronounced by Weber to be "one of the most lively and attractive productions in these volumes[o]." I can go no farther in its praise than saying that there is some force and truthfulness in the serious scenes, and no lack of farcical humour in the comic portions.

One play only remains to be mentioned,—*The Two Noble Kinsmen*. For this tragedy, which is replete with grandeur and beauty, *The Knightes Tale* of Chaucer supplied the materials.—According to the title-page of the oldest edition, 1634, it was "written by the memorable worthies of their time, Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakespeare." That Fletcher was partly its author has never been disputed: but the assertion of the old title-page with respect to Shakespeare has given rise to much critical discussion and variety of conjecture. Passing over all that has been said

[1] *Lectures on the Dram. Lit. of Age of Eliz.*, p. 152, ed. 1840.

[m] See what Malone states on the authority of Sir Henry Herbert, vol. xi. 217 of the present work.

[n] An entry of that date regarding "the renewing" of the play (see vol. xi. 217) is cited by Weber from Sir Henry Herbert's office-book; but I have not been able to find it among those memoranda of Sir Henry which Malone has printed.

[o] *Introd. remarks on the play.*

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on the subject of Shakespeare's participation in the play by Messrs. Seward Colman, Steevens, and several others, I shall first cite the opinions of the more eminent recent critics, and then subjoin my own. "This scene", observes Lamb (speaking of the dialogue between Palamon and Arcite in prison, act ii. scene 1), "bears indubitable marks of Fletcher: the two which precede it [the first scene of act 1, and Emilia's account of her friendship with Flavina in the third scene of the same act] give strong countenance to the tradition that Shakespeare had a hand in this play. The same judgment may be formed of the death of Arcite, and some other passages not here given. They have a luxuriance in them, which strongly resembles Shakespeare's manner in those parts of his plays where, the progress of the interest being subordinate, the poet was at leisure for description. I might fetch instances from *Troilus* and *Timon*. That Fletcher should have copied Shakespeare's manner through so many entire scenes (which is the theory of Mr. Steevens) is not very probable; that he could have done it with such facility is to me not certain. * * * * * * If Fletcher wrote some scenes in imitation, why did he stop[a]?" Hazlitt[b] rejects the idea that any part of the tragedy is by Shakespeare. In a long and excellent *Letter on Shakespeare's authorship of The Two Noble Kinsmen*[c], Mr. Spalding declares that "the whole of the first act may be safely pronounced to be Shakespeare's",—that "in the second act no part seems to have been taken by Shakespeare",—that "nothing in the third act can with confidence be attributed to Shakespeare, except the first scene",—that "the fourth act may safely be pronounced wholly Fletcher's",—that "in the fifth act we again feel the presence of the master of the spell. Several passages in this portion are marked by as striking tokens of his art as any thing which we read in *Macbeth* or *Coriolanus*. The whole act, a

[a] *Spec. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 419, ed. 1808.

[b] *Lectures on the Dram. Lit. of Age of Eliz.*, p. 145, ed. 1840.

[c] 1830.—Indeed, Weber, whose remarks on *The Two Noble Kinsmen* were printed in 1812, differs but slightly from Mr. Spalding in distinguishing the Shakespearian portions. "The supposition of Warburton, that the first act was his [Shakespeare's], is supported strongly by internal evidence; but few will agree with his *ipse dixit*, that it is written in Shakespeare's worst manner. The second act bears all the marks of Fletcher's style. Of the third, I should be inclined to ascribe the first scene to Shakespeare, and in the fourth, the third scene, which is written in prose; while the other scenes, in which the madness of the Jailer's Daughter is delineated, are in verse, according to the usual practice of Fletcher. The entire last act, perhaps with the exception of the fourth scene, strongly indicates that it was the composition of Fletcher's illustrious associate. Nothing can prove his co-operation more strongly, than the beautiful description of the accident which occasioned the death of Arcite". *Observations appended to the Two Noble Kinsmen.*

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very long one, may be boldly attributed to him, with the exception of one episodical scene".[d] Coleridge is reported to have said "I have no doubt whatever that the first act and the first scene of the second act of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* are Shakespeare's[e]". Mr. Hallam[f] more than doubts that Shakespeare was concerned in it. Mr. Darley allows that "it is quite possible that Shakespeare may have contributed towards" this tragedy[g]. In an ingenious essay on *The Two Noble Kinsmen*[h], Mr. Knight denies Shakespeare's claim to any part of the play, and endeavours to prove that it is the joint-composition of Fletcher and Chapman. "We can understand", he says, "such a division of labour between Fletcher and Chapman, as that Fletcher should take the romantic parts of the story, as the knight-errantry, the love, the rivalry, the decision by bodily prowess,—and that Chapman should deal with Theseus and the Amazons, the lament of the three Queens, (which subject was familiar to him in *The Seven against Thebes* of the Greek drama,) and the mythology which Chaucer had so elaborately sketched as the machinery of his great story." Mr. Knight then compares several passages of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* with "passages of a similar nature, selected somewhat hastily from three or four of Chapman's plays": and concludes by observing that "Chapman died in the very year that the first edition of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* was published with the name of Shakespeare in the title-page. If the title-page were a bookseller's invention, the name of Shakespeare would be of higher price than that of Chapman".—My own opinion is, that Shakespeare undoubtedly wrote all those portions of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* which are assigned to him by Mr. Spalding, though I apprehend that in some places they have suffered by alterations and interpolations from the pen of Fletcher. Such passages as the following could not possibly have been produced by any copyist of the great poet's style,—a style which is essentially different from that of all contemporary playwrights, and which men of genius in later days have vainly tried to imitate[i].

[d] i. e, according to the present edition, the second scene of act five. Mr. Spalding (following Weber's division of scenes) mentions it as scene 4.

[e] *Table-Talk*, ii. 119, ed. 1835. Here the reporter of Coleridge's conversation must have made a mistake: "the first scene of the second act" is evidently Fletcher's.

[f] *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, iii. 106, ed. 1843.

[g] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. l.

[h] Knight's *Shakspere* (*Library edition*), xii. 451.

[i] "There's such a divinity doth hedge our Shakespeare round, that we cannot even imitate his style. I tried to imitate his manner in the *Remorse*, and, when I

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" Honour'd Hippolyta,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusk'd boar; that, with thy arm as strong
As it is white, wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive, but that this thy lord
(Born to uphold creation in that honour
First Nature styl'd it in) shrunk thee into
The bound thou wast o'erflowing, at once subduing
Thy force and thy affection; soldieress,
That equally canst poise sternness with pity;
Who now, I know, hast much more power on him
Than ever he had on thee; who ow'st his strength
And his love too, who is a servant for
The tenor of thy speech; dear glass of ladies,
Bid him that we, whom flaming War doth scorch,
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us;
Require him he advance it o'er our heads;
Speak 't in a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
Lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off!"
Act i. sc. 1, vol. xi. 334.

" When her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting moon-light corslet thee, oh, when
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings or blubber'd queens? what care
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being able
To make Mars spurn his drum? Oh, if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in 't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to!" *Ibid.* p. 338.

" Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
Green Neptune into purple; [whose approach]
Comets prewarn; whose havoc in vast field
Unearthèd skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foison; who dost pluck

---

had done, I found I had been tracking Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger instead. It is really very curious. At first sight Shakespeare and his contemporary dramatists seem to write in styles much alike: nothing so easy as to fall into that of Massinger and the others; whilst no one has ever yet produced one scene conceived and expressed in the Shakespearian idiom". Coleridge's *Table-Talk*, ii. 121, ed. 1835.

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With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds
The mason'd turrets; that both mak'st and break'st
The stony girths of cities; me thy pupil,
Youngest follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styl'd the lord o' the day! Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure!
Oh, great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
O' the plurisy of people; I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly!"

Act v. sc. 1, p. 417.

"The hot horse, hot as fire,
Took toy at this, and fell to what disorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
Forgets school-doing, being therein train'd,
And of kind manage; pig-like he whines
At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather
Than any jot obeys; seeks all foul means
Of boisterous and rough jadery to dis-seat
His lord that kept it bravely".

Act v. sc. 4, p. 435.

If we could imagine a picture painted partly by Michael Angelo and partly by Coreggio, it would not present a stronger contrast of styles than we meet with in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. To prove the truth of this assertion, I need only quote a speech from one of those scenes which are unquestionably by Fletcher;

"No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us: here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither,
Like a too-timely spring; here age must find us,
And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife,
Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks; no issue know us,
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach them
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say
'Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!'
The fair-ey'd maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature: this is all our world;

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We shall know nothing here but one another ;
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes ;
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it ;
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold Winter must inhabit here still ".

Act ii. sc. 1, p. 356.

The passages selected by Mr. Knight from Chapman's dramas as "of a similar nature" to some in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* are certainly very unlike them in two respects,—in wanting compression of thought, and in being composed on another system of versification. Let the reader judge :

The Two Noble Kinsmen.	Chapman.
" We come unseasonably ; but when could Grief Cull forth, as unpang'd Judgment can, fitt'st time For best solicitation ? " Vol. xi. p. 337.	" Sin is a coward, madam, and insults But on our weakness, in his truest valour ; And so our ignorance tames us, that we let His shadows fright us." *Bussy D'Ambois*, 1608, sig. D 3.
" Oh, you heavenly charmers, What things you make of us ! For what we lack We laugh, for what we have are sorry ; still Are children in some kind." p. 437.	" O, the good God of gods, How blind is pride ! what eagles we are still In matters that belong to other men ! What beetles in our own ! " *All Fools*, 1605, sig. G 2.
" Let th' event, That never-erring arbitrator, tell us When we know all ourselves ; and let us follow The becking of our chance ! " p. 345.	" O, the strange difference 'twixt us and the stars! They work with inclinations strong and fatal, And nothing know : and we know all their working, And nought can do, or nothing can prevent." *Byron's Conspiracie*, 1608, sig. F 2.

We are next to inquire whether Fletcher and Shakespeare worked simultaneously on this tragedy, and what was the probable date of its first representation. Mr. Spalding believes that it was written by Fletcher and Shakespeare in coalition, Shakespeare having chosen the story and arranged the plot. I shall presently arrive at another conclusion.—The tale of Chaucer on which *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is founded, had been dramatized at a much earlier period. A play called *Palamon and Arcyte*[a] (by Richard Edwards) was performed before Queen Elizabeth in the hall of Christ-Church, Oxford, in 1566 ; and we learn from Henslowe's *Diary* that a piece entitled *Palamon and Arsett* was acted several times at the Newington theatre in 1594[b]. Mr. Collier conjectures that the last-mentioned piece may have been a rifacimento of Edwards's play, and that in 1594 Shakespeare may have introduced into *Palamon and Arsett* those alterations and additions which after-

[a] This piece has perished. Weber, Mr. Spalding, and others (deceived by that arch-inventor of editions, Chetwood) mention it as having been printed in 1585.

[b] Henslowe's *Diary*, pp. 41, 43, 44, ed. Collier.

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wards "were employed by Fletcher in the play as it was printed in 1634[c]." But I suspect that the *Palamon and Arsett* of 1594 was a distinct piece from the academical drama of 1566; and I cannot persuade myself that the "Shakespearian" portions of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* were composed so early as 1594,—stamped as they every where are with the manner of Shakespeare's later years. In January 1609-10, a warrant was granted (but never carried into effect) which empowered Daborne, Shakespeare, Field, and Kirkham, "to provide and bring upp a convenient nomber of children, who shall be called the Children of her Majesties Revels," and who are thereby authorized to act "within the Blackfryers, in our Citie of London or els where within our realme of England"; and together with the draft of the warrant, there has been preserved a list of pieces which were to be acted by those Children[d]. In that list is a play called *Kinsmen*. Now, while I have little doubt that it was an alteration of the *Palamon and Arsett* of 1594, I am strongly inclined to believe that the said alteration was by Shakespeare, and made only a short time anterior to the issuing of the warrant. But whatever be the date of the "Shakespearian" portions of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, I feel assured that they were written long before Fletcher's contributions to the play. The latter include the distraction of the Jailer's Daughter, which in some points is a direct plagiarism of Ophelia's madness in *Hamlet*; and it is highly improbable that, if the two dramatists had worked together on the tragedy, Fletcher would have ventured to make so free with the poetical property of Shakespeare: indeed, I fully assent to the truth of Mr. Knight's remark, that "the underplot,—the love of the Jailer's Daughter for Palamon, her agency in his escape from prison, her subsequent madness, and her unnatural and revolting union with one who is her lover under these circumstances,—is of a nature not to be conceived by Shakespeare, and further not to be tolerated in any work with which he was concerned." Finally,—I would suppose that Fletcher, towards the close of his career, undertook to remodel the *Kinsmen*; that he retained all those additions which had been made to it by Shakespeare, but tampering with them here and there; and that he wrought it into the drama which we now possess under the title of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*[e].

[c] *Id.* p. 41.

[d] Collier's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. ccxxix.

[e] According to the title-page of 4to 1634, *The Two Noble Kinsmen* was "*presented at the Blackfriers by the Kings Majesties Servants*". Mr. Spalding understands "*the Kings Majesties Servants*" to mean the servants of King James. I believe that

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those of Charles the First are intended: Sir Aston Cokaine (in some lines already cited, p. lv.) says that Fletcher, after Beaumont's death,

> "suffer'd not the Globe and *Black-Friers Stage*
> T' envy the glories of a former Age."

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

P. xxii. *At the age of twelve, 4th February*, 1596-7, &c.] Since the earlier part of this Memoir was printed, Dr. Bliss has kindly furnished me with the following extract from the Matriculation Register:

> "Broadgates.
> 1596 Feb. 4.
> Henric. Beawmont Lecest. Baron. fil. ætat. 15.
> Joh. Beawmont Lecest. Baron. fil. 14.
> Francisc. Beawmont Lecest. Baron. fil. ætat. 12."

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APPENDIX I.

THE WILL OF BISHOP FLETCHER.

(From the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.)

In the name of God Amen, vicesimo sexto die mensis Octobris (1593), I, Richarde Bishopp of Wigorn, hir Majesties Highe Almner, doe make and ordeyne this my last will and testamente in manner and forme followinge. My sowle sanctefyed by faith in Ihesus Christe I doe resigne willinglye vnto God that gaue yt me, and my bodye to the earthe from whence yt was taken, theare to sleepe till the daie of the restoringe of all thinges, att which tyme I knowe, my Redeemer livinge, I shall see God in my fleshe, and shall then in bodye and soule receaue the fruition of everlastinge glorye with all his Sainctes: this hope hath the God of all comforte laide vpp in my breste. Item, I geue to the poore of Watforde in Hartfordshire tenne pounde; Item, I geue to the poore of Cranbroke in Kente ffyve powndes; Item, I geue to the poore of Rye ffyve powndes; Item, I geue to the poore of Peterboroughe ffyve powndes; Item, I geue to the poore of Chelsey ffyve powndes; to be distributed by the Ministers of eche place where they shall thincke most needefull. Item, I geue to Bennett Colledge in Cambridge my peece of plate of one estriges egge. Item, I will that my house att Chelsea wherein I dwell, and the house which I boughte of Mr. Hungerforde, and the leasse of Fishers house and gardeyne, shalbe all soulde by my executours to the beste value, and the money thereof arrysinge to be disposed and ymployed, by suche couenient vse as shalbe thought best by myne executours, towardes the educacion of my children. Also, I will that my plate and all my moveables whatsoever, goodes and chattells, shall likewyse be solde to the beste advauntage, and the money thereof to be imployed to the educacion of my children. And my will is, that as my children come to the age of one and twentye yeares or marriage, everie one shall haue his or their porcion accordinge to proporcion, that is, the whole beinge devyded into so manie partes as I haue children nowe livinge, that is, nyne, everie one to haue and receaue att suche tyme before saide equall rate and soome of money. Item, I geue to Nathaniell Fletcher and John Fletcher all my bookes, to be devyded betwene them equallie. And yf anye of my children die before the saide age or marriage, then I will that suche porcion of money as they should haue hadd shalbe equallye devyded amounges the rest. Item, I geue vnto my brother Doctor Fletcher twenty powndes and all my apparrell, save my Parliamente robes. Item, I geue vnto my sister Pownoll twentye powndes. Item, I geve vnto Mr. Doctor James of Bristoll my standinge cuppe of cristall; which Doctor James and my brother Doctor Fletcher I doe make and ordeyne my executours of this my last will and testamente, earnestlie and with all instaunce desyringe them to see the same executed and all

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thinges therein donn and performed to the good of my children and their Chrystian and godlie educacion, that, as by Goddes holie ordynaunce I haue bene their life father of their liefe, so God in mercye woulde vouchsaufe to bee the fynisher of their ioye in Heaven, wheare I truste to receaue them. And I doe hartelie praie my good and lovinge freindes Mr. Doctor Bancrofte and Mr. Doctor Cosen to be assistauntes to my executours and ouerseers thereof for the better performinge of all thinges therein; and I doe giue eche one of them a ringe of golde, thone with a deathes heade, and the other which Sir Fraunces Drake gaue me. And I doe geue to Mr. Warde a ringe of goulde that was my ffathers with a heade graven in yt. I giue to Nathaniell all my wearinge lynnen for my bodye, shirtes, bandes, handkerchers. In witnes whereof I haue hereto putt my hande and seale, and declared the same to be my testamente, so signed and sealed the daie and yeare aboue wrytten in the presence of Rich: Wigorn.

Probatum fuit Testamentum suprascriptum apud London, coram venerabili viro Magistro Willielmo Lewin, Legum Doctore, Curie Prerogatiue Cantuar. Magistro, Custode, siue Commissario, vicesimo secundo die mensis Junij anno Domini millesimo quingentesimo nonagesimo sexto, &c.

APPENDIX II.

THE WILL OF JUDGE BEAUMONT.

(From the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.)

In the name of God Amen, I Francis Beamounte, of Gracedew in the countie of Leicester, one of thee Queenes Majesties Justices of her heighnes Courte of Common Pleas, being sicke of bodie, but of good and perfect rememberaunce, thankes be to Almightie God, doe make and ordaine this my laste will and testamente in manner and forme followinge. First, I giue and bequeathe my soule to Almightie God, hopinge to be saued by the merrittes, death, and passion of Jesus Christe, and by no other meanes. Item, my bodye to be buryed at the discrecion of my executors. Item, I giue and bequeath vnto my daughter Elizabeth Beawmounte seaven hundered poundes of lawfull money of England; the same to be leyvied of the issues and proffittes of my tithes of Shepshed and Belton in the said countie of Leicester, after the rate of fowerscore poundes a yeare, for both the said tythes, to the vse of the saide Elizabeth, by Henrye Beawmounte of Colderton Esquier, or by such as the said Henry shall nominate or appoynt by his last will and testamente for that purpose. Item, I doe by this my present last will and testamente ordaine that the profittes and comodities of the tythe of Chaddesden in the countie of Derb., and the rentes, issues, profittes, and commodities of the lordshipp of Cottens in the said countie of Derb. shalbe levyed for the payment of my debtes, togither with my goodes and chattells, vntill the same be fullie contented and payed by my said executors. Item, I doe giue vnto William Harley, my oulde and faythefull servaunte, in consideracion of his good and paynefull service, a lease of the messuage or tenemente in Swannington in the said countie of Leicester, nowe in his occupacion, or of his assignes, with all the landes, closes, commons, proffites, and commodites to

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the same belonginge, for the terme of twentie and one yeares from Michaelmas next comminge, paying the oulde and accustomed rente. Item, I doe giue vnto Richarde Hall my servaunte, in consideracion of his good service, howseroemeth in the Manner Howse of Normanton, and a close ther called the Parke, adioyninge to the sayed Mannor Howse, and thre acres of arable lande in every of the feildes of Normanton aforesaid, with commons answearable to the same, in the feilde and precinctes of Normanton aforesaide, for the tearme of eleauen yeares from the feast of the Annunciacion of our Ladye last paste. Item, I doe giue vnto John Copelande my servaunte, for his good service, during his life, one annuitie or yearelie rente of five markes, to be issuing oute of all my landes and tenementes. Item, I doe giue vnto Roberte Kirkly, James Hepe, and Robert Lingard, my servauntes, tenn poundes, to be equallie deuided amongest them. Item, my will and mind is, that Edwarde Sharpe, Mr. Robinson the person of Osgathorpe, Hughe Lowe, and John Smithe, or anie els whosoever that have taken anie groundes or closes of me for one and twentie yeares or lesse tearme, and have payed theire money for them, shall enioy the same closes and groundes according to theire bargaine and bargaines, albeit the same leases be not sealed. Item, I giue vnto John Wrighte and Gawin Grenolde, my servauntes, twentie nobles, to be equallie devided amongest them. And executors of this my last will and testamente, I nominate and appoynte Henry Beawmounte of Colerton in the said countie of Leicester, George Sherley of Staunton in the saide countie of Leicester, and Roberte Brokesley of Sholeby in the said countye of Leicester, Esquiers, executors of this my last will and testamente, the one and twentith daye of Aprill in the fortith yeare of the raigne of our soueraigne ladie Queene Elizabeth, &c. Item, I doe further giue vnto Phillipp Vincente and John Towne, my servauntes, in consideracion of theire goode service, twentie nobles a yeare a peece, to ech of them during theire lives, to be issuing out of all my landes and tenementes within the realme of England, to be payed equallie by even porcions at the feastes of St. Michaell tharkeangell and the Annunciacion of our blessed Lady St. Mary the Virgin, the first payment thereof to begin at the feast of St. Michaell tharcheangell next comminge. Item, I do giue vnto my servauntes, William Eyre, Humphrey Wooluerston, George Tate, and James Royle, twentye poundes, to be equallie deuided amongest them. Wittnesses Phillipp Vincent, Humfrey Woolferstone, William Eyre, George Tate, James Royle, Libbews Darby.

A Codicill to be annexed to the last will and testament of Frauncis Beawmounte, one of her Majesties Justices of her Highenes Court of Common Pleas, as followeth, vizt.

Vppon the two and twentith daye of Aprill, anno Domini millesimo quingentesimo nonagesimo octavo, Regnique Domine nostre Regine Elizabeth, &c., quadragesimo, and in the morning of the same daye, the said Mr. Beawmount, being of perfect minde and memory, and purposinge to add some thinge vnto his last will and testamente made the daye next before, spake theise wordes or the like in effecte, that is to saye, I haue lefte somewhat oute of my will which is this, I will that my daughter Elizabeth haue all the jewells that were her mothers, beinge then and theire present diuerse and sonndry credible wittnesses.

Probatum fuit Testamentum, vnacum Codicillo, apud London, coram venerabili viro Magistro Johanne Gibson, Legum Doctore, Curie prerogat. Cant. Magistro, Custode, siue Commissario, octavo die mensis Maij, anno Domini millesimo quingentesimo nonagesimo octauo, &c.

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ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA.

VOL. I.

COMMENDATORY POEMS.

P. xv. "*Henry Moody, Baronet*]" He also wrote verses to Massinger, on *A New Way to pay Old Debts*, prefixed to the 4to of that play.

P. xx. "*John Pettus, Knight*]" "He appears", says Mr. P. Cunningham, "to have been buried in the Temple Church in 1685. *New Survey of London*, vol. ii. p. 574, 8vo. 1708".

THE WOMAN-HATER.

P. 22. "For a trutch sword, my naked knife stuck up".—A critic in Churton's *Lit. Register for April*, 1845, observes that "Mr. Dyce's note on this is an admirable specimen of his fitness for the task of editing Beaumont and Fletcher", —that "it is hardly necessary to say that there is no such word in the English language as a *trutch-sword*, nor any phrase bearing even a family resemblance to it", that "it is merely a misprint for '*hatched sword*,' a phrase that occurs more than once in Beaumont and Fletcher, and even in this very volume", and he quotes (*what I have myself cited in another note*) an explanation of "*hatch*" from Holme's *Acad. of Armoury*.—I have only to say, that I am not without hopes of finding "*trutch-sword*" in some other early writer; and that, if the author had written "*hatch'd sword*", I cannot see why the compositor should have blundered about an expression, which occurs repeatedly in these volumes.

PHILASTER.

P. 216. "The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-drawer".—A proverbial expression. Ray gives "He looks like a Tooth-drawer, i. e., very thin and meagre". *Proverbs*, p. 65. ed. 1768.

P. 267. "*her he killed in the eye*]" That Theobald's explanation of this phrase is wrong, appears from other passages in our authors' plays, vol. vi. 466, vol. vii. 241.

VOL. II.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

P. 5. *Prefatory remarks.* "In 1637, Milton testified to the world his admiration of this drama by the various passages of *Comus* which are closely imitated from it". —*Comus* was played at Ludlow Castle in 1634, though it was not printed till 1637.

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P. 18. "*Joseph Taylor*]" He was buried at Richmond in Surrey on the 4th Nov., 1652 : see note, vol. viii. 106.

P. 36. "*wealth-alluring swain*]" Compare *The Faithful Friends*, act ii. sc. 1, vol. iv. 224 ;

> "while this right hand
> From *Mars-alluring* favourites has forc'd
> Unwilling victory".

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.

P. 151. "*by lady*]" See note, vol. viii. 167.

P. 157. "and here 's money and gold by th' eye, my boy".—"*By the eye*" seems to be equivalent to—in abundance : see note, vol. ix. 44.

P. 173. "Down, down, down they fall ;
Down, and arise they never shall".

I find this song quoted in a Masque (never printed) presented on Candlemas-night at Cole-Overton, and written perhaps by Sir T. Beaumont (see note, p. xxiii. of the Memoir) ;

"*Puck.* * * * * * What newes abrode ? where the vengeance haes thou been thus long ?

Bob. Why, goblin, Ile tell thee, boy ; all over England, where hospitality downe [*he sings*],

> Downe, downe it falls,
> Downe, and arise, downe, and arise
> it never shall".

P. 223. "*And some they whistled*, &c.]" In *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, 1845, published for the Percy Society, is a version of the ballad here quoted, under the title of *Lord* Burnett *and Little Musgrave :* but I believe that the said volume is little more than a collection of forgeries.

P. 227. "*Enter Ralph, with a forked arrow through his head.*"—This seems to be in ridicule of a stage-direction in *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York*, 1595 ;

> "*Enter Clifford wounded, with an arrow in his necke*".

When Shakespeare re-wrote *The True Tragedie*, he omitted "*with an arrow in his necke*" : see *Third Part of K. Henry VI.*, act ii. sc. 6.

A KING AND NO KING.

P. 243. "*had she so tempting fair,*
That she could wish it off, for damning souls]" So the passage has been amended by me ; and the correction is certain. A critic, however, in Churton's *Lit. Register for April*, 1845, (proposing to read "had she so tempting *fairness*", &c.) laughs at my adducing from *Midsummer-Night's Dream* "Demetrius loves your *fair*", as an example of *fair* in the sense of beauty : "no one," he says, "but Mr. Dyce needs be told that in 'Demetrius loves your *fair*', the word *fair* is placed, by the most common of all ellipses, for a *fair one*" !!! How is such a critic to be answered? Let the reader turn to the notes *ad loc.* in the *Var. Shakespeare ;* and also compare the following passages, among a dozen which might be cited ;—

> "Take time, while time doth last ;
> Mark how *faire* fadeth fast". Farmer's *English Madrigals*,

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1599, p. 48,—reprinted for the Percy Soc. by Mr. Collier (who observes, "*Faire* in this line is used for *fairness*, as was very customary with most writers of the time", &c).

"The louely Lillie, that faire flower for beautie past compare,
Whom winters cold keene breath had kill'd, and blasted all her *faire*," &c.

Niccols's *Induction* to *A Winters Nights Vision,—Mirror for Magistrates*, p. 556, ed. 1610.

P. 255. "Tigranes, he has won but half of thee,
Thy body";

So the passage should be pointed. In some copies the comma has dropt out after "thee".

P. 316. "Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman;
Abide upon 't, a very valiant man".

I ought to have preserved the reading of the first 4to, "*To abide upon 't*",—i. e. my abiding opinion is. So in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, act i. sc. 2;

"*Leon.* *To bide upon 't*,—thou art not honest", &c.

and in Potts's *Discoverie of Witches in the Countie of Lancaster*, 1613; "the wife of the said Peter then said, *to abide upon it*, I thinke that my husband will neuer mend", &c. Sig. T 4.

THE MASQUE OF THE INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN.

P. 463. "*Merc.* Behold the Statuas", &c.

Should be pointed,

"*Merc.* Behold, the Statuas", &c.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

P. 532. "*innovation*]" In this sense it is several times used by Wither;

"They who did neither by their deeds or words,
By counsel, by their pens, or by their swords,
Begin those *innovations* in the state", &c.

Speculum Speculativum, 1660, p. 37.

VOL. III.

THE SCORNFUL LADY.

P. 3. *Prefatory remarks*, l. 3. For "1615" read "1615-16".

P. 38. "*E. Love.* What would you with me, sir!"—An interrogation-point ought to follow these words.

P. 45. "*up goes my rest*]" The expression was not confined to the game of *primero*. See note, vol. vii. 82.

P. 76. "*E. Love.* Will you have more on't!"—Instead of the exclamation-point put an interrogation-point.

P. 82. "To use those men most frowardly they love most?"—Instead of the interrogation-point, put an exclamation-point.

P. 87. "*meeching*] i. e. lurking, skulking".—I ought to have added to this explanation—"for amorous purposes," which the word frequently implies. Compare vol. x. 123.

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THE COXCOMB.

P. 130. "*Ant.* Oh, gentlemen, what ha' you lost?"—Instead of the interrogation-point, put an exclamation-point.

P. 143. In the fourth line of the first note, for "vol. i. 27", read "vol. i. 22".

P. 157. "A Kilkenny ring".—No alteration is required. In *Looke about you*, 1600, we find; "Cauilero Skinke being beleagerd with an hoste of leaden heeles, arm'd in *ring Irish*, cheated my hammerer of his Red cap and coate", &c., Sig. L.

P. 168. "That she shall either be my love or wife.—" Add to this line a stage-direction, "[*Aside*".

THE CAPTAIN.

P. 235. "*babies*]" See note, vol. vii. 230.

P. 303. "yet, four glasses hence,
I will sit *here*", &c.

The right reading seems to be, "I will sit *near*", &c.

THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

P. 390. "He made a wanton of you".—See note, vol. viii. 423.

P. 417. "They come to steal your napkins and your spoons;"—There should be a break at the end of this line; for what immediately follows is addressed, not to Lamira, but to Charlotte.

P. 436. "'Tis not the hundredth time I have been serv'd so,
And yet, I thank Heaven, I am here".

So the passage should be pointed. In some copies the comma after "serv'd so" has dropt out.

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

P. 464. "*Din.* No more, for shame, no more!
Are you become a patron too? 'Tis a new one;
No more on 't, burn 't; give it to some orator,
To help him to enlarge his exercise:
With such a one it might do well, and profit
The curate of the parish", &c.

In the note on this passage, I have said, "Seward's explanation,—'*patron*', i. e. pleader, advocate,—is perhaps the true one,—there being an ellipsis of 'speech' or 'discourse'."—A critic in Churton's *Lit. Register for April*, 1845, remarks that "such egregious blundering as this is positively intolerable," and that "I cannot understand a simple passage even when it is explained to me." "The obvious meaning", he continues, "is 'What? are you turned a pleader or advocate?' that is to say, *a man of words, a talker*, used in opposition to a swordsman or man of action". My "egregious blundering" consists merely in my having expressed myself badly: I ought to have said that "*it*", in what follows ("No more on '*t*; give *it* to some orator", &c.), must be referred to a word understood,—"speech" or "discourse".

P. 509. *Note.* "The distinction made by Gifford between *spittle* and *spital* is an imaginary one".—Our early writers certainly *sometimes* discriminated the words: see the second speech of the Soldier in *The Nice Valour*, vol. x. 339.

P. 545. "As they are chain'd together".—Point "As they are, chain'd together".

P. 548. "That howsoe'er we seem'd to carry it—".—Point "That, howsoe'er", &c.

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VOL. IV.

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

P. 39. "*with cut and long tail*]" See note, vol. xi. 423.

P. 67. "what prodigious bravery's this?
A most preposterous gallant!"

Here I have explained "*bravery*"—finery: it means rather—fashionable, richly-dressed spark. So in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, we have "the *braveries* of Florence",—i. e. the fashionable gallants, vol. x. 12.

P. 81. "*Sir Greg.* Content! I was never in better *contention* in my life".—Nares suspects that the right reading is "contentation" (*Gloss.* in v.); which I doubt greatly.

WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

P. 109. "Than sickly men are travelling o' Sundays". Put a comma after "are".

P. 115. *First note.* The expression, "I'll sell the tiles of my house", occurs in *The Elder Brother:* see vol. x. 254.

P. 154. "*As though the term lay at St. Albans*]" The meaning undoubtedly is—As though the plague were raging in London, and consequently the term were kept at St. Albans. In a note on his *Life of Shakespeare*, p. cxliv, Mr. Collier observes, "In consequence of the virulence and extent of the disorder [the plague], Michaelmas term, 1593, was kept at St. Albans".

P. 155. "Of *land redeeming*, tedious thanks", &c. Read "Of *land-redeeming*" &c.

P. 183. "With me, thou man of Memphis?" See the second Additional Remark on *Bonduca*, p. xcvi.

P. 193. "*dispos'd*]" Concerning the passage here cited from *Love's Labour 's Lost*, see my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare*, p. 37.

P. 196. *First note.* The reading which I proposed, "I know your *cunning*", is doubtless the true one. So in *The Custom of the Country*, p. 456 of the same volume, "Your *cunning* comes too late" is printed in the folios "Your *comming* (and *coming*) comes too late"; and in *The Double Marriage*, vol. vi. 361, the passage,

"that fellow's *cunning*,
And hides a double heart",

stands in the first folio, "that fellow's *comming*", &c.

THE FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

P. 258. "*Sir Per.* This standing in the middle of the host,
I, with my page *before* me——
Divd. I went first. *Aside*".

We must, surely, read, "I, with my page *behind* me"

P. 261. "*Enter Bellario.*
Bell. My lord?
M. Tull. Where 's he that brought this letter?
Bell. Posted hence;
He said it crav'd no answer, and *we* discharg'd him.
M. Tull. I charge you on your lives make after him", &c.

The MS. has "you"; and I suspect that the speeches ought to be distributed thus;

"*Bell.* Posted hence;
He said it crav'd no answer.

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M. Tull. And you discharg'd him ?
I charge you on your lives make after him ", &c.

THE WIDOW.

P. 341. "*perceiverance*] " This rare word is found in one of the poems appended to *The most famous and Tragical Historie of Pelops and Hippodamia*, by Matthew Grove, 1587 ;

" And when *perceiuerance* did him take
that euery wyght was gone,
And that they two and no more
on earth were left alone ", &c.
Sig H. iiii.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

P. 390. *First note.* " Hugh Clearke " is one of the players who sign the Dedication prefixed to the folio of B. and F.'s plays, 1647. See vol. i. ii.

P. 395. "*mad*] Qy. 'sad' ? "—An unnecessary conjecture. We have at p. 406 of this play, " this marrying is a *mad* matter ".

P. 403. " *Empire, and more imperious love, alone*
Rule, and admit no rivals] " We have the same sentiment in *Monsieur Thomas*, act i. sc. 1, vol. vii. 315. Compare Warner's *Pan his Syrinx or Pipe*, &c., n.d. (licensed 1584) ; " You are not, I trow, to learn, that loue and principalitie brooke no copartners ". Sig. P 4.

P. 408. " *Rut.* No way to wipe his mouldy chaps ? "—i. e. no way to cheat him of his expectations ?

P. 413. " *Man.* To train his youth up :—"—I now think, with Theobald, that these words ought to form a portion of the preceding speech.

P. 427. " all the ports are stopt too ".—" *Ports* ", i. e. gates.

P. 433. " *amber'd*] " Ambergris was supposed to be a provocative.

P. 449. " *Leop.* This was my prisoner once ". Ought to be followed by a stage-direction, " [*Aside.*"

VOL. V.

BONDUCA.

P. 3. *Prefatory remarks, l.* 6. Burbadge died 13th March, 1618-1619 : see Collier's *Mem. of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*, p. 44.

P. 45. " Awake, ye men of Memphis ! "—This is a quotation from the First Part of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, act iv. sc. 1 ;

" *Soldan. Awake, ye men of Memphis !* hear the clang
Of Scythian trumpets ", &c.

P. 59. " In gross before the enemy ? we pay *fort 't* ".—Read " pay *for 't* ".

P. 100. " My dear boy, what shall I lose ? "—These words ought to be followed by an exclamation-point.

THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.

P. 153. "*ruff*] " Ruff and trump were distinct games ; see note, vol. xi. 62.

P. 193. " And can you be so
Cruel, thankless, to destroy his youth ", &c. Arrange and point,—
" And can you be
So cruel thankless to destroy his youth ", &c.

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P. 202. "*doubt, sir*] Qy. '*doubt* her?'"—I ought certainly to have adopted here the reading which I only proposed.

VALETINIAN.

P. 216. "Come, goddess, come; you move too near the earth;
It must not be; a better orb stays for you:
Here; be a maid, and take 'em [*Offers her jewels*]".

A critic in Churton's *Lit. Register for April*, 1845, (who evidently had not read the play, for, speaking of these lines, he says that "an old woman is endeavouring to corrupt A YOUNG MAIDEN", i. e. *Lucina, the wife* of *Maximus*!!), after mentioning "the absurdity" of my explanation of the passage, pronounces its meaning to be "Come, be a goddess no longer; be a maid—i. e. a woman,—and take the king's presents".—My note on the passage stands thus; "The meaning, I apprehend, is 'Be coy as a maid, and yet take them'": and I now have only to regret that I used the words "I apprehend" in giving an explanation which is undoubtedly the true one. Compare;

"Play the maid's part; still answer nay, and take it".
Shakespeare's *Richard the Third*, act iii. sc. 7.

"Since maids, in modesty, say no to that
Which they would have the profferer construe ay".
Shakespeare's *Two Gent. of Verona*, act i. sc. 2.

(where Steevens observes, "A paraphrase on the old proverb, '*Maids say nay, and take it*'").

P. 239. "*beats*]" I now believe that the right reading is "heats": compare *The Mad Lover*, vi. 149;

Next by the glorious battles we have fought in,
"By all the dangers, wounds, *heats*, colds, distresses", &c.

THE QUEEN OF CORINTH.

P. 427. "*dudgeon*]" In this note I have made a mistake: the "*Dudgion*" of *The Rates of the Custome house* means—not "cloth or stuff", but wood.

P. 449. "Your honour's no whit less, your chastity
No whit impair'd, for fair Merione
Is more a virgin yet than all her sex.
Alas, 'tis *done!* why burn these tapers now?"

I believe we ought to read,—

"- - - - - -
Is more a virgin yet than all her sex:
Alas, 'tis *none!* Why burn these tapers now?" &c.

i. e. Alas, it is no *impairment!*—the substantive (as is frequently the case in these plays) being understood from what precedes.

P. 470. "*Time now will pluck her daughter from her cave*, &c.]" I ought to have mentioned that in Whitney's *Emblemes*, 1586, p. 4, is a representation of Time releasing Truth from a cave, with the motto, *Veritas temporis filia*.

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VOL. VI.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT.

P. 18. "*Archas.* Your grace should first remember—" There ought, most probably, to be a full point after these words, the sense being—Your grace should be the first to remember the meaning of this.

P. 34. "And more his fear than *faith*".——A correspondent, who signs himself *T. H.*, observes that "the old reading '*fate*' seems right, answering to '*danger*' in the preceding line, as '*fear*' does to '*doubt*'". I now think so too.

P. 43. "When I leave to honour this,
Every hour to pay a kiss;
When each morning I arise,
I forget a sacrifice", &c.

The same correspondent says that "the old reading", 'Or *I forget*', is right,—pointing the passage as it originally was pointed, with a comma at the end of the second line of the lyric". I do not agree with him.

P. 49. "And 'tis his greatest joy to entertain you".——The same correspondent observes, with reference to my note, "Why then *not* suppose the line incomplete, and suffer the old reading to remain?" I now prefer the old reading, with a break at the end of the line.

P. 68. "Come, maidens, come *along*", &c.—According to the same correspondent, "the amendment '*along*', for the old reading '*alone*', is most clearly wrong, destroying the rhyme, and not improving the sense: the maidens are requested to 'come *alone*'; and surely the next line makes the reason plain enough". I doubt this.

P. 87. "*Theod.* Take heed of *po-peep* with your pate", &c.—Read "bo-peep".

P. 105. "*Burris.* I shall, sir,

Or seal it with my service. They are villains".

The above-mentioned correspondent remarks, "The old pointing of the line is,—

'Or seal it with my service; they are villains:'

which, substituting a comma for the semicolon, may mean, 'Or prove them villains by conquering them in battle'".

THE MAD LOVER.

P. 137. "*harpies*]" See note, p. 539 of the same vol.

P. 141. "*agues*]" The above-mentioned correspondent thinks that the old reading 'ages' may be right"; and, in confirmation of it, he cites from Massinger's *Virgin Martyr*,

"Famine, nor *age*, have any being there."

But I agree with Mason that no example can be found of *ages* used in the sense of *old age*, and that "agues" means here—those momentary intervals of languor which are felt, at times, even by the truest and most ardent lovers.

P. 143. "*Mem.* Stand still, sir," &c.——The same correspondent objects to the alteration here made of the old prefixes: he says "Memnon might have needed the injunction to 'stand still' more than Chilax." But, as I have observed in the note, "*Stand still*" is an expression which Memnon has already used *three times*.

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P. 196. "Oh, *divine*[*st*] star of heaven,
Thou, in power above the seven", &c.

The same correspondent thinks that "the syllable introduced in brackets might have been left out,—that Fletcher has similar irregularities of metre in his lyrics, and that he judged well in occasionally deviating from the monotony of the exact measure." But it was not for the sake of the metre that I inserted (with the other editors) the additional syllable here: it was for the sake of the sense, which absolutely requires it.

P. 201. "*greas'd*]" Means here, I believe, gulled, cheated: see note, vol. viii. 180.

P. 209. *Calis.* The goddess grants me this yet,
"I shall enjoy *thee* dead: no tomb shall hold thee", &c.

The same correspondent remarks that "Seward was probably right when he gave, with the old copies, 'I shall enjoy *the* dead'; the princess refers to what the goddess had said before, 'I shall please thee with *the dead*.'"—That "I shall enjoy *thee* dead" is the true reading, I am convinced by what immediately follows, —"no tomb shall hold *thee*", &c.

THE FALSE ONE.

P. 250. "Now I will out-brave all, make all my servants [drunk],
And my brave deed shall be writ in wine for virtuous."

The same correspondent observes, "When Mr. Dyce made this insertion, he seems to have been misled by Mason's declaration that 'the present reading is nonsensical': but language cannot furnish a clearer mode of expression; it means 'I will out-brave all men, make all men my servants'." Nevertheless, I think the insertion right. In the first place, Septimius could hardly be so foolish as to say that he would "*make all men his servants*": secondly, if we suppose that he does say so, the next line still remains nonsense; why should his brave deed "be writ *in wine* for virtuous"?

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

P. 383. "Now, whether willingly I have *departed*
With that I lov'd", &c.——"*Departed*", i. e. parted.

THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

P. 439. "And cram the mouth of Death with executions:"

This line should have an exclamation-point after it.

VOL. VII.

THE WOMAN'S PRIZE.

P. 98. *Prefatory remarks*, l. 20. For "vol. v. 3." read "vol. vi. 3."

P. 99. "Which this may prove!"—Such a collocation of the word "may", expressing a wish, is occasionally found in our early writers. So in the First Part of Marlowe's *Tamberlaine*, act i. sc. 1;

"And Jove *may* never let me longer live
Than I may seek to gratify your love," &c.

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P. 106. "*make use of me*] '*Use*, in old writings, stands continually for *usury*'. WEBER".—"*Use*" should be explained—interest; for in modern language *usury* means a good deal more.

P. 173. "*Verdugo's*]" The following passage has been pointed out to me by Mr. Peter Cunningham. "And as resolute of late yeares was the answere of Verdugo a Spaniard, Commander in Friseland, to certaine of the Spanish Nobiltie, who murmured at a great feast, the sonne of a Hang-man should take place aboue them (for so he was, and his name importeth): 'Gentlemen, (quoth he,) question not my birth, or who my Father was, I am the sonne of mine owne desert and Fortune; if any man dares as much as I have done, let him come and take the Tables end with all my heart'." Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*, &c., p. 17. ed. 1622.

THE CHANCES.

P. 245. "*Fred.* And one of no less worth *then* I assure you."—Read "than".

P. 248. "*Basta*]" See note, vol. ix. 414.

P. 297. "*Britain Matthewglin*]" The following lines occur in B. Barnes's *Divils Charter*, 1607;

> "By purple Aligant the bloudy gyant,
> And leaden-headed Hollock pure and pliant,
> By Birrha Martia, and by Sydrack sweete,
> Who did with *Mathew Glynne* in combat meete," &c. Sig. F. 2.

MONSIEUR THOMAS.

P. 379. "*use*] i. e. usury". Here again "*use*" ought to have been explained—interest, considering the sense which we now attach to *usury*.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

This play is founded on a tale, of which I find a French translation among the *Nouvelles de Cervantes*, ed. 1731,—*Histoire de Ruis Dias Espagnol, et de Quixaire Princesse des Molugues*. The French translator prefaces it by saying; "Il [Cervantes] en admiroit qu'il n'avoit point faits, et il se fit un plaisir de les traduire. Voici une de ces Nouvelles qu'il voulut bien mettre en sa propre Langue, il la tira des Mémoires des Indes". I have, however, vainly looked for the Spanish of this tale, in the collections of Cervantes's novels.——Fletcher has in some particulars deviated from the novel. The deliverer of the King of Tidor is, according to the novel, a relation of that monarch, and named Cuchiz Salama: Fletcher has changed him into a Portugueze called Armusia. Roque Peynere, the nephew of Ruis Dias, is, according to the novel, a thorough villain: being himself violently enamoured of Quixaire, he assures her that Ruis Dias had basely deceived her; and he declares to her that he is ready to murder his uncle. "Le desespoir où étoit la Princesse fit qu'elle écouta Peynere tranquillement. Il est vrai qu'elle n'accepta pas l'offre qu'il lui fit; mais elle ne lui défendit point de tremper ses mains parricides dans le sang du malheureux Dias. Peynere continua pendant quelques jours à lui tenir des discours semblables. Quixaire ne répondit jamais positivement. Mais Peynere qui voyoit bien d'un côté que la Princesse étoit convaincuë que Dias ne l'aimoit point, et qui concluoit d'une autre qu'il ne pouvoit manquer de se faire aimer des que Dias et Salama ne seroient plus, Peynere, le dénaturé Peynere, forma la lâche résolution de les massacrer tous deux de ses propres mains". Peynere accordingly despatches Ruy Dias while asleep in bed:

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he then proceeds to the palace to inform the princess of the deed. As he is about to enter the apartment of Quixaire, he meets Salama (whom the princess had by this time accepted for her husband) coming out of it. Peynere instantly attacks Salama ; but the latter, " qui avoit quelque pressentiment du dessein de Peynere ", is on his guard, and soon lays him dead at his feet. Salama now marries Quixaire ; and, on the death of her brother, becomes King of Tidor.—It is not without reason that the novelist adds, speaking of Quixaire, " Il y a en effet dans cette Princesse quelque chose qui ne plait pas trop ".

P. 465. " And when *he* stands disputing, when you bid him", &c.—The reading " *he* " is confirmed by a passage in *The Wild-goose-Chase*, vol. viii. 191 ;

> "*Bel.* Is there ne'er a land
> That you have read or heard of * *
> * * * * * * * *
> For thither would I travel ; where 'tis felony
> To confess *he* had a mother ; a mistress, treason."

VOL. VIII.

THE PILGRIM.

P. 31. " *Pedro.* What poor evasions thou build'st on, to abuse me "—The exclamation-point has dropt out from the end of this line.

P. 40. " Shall we ne'er happy meet ! "—For the exclamation-point put an interrogation-point.

P. 46. " *a royal*] " Does not mean a spur-royal, but the Spanish coin, a real. This correction applies to another note on the present play, p. 62.

P. 46. " *Basta*] " See note, vol. ix. 414

P. 56. " I fear me there's *old* tumbling."—" Upon this ", observes the critic in Churton's *Lit. Register for April*, 1845 ", Mr. Dyce quotes from Weber : ' This is another proof that *old* was very commonly used for an *augmentative*. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing* (a. 5. s. 2) Ursula says to Beatrice, ' Madam, you must come to your uncle ; yonder 's *old* coil at home '. Surely there never was such an unlucky pair of guessers as these men ; in both the instances quoted, *old* means, as it so often does, nothing more than *usual, customary, that which has been wont to be.* They stumble at straws, and break their shins over feathers ".—Now, if Weber and myself are " unlucky guessers ", it happens that Messrs. Malone, Steevens, Collier, Knight, Nares, Richardson, and Todd are in the same predicament : see the notes of the commentators on the above cited passage of Shakespeare, and on *King Henry IV. P. ii*, act. ii. sc. 4,—Nares's *Gloss.* in v.,—Richardson's excellent *Dictionary* in v.,—and Todd's *Johnson's Dictionary* in v., where the addition is—" *Old* is a common expression, in the middle and northern parts of England, for *great*, without burlesque intention."

P. 65. " *For so* I can say my prayers, and then slumber ".—The critic in Churton's *Lit. Register for April*, 1845, insists that we must read " *Forsooth* I can ", &c. I believe that the text is right, and that " *For so* " means—For in that case (if I do " go sleep " as you bid me) I can, &c.

P. 67. " But we are far enough off on 'em, that 's the best on 't ".—" Sense and metre ", says the critic in Churton's *Lit. Register for April* 1845, " alike prove the first *on* to be an interpolation, but Mr. Dyce can absolutely see nothing. Read,

> ' But we are far enough off 'em, that 's the best on 't.' "

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The confidence of this critic is amusing enough. In the first place, he does not perceive that here "*on*" means *of* (the expression "off on 'em" is very common in old writers). In the second place, why should he be anxious about *exact metre* in a line which is so soon followed by *one of fifteen syllables*,—

"The very brats in their mothers' bellies have their qualities"?

P. 80. *What dost thou think me mad?*"—In my note I have explained "*what*", "i. e. for what, why", referring to other passages of these plays.—On this explanation the critic in Churton's *Lit. Register for April* 1845, remarks; "Surely such abominable ignorance of the old phraseology was never before displayed by any one undertaking the office of editor. *What* is merely an exclamation, used much as we now use the word *how*". I have already (in a note, vol. ix. 163) collected various passages from B. and F., where, as in the present one, *what* is equivalent to *why*: here is another instance;

> "*Beau.* I could wish Dinant—
> But *what* talk I of one that stepp'd aside,
> And durst not come?" *The Little French Lawyer*, vol. iii. 503.

Examples of the word employed in the same sense by other writers are innumerable. I subjoin a few:

> "Thus when he had contryu'd in his hart this desperat outrage,
> And meante fully to dy, with an hellish fury bewitched,
> *What* doe I stay, qd he, now? 'tis losse of tyme to be lingring", &c.
> Fraunce's *Countess of Pembroke's Ivy-church*, Part Sec., 1591, Sig. L.

> "But *what* do I accuse my fathers hest,
> What mean I heere th' unfaultie for to blame?"
> *Mirour for Magistrates*, p. 22. ed. 1610.

> "With that, my Sabrines slender armes embrast
> Me round, and would not let me so depart.
> Let me (quoth she) for her the waters tast,
> Or let vs both together end our smart;
> Yea, rather rip you forth my tender heart:
> *What should I liue?* But they the child withdrew,
> And me into the raging streame they threw". *Id.* p. 37.

> "*What* preach I now? I am a man of warre", &c. *Id.* p. 311.

> "*What* should I stay to tell the long discourse?"
> Who wan the Palme", &c. *Id.* p. 416.

THE WILD-GOOSE-CHASE.

P. 103. *Prefatory remarks*, l. 16. For "vol. v. 3." read "vol. vi. 3."

P. 157. "*bye and main*] Chapman uses these terms in a very grave poem;

> "Any ill
> Is to their appetites their supreme good,
> And sweeter then their necessary food.
> All men almost in all things they apply,
> *The By the Maine* make, and *the Maine the By*".
> *Andromeda Liberata*, 1614, Sig. C 2.

P. 173, *last note*. For "p. 214, l. 7." read, "p. 214, l. 6."

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THE PROPHETESS.

P. 228. "Were treason to true *love*, that knows no pleasure", &c.—In some copies the *l* has dropt out from the word "*love*".

P. 242. "*For gravel for the Appian way, and pills*".—In some copies the full point has dropt out from the end of this line.

THE SPANISH CURATE.

P. 400. "*a royal*]" Here, and again in the same play, pp. 410, 442, the word means—the Spanish real: see the second additional remark on *The Pilgrim*, p. ci.

P. 416. "*Cataia*] 'The ancient name for China'. WEBER". Again in a note on this play, p. 436, Weber remarks, "The vicar is here made to betray his ignorance, for Cataia was only the more ancient name by which China was known in Europe". Our early writers, indeed, frequently considered *Cataia* and *China* as the same: but the vicar makes no mistake. "*De Cathaio et China.* Next beyond Tartaria, on the North-east part of Asia, lyeth a great country, called *Cathaie* or *Cathaia;* the boundes whereof extend themselues, on the North and East, to the vttermost seas, and, on the South, to *China* - - - - - - On the South side of *Cathaie* and Easte parte of Asia, next to the sea, lyeth *China*". Abbot's *Briefe Description of the whole worlde*, &c, 1599, 4to, sig. B 2.

P. 417. "for to that *Lopez*,
That was my father's friend, I had a charge,
A charge of money, to deliver, gentlemen", &c.

So the passage ought to stand. In all the copies of this work, "*Lopez*" is printed "*Iopez*", and, in some, the comma has dropt out from the end of the second line.

P. 471. "*See, where the sea comes! how it foams and brustles!*]" Compare Chapman's *Bussy D' Ambois;*

"'tis like the sea
That * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
Bristled with surges, neuer will be wonne", &c. Sig. B 3, ed. 1608.

P. 474. "*basta*]" See note, vol. ix. 414.

P. 492. "*Viol.* No, Jamie;
He shall make up the mess."

A *mess* means—four. See note, vol. x. 48.

VOL. IX.

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

P. 425. *Second note.* For "The *old* have no stage-direction here", read "The *old eds.* have", &c.

P. 439. "*that, sir, time has taught us*]" To the examples of "sir" occurring in soliloquies, the following may be added from the Sec. Part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida:* Antonio, who has entered "*solus*", concludes his soliloquy by saying,

"Loe, *sir*, I am sped:
My breast is Golgotha, graue for the deade". Sig. H. 4, ed. 1602.

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VOL. X.

THE NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

P. 154. *Second note, last line but one.* For "So in act v. sc. 2", read "So in act v. sc. 1."

P. 155. "*Fifth Gent.* You 're *fairly* met, good Monsieur Mount-Marine."—The old reading "faithfully" ought not to have been disturbed. Compare a passage in *The Nice Valour*, p. 323 of the same vol.;

> "*La-Nove.* Now 'tis so well, I 'll leave you.
> *First Bro. Faithfully* welcome, sir. [*Exit La-Nove.*"

THE ELDER BROTHER.

P. 238. *Note.* I may add the following passage: "And now (*for a Parenthesis*) comes in mine Hoste," &c. *Exemplarie Novels* (from the Spanish of Cervantes), 1640, p. 16.

P. 241. *First note.*—Compare a passage at the commencement of *The Wisdome of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600;

> "And that faire artificiall hand of yours
> Were fitter to haue painted *heauens faire storie*,
> Then here to worke on antickes and on me."

THE NICE VALOUR.

P. 301. "*your English Countess*]" Perhaps Godiva, the heroine of Coventry, is meant.

P. 362.

> "thinking indeed
> 'Twill prove too great a benefit and help
> For one that 's new set up; they know their way,
> And make him warden ere his beard be grey."

The proper punctuation is,—

> "- - - - - -
> For one that 's new set up (they know their way),
> And make him warden ere his beard be grey".

THE BLOODY BROTHER.

P. 426. "*For the stay, &c.*]" Mason's explanation is right on the whole; but "*stay*" is rather *forbearance* than *delay*:

> "and some people haue
> Some *stay*, no more than kings should giue, to craue."
> Donne's *Anat. of the World*,—*Poems*, p. 249, ed. 1633.

VOL. XI.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

P. 414. "desire to eat with her, *carve her*, drink to her", &c.—That Seward and Mr. Knight were wrong in making the alteration, "*carve* for *her*", is proved by the following line of Beaumont's *Remedy of Love*, p. 483 of the same vol.,—

> "Drink to him, *carve him*, give him compliment."

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DEDICATION OF THE PLAYERS.

PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1647.

To the Right Honourable Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, Baron Herbert of Cardiff and Shurland, Lord Parr and Ross of Kendal, Lord Fitzhugh, Marmyon, and Saint Quintin, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, and one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council; and our singular good Lord.

My Lord,

There is none among all the names of honour that hath more encouraged the legitimate Muses of this latter age than that which is owing to your family; whose coronet shines bright with the native lustre of its own jewels, which, with the access of some beams of Sidney twisted with their flame, presents a constellation from whose influence all good may be still expected upon wit and learning.

At this truth we rejoice; but yet aloof, and in our own valley; for we dare not approach with any capacity in ourselves to apply your smile, since we have only preserved, as trustees to the ashes of the authors, what we exhibit to your honour, it being no more our own than those imperial crowns and garlands were the soldiers' who were honourably designed for their conveyance before the triumpher to the Capitol.

But directed by the example of some[a] who once steered in

[a] *the example of some*, &c.] "i. e. Heminge and Condell, who in 1623 published the first edition of Shakespeare's Works. They dedicated them to this same nobleman, then Earl of Montgomery, and his elder brother, William Earl of Pembroke." *Ed.* 1778.

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our quality, and so fortunately aspired to choose your Honour, joined with your (now glorified) brother, patrons to the flowing compositions of the then expired sweet swan of Avon, Shakespeare; and since, more particularly bound to your lordship's most constant and diffusive goodness, from which we did for many calm years derive a subsistence to ourselves, and protection to the scene (now withered, and condemned, as we fear, to a long winter and sterility), we have presumed to offer to yourself what before was never printed of these authors.

Had they been less than all the treasure we had contracted in the whole age of poesy (some few poems of their own excepted, which, already published, command their entertainment with all lovers of art and language), or were they not the most justly admired and beloved pieces of wit and the world, we should have taught ourselves a less ambition.

Be pleased to accept this humble tender of our duties; and, till we fail in our obedience to all your commands, vouchsafe we may be known by the cognizance and character of,

My Lord,

Your Honour's most bounden,

John Lowin,	Joseph Taylor,
Richard Robinson,	Robert Benfeild,
Eylærd Swanston,	Thomas Pollard,
Hugh Clearke,	William Allen,
Stephen Hammerton,	Theophilus Byrd.

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TO THE READER.

PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1647.

Poetry is the child of nature, which, regulated and made beautiful by art, presenteth the most harmonious of all other compositions; among which (if we rightly consider) the dramatical is the most absolute, in regard of those transcendent abilities which should wait upon the composer; who must have more than the instruction of libraries (which of itself is but a cold contemplative knowledge), there being required in him a soul miraculously knowing and conversing with all mankind, enabling him to express not only the phlegm and folly of thick-skinned men, but the strength and maturity of the wise, the air and insinuations of the court, the discipline and resolution of the soldier, the virtues and passions of every noble condition, nay, the counsels and characters of the greatest princes.

This, you will say, is a vast comprehension, and hath not happened in many ages. Be it, then, remembered, to the glory of our own, that all these are demonstrative and met in Beaumont and Fletcher, whom but to mention, is to throw a cloud upon all former names, and benight posterity; this book being, without flattery, the greatest monument of the scene that time and humanity have produced, and must live, not only the crown and sole reputation of our own, but the stain of all other nations and languages; for, it may be boldly averred, not one indiscretion hath branded this paper in all the lines, this being the authentic wit that made Blackfriars

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an academy, where the three hours' spectacle, while Beaumont and Fletcher were presented, was[a] usually of more advantage to the hopeful young heir than a costly, dangerous foreign travel, with the assistance of a governing monsieur or signor to boot; and it cannot be denied but that the young spirits of the time, whose birth and quality made them impatient of the sourer ways of education, have, from the attentive hearing these pieces, got ground in point of wit and carriage of the most severely-employed students, while these recreations were digested into rules, and the very pleasure did edify: how many passable discoursing dining wits stand yet in good credit upon the bare stock of two or three of these single scenes!

And now, reader, in this tragical age, where the theatre hath been so much out-acted, congratulate thy own happiness, that, in this silence of the stage, thou hast a liberty to read these inimitable plays, to dwell and converse in these immortal groves, which were only shewed our fathers in a conjuring-glass, as suddenly removed as represented; the landscrap[b] is now brought home by this optic, and the press, thought too pregnant before, shall be now looked upon as greatest benefactor to Englishmen, that must acknowledge all the felicity of wit and words to this derivation.

You may here find passions raised to that excellent pitch, and by such insinuating degrees, that you shall not choose but consent and go along with them, finding yourself at last grown insensibly the very same person you read; and then stand admiring the subtile tracks of your engagement. Fall on a scene of love, and you will never believe the writers could have the least room left in their souls for another passion; peruse a scene of manly rage, and you would swear they cannot be expressed by the same hands; but both are so excellently

[a] *was*] Old ed. "were."

[b] *landscrap*] Altered by the modern editors to "landscape"; but, as the word is variously spelt by our early writers, the present very unusual form is perhaps not an error of the press.

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wrought, you must confess none but the same hands could work them.

Would thy melancholy have a cure? thou shalt laugh at Democritus himself, and but reading one piece of this comic variety, find thy exalted fancy in Elysium; and, when thou art sick of this cure, (for the excess of delight may too much dilate thy soul,) thou shalt meet almost in every leaf a soft purling passion or spring of sorrow, so powerfully wrought high by the tears of innocence and wronged lovers, it shall persuade thy eyes to weep into the stream, and yet smile when they contribute to their own ruins.

Infinitely more might be said of these rare copies; but let the ingenuous [c] reader peruse them, and he will find them so able to speak their own worth, that they need not come into the world with a trumpet, since any one of these incomparable pieces, well understood, will prove a preface to the rest; and if the reader can taste the best wit ever trod our English stage, he will be forced himself to become a breathing panegyric to them all.

Not to detain or prepare thee longer, be as capricious and sick-brained as ignorance and malice can make thee, here thou art rectified; or be as healthful as the inward calm of an honest heart, learning, and temper, can state thy disposition, yet this book may be thy fortunate concernment and companion.

It is not so remote in time but very many gentlemen may remember these authors; and some, familiar in their conversation, deliver them upon every pleasant occasion so fluent, to talk a comedy. He must be a bold man that dares undertake to write their lives: what I have to say is, we have the precious remains; and, as the wisest contemporaries acknowledge they lived a miracle, I am very confident this volume cannot die without one.

[c] *ingenuous*] Used here (as it frequently is by our old writers) for—ingenious.

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What more specially concern[s] these authors and their works, is told thee by another hand, in the following Epistle of the Stationer to the Readers.

Farewell: read, and fear not thine own understanding; this book will create a clear one in thee; and when thou hast considered thy purchase, thou wilt call the price of it a charity to thyself, and at the same time forgive

Thy friend, and these authors' humble admirer,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

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THE STATIONER TO THE READERS.

PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1647.

GENTLEMEN,

Before you engage farther, be pleased to take notice of these particulars. You have here a new book; I can speak it clearly; for of all this large volume of comedies and tragedies, not one, till now, was ever printed before. A collection of plays is commonly but a new impression, the scattered pieces which were printed single being then only re-published together: 'tis otherwise here.

Next, as it is all new, so here is not any thing spurious or imposed: I had the originals from such as received them from the authors themselves; by those, and none other, I publish this edition.

And as here's nothing but what is genuine and theirs, so you will find here are no omissions; you have not only all I could get, but all that you must ever expect: for, besides those which were formerly printed, there is not any piece written by these authors, either jointly or severally, but what are now published to the world in this volume [c]. One only play I must except (for I mean to deal openly); 'tis a comedy called *The Wild-Goose Chase* [d], which hath been long

[c] *but what are now published to the world in this volume.*] "The stationer, for the credit of his book, makes an assertion in this place which is not borne out by the fact, as we know, from unquestionable authority, that several plays are lost, probably irrecoverably." WEBER.

[d] *The Wild-Goose Chase*] It was published in 1652 by the two players, Lowin and Taylor, who were then reduced to poverty: see prefatory matter to that comedy.

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lost, and, I fear, irrecoverable; for a person of quality borrowed it from the actors many years since, and, by the negligence of a servant, it was never returned; therefore now I put up this *si quis*, that whosoever hereafter happily meets with it shall be thankfully satisfied, if he please to send it home.

Some plays, you know, written by these authors, were heretofore printed: I thought not convenient to mix them with this volume, which of itself is entirely new. And, indeed, it would have rendered the book so voluminous, that ladies and gentlewomen would have found it scarce manageable, who in works of this nature must first be remembered. Besides, I considered those former pieces had been so long printed and reprinted, that many gentlemen were already furnished; and I would have none say they pay twice for the same book.

One thing I must answer before it be objected; 'tis this. When these comedies and tragedies were presented on the stage, the actors omitted some scenes and passages, with the authors' consent, as occasion led them; and when private friends desired a copy, they then, and justly too, transcribed what they acted: but now you have both all that was acted, and all that was not; even the perfect full originals [e], without the least mutilation; so that were the authors living, (and, sure, they can never die,) they themselves would challenge neither more nor less than what is here published; this volume being now so complete and finished, that the reader must expect no future alterations.

For literal errors committed by the printer, 'tis the fashion to ask pardon, and as much in fashion to take no notice of him that asks it; but in this also I have done my endeavour. 'Twere vain to mention the chargeableness of this work; for those who owned the manuscripts too well knew their value to

[e] *even the perfect full originals*] This assertion is certainly not true with respect to some of the plays, and is, in all probability, untrue as regards many of them.

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make a cheap estimate of any of these pieces; and though another joined with me in the purchase and printing, yet the care and pains was wholly mine, which I found to be more than you'll easily imagine, unless you knew into how many hands the originals were dispersed: they are all now happily met in this book, having escaped these public troubles free and unmangled. Heretofore, when gentlemen desired but a copy of any of these plays, the meanest piece here (if any may be called mean where every one is best,) cost them more than four times the price you pay for the whole volume.

I should scarce have adventured in these slippery times on such a work as this, if knowing persons had not generally assured me that these authors were the most unquestionable wits this kingdom hath afforded. Master Beaumont was ever acknowledged a man of a most strong and searching brain, and, his years considered, the most judicious wit these later ages have produced: he died young, for (which was an invaluable loss to this nation) he left the world when he was not full thirty years old. Master Fletcher survived, and lived till almost fifty; whereof the world now enjoys the benefit. It was once in my thoughts to have printed Master Fletcher's works by themselves, because single and alone he would make a just volume; but, since never parted while they lived, I conceived it not equitable to separate their ashes.

It becomes not me to say, though it be a known truth, that these authors had not only high unexpressible gifts of nature, but also excellent acquired parts, being furnished with arts and sciences by that liberal education they had at the university, which, sure, is the best place to make a great wit understand itself; this their works will soon make evident. I was very ambitious to have got Master Beaumont's picture; but could not possibly, though I spared no inquiry in those noble families whence he was descended, as also among those gentlemen that were his acquaintance when he was of the Inner-Temple: the best pictures, and those most like him, you'll

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find in this volume. This figure of Master Fletcher[f] was cut by several original pieces, which his friends lent me; but withal they tell me, that his unimitable soul did shine through his countenance in such air and spirit, that the painters confessed it was not easy to express him: as much as could be you have here, and the graver hath done his part.

Whatever I have seen of Master Fletcher's own hand is free from interlining; and his friends affirm he never writ any one thing twice: it seems he had that rare felicity to prepare and perfect all first in his own brain; to shape and attire his notions, to add or lop off, before he committed one word to writing, and never touched pen till all was to stand as firm and immutable as if engraven in brass or marble. But I keep you too long from those friends[g] of his, whom 'tis fitter for you to read; only accept of the honest endeavours of

One that is a servant to you all,

HUMPHREY MOSELEY.

AT THE PRINCE'S ARMS, IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD,
Feb. 14*th*, 1646.

[f] *This figure of Master Fletcher*] i. e. the portrait, engraved by Marshall. For the Latin verses under it, see the last copy but one of the commendatory poems.

[g] *those friends*, &c.] "Alluding to the commendatory verses which follow next in the first folio." WEBER.

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THE BOOKSELLERS TO THE READER.

PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1679.

COURTEOUS READER,

The first edition of these plays in this volume having found that acceptance as to give us encouragement to make a second impression, we were very desirous they might come forth as correct as might be. And we were very opportunely informed of a copy which an ingenious and worthy gentleman had taken the pains, or rather the pleasure, to read over; wherein he had all along corrected [h] several faults, some very gross, which had crept in by the frequent imprinting of them: his corrections were the more to be valued, because he had an intimacy with both our authors, and had been a spectator of most of them when they were acted in their life-time. This, therefore, we resolved to purchase at any rate, and, accordingly, with no small cost, obtained it. From the same hand also we received several prologues and epilogues [i], with the songs appertaining to each play, which were not in the former edition, but are now inserted in their proper places. Besides, in this edition you have the addition of no fewer than seventeen plays more than were in the former, which we have taken the pains and care to collect, and print out of quarto in this volume, which, for distinction sake, are marked with a star in the catalogue of them facing the first page of

[h] *he had all along corrected*, &c.] "Notwithstanding this boast, in many plays the first folio is more correct than the second." *Ed.* 1778.

[i] *several prologues and epilogues*, &c.] "Several of these had been previously printed in Beaumont's Poems [1653]." WEBER.

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the book. And whereas in several of the plays there were wanting the names of the persons represented therein, in this edition you have them all prefixed, with their qualities, which will be a great ease to the reader. Thus, every way perfect and complete, have you all, both tragedies and comedies, that were ever writ by our authors, a pair of the greatest wits and most ingenious poets of their age; from whose worth we should but detract by our most studied commendations.

If our care and endeavours to do our authors right, in an incorrupt and genuine edition of their works, and thereby to gratify and oblige the reader, be but requited with a suitable entertainment, we shall be encouraged to bring Ben Jonson's two volumes into one, and publish them in this form, and also to reprint old Shakespeare; both which are designed by

Yours,

Ready to serve you,

JOHN MARTYN,
HENRY HERRINGMAN,
RICHARD MARIOT.

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COMMENDATORY POEMS

ON

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Prefixed to the Folio of 1647 [a].

TO THE STATIONER.

TELL the sad world that now the labouring press
Has brought forth safe a child of happiness;
The frontispiece [b] will satisfy the wise
And good so well, they will not grudge the price.
'Tis not all kingdoms join'd in one could buy
(If priz'd aright) so true a library
Of man; where we the characters may find
Of every nobler and each baser mind.
Desert has here reward in one good line
For all it lost, for all it might repine;
Vile and ignobler things are open laid,
The truth of their false colours are display'd:
You'll say the poet 's both best judge and priest;
No guilty soul abides so sharp a test
As their smooth pen; for what these rare men writ
Commands the world, both honesty and wit.

GRANDISON [c].

[a] The folio of 1679 retains only (and in the following order) those by Waller, Denham, Jonson, Corbet, Earle, Cartwright (his first copy), Palmer, Maine, Berkenhead, L'Estrange, and Stanley.

To this original collection of commendatory poems I have added nothing, except the Latin lines by Berkenhead below the engraved portrait of Fletcher, and Sir John Beaumont's Epitaph on his brother. For other commendatory verses,—see the prefatory matter to *The Faithful Shepherdess*, *Monsieur Thomas*, *The Wild-Goose Chase*, and Beaumont's *Poems*.

[b] *The frontispiece*] i. e. the portrait of Fletcher, engraved by Marshall.

[c] *Grandison*] Was, most probably, John Villiers, the second Viscount Grandison. He succeeded to the title in 1643, on the death of his brother William (celebrated by Clarendon), who died at Oxford in consequence of the wounds he had received at the siege of Bristol: but the date of his own death is uncertain; we can only learn (as I am obligingly informed by C. G. Young, Esq. York Herald), that he died before 1672. *Saint Chrysostome, his Parœnesis, &c. Translated by the Lord Viscount Grandison, Prisoner in the Tower*, 1654, is, I apprehend, the work of John, Viscount Grandison,—not of his brother William (to whom it is assigned by Park—Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*, v. 188.)

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IN MEMORY OF MASTER JOHN FLETCHER.

Methought our Fletcher, weary of this crowd,
Wherein so few have wit, yet all are loud,
Unto Elysium fled, where he alone
Might his own wit admire, and ours bemoan ;
But soon upon those flowery banks a throng,
Worthy of those even numbers which he sung,
Appear'd, and though those ancient laureates strive,
When dead themselves, whose raptures should survive,
For his temples all their own bays allows,
Not sham'd to see him crown'd, with naked brows.
Homer his beautiful Achilles nam'd,
Urging, his brain with Jove's might well be fam'd,
Since it brought forth one full of beauty's charms,
As was his Pallas, and as bold in arms ;
King and No King. But when he the brave Arbaces saw, one
That sav'd his people's dangers by his own,
And saw Tigranes by his hand undone
Without the help of any Myrmidon,
He then confess'd, when next he'd Hector slay,
That he must borrow him from Fletcher's play :
This might have been the shame for which he bid
His Iliads in a nutshell should be hid.
Virgil of his Æneas next begun,
Whose godlike form and tongue so soon had won
That queen of Carthage and of beauty too,
Two powers the whole world else were slaves unto,
Urging, that prince, for to repair his fault
On earth, boldly in hell his mistress sought ;
The Maid's Tragedy. But when he Amintor saw revenge that wrong,
For which the sad Aspasia sigh'd so long,
Upon himself, to shades hasting away,
Not for to make a visit, but to stay,
He then did modestly confess how far
Fletcher outdid him in a charactar :
Now lastly for a refuge Virgil shews
The lines where Corydon Alexis wooes ;
But those in opposition quickly met
The Faithful Shepherdess. The smooth-tongu'd Perigot and Amoret,
A pair whom doubtless had the others seen,
They from their own loves had apostates been :
Thus Fletcher did the fam'd laureate exceed,
Both when his trumpet sounded and his reed.

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Now, if the ancients yield that heretofore
None worthier than those e'er laurel wore,
The least our age can say, now thou art gone,
Is that there never will be such a one;
And since t' express thy worth our rhymes too narrow be,
To help it we'll be ample in our prophecy.

H. Howard[d].

ON MASTER JOHN FLETCHER,
AND HIS WORKS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

To flatter living fools is easy slight[e],
But hard to do the living-dead men right;
To praise a landed lord is gainful art,
But thankless to pay tribute to desert.
This should have been my task: I had intent
To bring my rubbish to thy monument,
To stop some crannies there, but that I found
No need of least repair, all firm and sound.
Thy well-built fame doth still itself advance
Above the world's mad zeal and ignorance:
Though thou diedst not possess'd of that same pelf,
Which nobler souls call dirt, the city, wealth,
Yet thou hast left unto the times so great
A legacy, a treasure so complete,
That 'twill be hard, I fear, to prove thy will;
Men will be wrangling, and in doubting still,
How so vast sums of wit were left behind,
And yet nor debts nor sharers they can find.
'Twas the kind providence of fate to lock
Some of this treasure up; and keep a stock
For a reserve until these sullen days,
When scorn, and want, and danger, are the bays
That crown the head of merit: but now he,
Who in thy will hath part, is rich and free.
But there's a caveat enter'd by command,
None should pretend but those can understand.

Henry Moody, Baronet.[f]

[d] *H. Howard*] Concerning this person I know nothing.

[e] *slight*] i. e. artifice, contrivance.

[f] *Henry Moody, Baronet*] "Was of the number of those gentlemen who had honorary degrees conferred [on them] by King Charles the First, at his return to Oxford, after the battle of Edgehill." Seward.

Henry Moody, Esq., of Garesdon in Wiltshire, was created a baronet in 1621-2, and died

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ON MASTER FLETCHER'S WORKS.

THOUGH poets have a license, which they use
As th' ancient privilege of their free Muse,
Yet whether this be leave enough for me
To write, great bard, an eulogy for thee,
Or whether to commend thy work, will stand
Both with the laws of verse and of the land,
Were to put doubts might raise a discontent
Between the Muses and the [Parliament].
I'll none of that. There's desperate wits that be,
As their immortal laurel, thunder-free;
Whose personal virtues, 'bove the laws of fate,
Supply the room of personal estate;
And, thus enfranchis'd, safely may rehearse,
Rapt in a lofty strain, their own neck-verse[g]:
For he that gives the bays to thee, must then
First take it from the military men;
He must untriumph conquests, bid 'em stand,
Question the strength of their victorious hand;
He must act new things, or go near the sin,—
Reader, as near as you and I have been[h];
He must be that which he that tries will swear
It is not good being so another year.
And now that thy great name I've brought to this,
To do it honour is to do amiss,
What's to be done to those that shall refuse
To celebrate, great soul, thy noble Muse?
Shall the poor state of all those wandering things[i]
Thy stage once rais'd to emperors and kings;
Shall rigid forfeitures, that reach our heirs,
Of things that only fill with cares and fears;
Shall the privation of a friendless life,
Made up of contradictions and strife;
Shall he be entity would antedate
His own poor name and thine annihilate?
Shall these be judgments great enough for one
That dares not write thee an encomion?

about 1632. He was succeeded by his son Sir Henry Moody, who sold the estate of Garesdon, and settled in New England, where he is presumed to have died in 1662: see Burke's *Ext. and Dor. Baronetcies*, &c. These verses were, of course, composed by the latter Sir Henry Moody.

[g] *neck-verse*] i. e. the verse (generally the beginning of the 51st Psalm, *Miserere mei*, &c.) read by a criminal to entitle him to benefit of clergy.

[h] *been*] The author probably wrote "bin."

[i] *those wandering things*] i. e. the players, during the suppression of the theatres.

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Then where am I? But now I've thought upon't,
I'll praise thee more than all have ventured on't.
I'll take thy noble work, and, like the trade
Where, for a heap of salt, pure gold is laid,
I'll lay thy volume, that huge tome of wit,
About in ladies' closets, where they sit
Enthron'd in their own wills: and if she be
A laic sister, she'll straight fly to thee;
But if a holy habit she have on,
Or be some novice, she'll scarce look upon
Thy lines at first; but watch her then a while,
And you shall see her steal a gentle smile
Upon thy title, put thee nearer yet,
Breathe on thy lines a whisper, and then set
Her voice up to the measures; then begin
To bless the hour and happy state she's in;
Now she lays by her characters[i], and looks
With a stern eye on all her pretty books;
She's now thy votaress, and the just crown
She brings thee with it, is worth half the town.
I'll send thee to the army; they that fight
Will read thy tragedies with some delight,
Be all thy reformadoes, fancy scars
And pay too, in thy speculative wars.
I'll send thy comic scenes to some of those
That for a great while have play'd fast and loose;
New universalists, by changing shapes,
Have made with wit and fortune fair escapes.
Then shall the country, that poor tennis-ball
Of angry fate, receive thy pastoral[j],
And from it learn those melancholy strains
Fed the afflicted souls of primitive swains.
Thus the whole world to reverence will flock
Thy tragic buskin and thy comic sock[k];
And wingèd Fame unto posterity
Transmit but only two, this age and thee.

THOMAS PEYTON,[l]
Agricola Anglo-Cantianus.

[i] *characters*] i. e., I suppose, Emblems (not books of Characters).

[j] *thy pastoral*] i. e. *The Faithful Shepherdess.*

[k] *sock*] Old ed. "stock."

[l] *Thomas Peyton*] Most probably the "Thomas Peyton of Lincoln's Inn," who was author of *The Glasse of Time in the two first Ages, divinely handled*, 1620.

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ON THE DECEASED AUTHOR, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER HIS PLAYS, AND ESPECIALLY THE MAD LOVER.

WHILST his well-organ'd body doth retreat
To its first matter, and the formal heat
Triumphant sits in judgment, to approve
Pieces above our candour[1] and our love,
Such as dare boldly venture to appear
Unto the curious eye and critic ear;
Lo, *The Mad Lover* in these various times
Is press'd to life, t' accuse us of our crimes!
While Fletcher liv'd, who equal to him writ
Such lasting monuments of natural wit?
Others might draw their lines with sweat, like those
That with much pains a garrison enclose,
Whilst his sweet fluent vein did gently run,
As uncontrol'd and smoothly as the sun.
After his death, our theatres did make
Him in his own unequall'd language speak;
And now, when all the Muses out of their
Approvèd modesty silent appear,
This play of Fletcher's braves the envious light,
As wonder of our ears once, now our sight.
Three-and-fourfold-blest[m] poet, who the lives
Of poets and of theatres survives!
A groom or ostler of some wit may bring
His Pegasus to the Castalian spring;
Boast, he a race o'er the Pharsalian plain
Or happy Tempe-valley dares maintain;
Brag, at one leap, upon the double cliff,
(Were it as high as monstrous Teneriffe,)
Of far-renown'd Parnassus he will get,
And there, t' amaze the world, confirm his seat:
When our admirèd Fletcher vaunts not aught,
And slighted every thing he writ as naught;
While all our English wondering world in's cause
Made this great city echo with applause.
Read him, therefore, all that can read, and those
That cannot, learn, if you're not learning's foes,

[1] *candour*] "i. e. indulgence or favour." Heath's *M.S. Notes.* This reading, found also in Sir A. Cokaine's *Poems*, 1658, was altered by Theobald to "censure;" and so his successors.

[m] *blest*] Sir A. Cokaine's *Poems*, 1658, "best."

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And wilfully resolvèd to refuse
The gentle raptures of this happy Muse.
From thy great constellation, noble soul,
Look on this kingdom ; suffer not the whole
Spirit of poesy retire to heaven,
But make us entertain what thou hast given.
Earthquakes and thunder diapasons make ;
The sea's vast roar, and irresistless shake
Of horrid winds, a sympathy compose ;
So in these things[n] there's music in the close ;
And though they seem great discords in our ears,
They are not so to them above the spheres[o].
Granting these [p] music, how much sweeter 's that
Mnemosyne's daughters' voices do create ?
Since heaven, and earth, and seas, and air consent
To make an harmony, (the instrument
Their own agreeing selves,) shall we refuse
The music which the deities do use ?
Troy's ravish'd Ganymede doth sing to Jove,
And Phœbus' self plays on his lyre above.
The Cretan gods, or glorious men, who will
Imitate right, must wonder at thy skill,
Best poet of thy times, or he will prove
As mad as thy brave Memnon [q] was with love.

Aston Cokaine, Baronet[r].

[n] *So in these things*] *Ibid.* "*So* that *in these.*"

[o] *They are not so to them above the spheres*] *Ibid.* "The cause is *not* in *them*, but in our fears."

[p] *these*] *Ibid.* "them."

[q] *Memnon*] See *The Mad Lover.*

[r] *Aston Cokaine, Baronet*] The son of Thomas Cokaine, Esqre., of Ashbourne Hall in Derbyshire and of Pooley in Warwickshire, was born in 1608, (according to his own account) at Elvaston in Derbyshire, the seat of the family of his mother, Anne, daughter of Sir John Stanhope of Elvaston, Knight, (though it appears that the register of his baptism is dated at Ashbourne). He was educated (according to Wood) both at Oxford and Cambridge; at the latter he was a fellow-commoner of Trinity College. He afterwards belonged to one of the Inns of Court. In 1632, he set out on his travels through France, Italy, &c. (Wood says, in company with Sir K. Digby). On his return, he married Anne, daughter of Sir Gilbert Kniveton of Mercaston in Derbyshire, Knight, and retiring to his lordship of Pooley, gave himself up to his books and boon companions. Being a Catholic, he is said to have suffered much for his religion, and for the cause of Charles the First, who (according to his own account) rewarded him with a Baronetage, dated about the 10th Jan. 1641, which was, however, afterwards disputed by the Officers of Arms, his patent not being enrolled. Having completely wasted his ancient patrimony, and sold both his lordships of Ashbourne and Pooley, he went to reside at Derby, where he died, on the breaking of the great frost, in Feb. 1683-4. (See *Memoir of Sir A. C.* (by Brydges), *Brit. Bibliog.* ii. 449, Wood's *Athenæ.* iv. 128. ed. Bliss, and *Biog. Dram.*) He was author of *Dianea*, a romance from the Italian of G. Fr. Loredano, 1654, and of *Poems. With the Obstinate Lady and Trappolin suppos'd a Prince. Whereunto is added The Tragedy of Ovid*, 1662. (*The Obstinate Lady* had previously appeared in 1657, and the rest of the volume, excepting the tragedy, in 1658). His writings are utterly worthless as compositions, but contain some curious notices of the celebrated persons with whom he was acquainted,

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UPON THE WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

How angels, cloister'd in our human cells,
Maintain their parley, Beaumont-Fletcher tells;
Whose strange, unimitable intercourse
Transcends all rules, and flies beyond the force
Of the most forward souls, all must submit
Until they reach these mysteries of wit.
The intellectual language here's exprest,
Admir'd in better times, and dares the test
Of ours; for from wit, sweetness, mirth, and sense,
This volume springs a new true quintessence.

JOHN PETTUS, KNIGHT[a].

ON THE WORKS OF THE MOST EXCELLENT DRAMATIC POET, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER, NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

HAIL, Fletcher, welcome to the world's great stage!
For our two hours, we have thee here an age
In thy whole works; and may th' impression call
The prætor that presents thy plays to all,
Both to the people, and the lords that sway
That herd, and ladies whom those lords obey.
And what's the loadstone can such guests invite,
But moves on two poles, profit and delight?
Which will be soon, as on the rack, confest,
When every one is tickled with a jest,

[a] *John Pettus, Knight*] Sir John Pettus, of Cheston-hall in Suffolk, born in 1613, was knighted in 1641,—served under Prince Rupert during the civil wars,—was made one of the deputy-governors of the Mines-royal in 1651,—and sat in parliament as member for Dunwich in Suffolk. He was lodged in the Fleet in 1679; and in a Dedication written there in 1683, he says, "I am here a confined Person, for my being too kind to others and too unjust to myself, and for not doing what was not in my power to perform, by wanting the Justice of my Debtors, whereby I am rather a Prisoner to them than to my Creditors." (*Fleta Minor*). Besides a copy of verses prefixed to Cartwright's *Works*, 1651, he was author of *Fodinæ Regales. Or the History, Laws, and Places of the Chief Mines and Mineral Works in England, Wales, and the English Pale in Ireland, &c.* 1670,—*England's independency upon the Papal Power, historically and judicially stated, &c.* 1674,—*A Narrative of the Excommunication of Sir John Pettus of the County of Suffolk, Knight. Obtained against him by his Lady, a Roman Catholick. And the true state of the Case between them. With his faithful Answers to several Aspersions raised against him by her, to the prepossessing the Judgements of some Honourable Persons and Others*, 1674,—*Volatiles from the History of Adam and Eve, &c.* 1674,—*The Case and Justification of Sir John Pettus, of the County of Suffolk, Knight, Concerning Two Charitable Bills now Depending in the House of Lords under his Care, &c.* 1677-8,—*The Constitution of Parliaments in England, Deduced from the time of King Edward the Second, &c.* 1680,—and *Fleta Minor. The Laws of Art and Nature, in Knowing, Judging, Assaying, Fining, Refining, and Inlarging the Bodies of confin'd Metals. In Two Parts*, (the first Part translated from the German of Erckern,) &c. 1683. According to Bromley (*Cat. of Engr. E. P.*), he died in 1698.

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And that pure Fletcher's able[t] to subdue
A melancholy more than Burton knew:
And, though upon the by to his designs,
The native may learn English from his lines,
And th' alien, if he can but construe it,
May here be made free denizen of wit.
But his main end does drooping Virtue raise,
And crowns her beauty with eternal bays,
In scenes where she inflames the frozen soul,
While Vice, her paint wash'd off, appears so foul,
She must this blessèd isle and Europe leave,
And some new quadrant of the globe deceive,
Or hide her blushes on the Afric shore,
Like Marius, but ne'er rise to triumph more;
That honour is resign'd to Fletcher's fame;
Add to his trophies, that a poet's name
(Late grown as odious to our modern states
As that of king to Rome) he vindicates
From black aspersions, cast upon't by those
Which only are inspir'd to lie in prose.
And by the court of Muses be't decreed,
What graces spring from poesy's richer seed,
When we name Fletcher, shall be so proclaim'd,
As all that's royal is when Cæsar's nam'd.

ROBERT STAPYLTON, KNIGHT.[u]

TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOST HONOURED KINSMAN, MASTER FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

I'LL not pronounce how strong and clean thou writes,
Nor by what new hard rules thou took'st thy flights,
Nor how much Greek and Latin some refine,
Before they can make up six words of thine;

[t] *Fletcher's able*] Old ed. "*Fletcher, able.*"

[u] *Robert Stapylton, Knight*] The third son of Richard Stapylton, Esq., of Carleton in Yorkshire, was educated as a Roman Catholic at Douay; but on returning to England, he became a protestant, and was made gentleman-usher of the privy-chamber to Prince Charles, afterwards Charles the Second. When the king was compelled to leave London, Stapylton followed him, and was knighted in 1642; and after the battle of Edgehill, having attended his majesty to Oxford, he was created a doctor of civil law. During the days of the Commonwealth, he lived in retirement, and applied himself to study. At the Restoration he was again promoted to the service of Charles the Second, who continued to hold him in esteem till his death in 1669. Besides his versions of Musæus, 1647, Juvenal, 1647, and other translations, he was author of three bad plays,—*The Slighted Maid*, 1663, (ridiculed in *The Rehearsal*), *The Step-mother*, 1664, and *Hero and Leander*, 1669: a drama called *The Royal Choice* was entered as his on the Stationers' Books in 1653.

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But this I'll say, thou strik'st our sense so deep,
At once thou mak'st us blush, rejoice, and weep.
Great father Jonson bow'd himself, when he
(Thou writ'st so nobly) vow'd he envied thee.
Were thy Mardonius[v] arm'd, there would be more
Strife for his sword than all Achilles wore;
Such wise just rage, had he been lately tried,
My life on't, he had been o' the better side;
And where he found false odds, through gold or sloth,
There brave Mardonius would have beat them both.
Behold, here's Fletcher too! the world ne'er knew
Two potent wits co-operate till you;
For still your fancies are so woven and knit,
'Twas Francis Fletcher or John Beaumont writ.
Yet neither borrow'd, nor were so put to 't,
To call poor gods and goddesses to do 't,
Nor made nine girls your Muses (you suppose,
Women ne'er write, save love-letters in prose);
But are your own inspirers, and have made
Such powerful scenes as, when they please, invade.
Your plot, sense, language, all 's so pure and fit,
He 's bold, not valiant, dare dispute your wit.

GEORGE LISLE, KNIGHT[w].

ON MASTER JOHN FLETCHER'S WORKS.

So shall we joy, when all whom beasts and worms
Had turn'd to their own substances and forms,
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
We shall behold, more than at first, entire,
As now we do, to see all thine, thine own
In this thy Muse's resurrection;
Whose scatter'd parts, from thy own race, more wounds
Hath suffer'd, than Actæon from his hounds;
Which first their brains, and then their bellies, fed,
And from their excrements new poets bred.

[v] *Mardonius*] See *A King and No King.*

[w] *George Lisle, Knight*] "This I take to be the same with Sir John Lisle, one of King Charles's judges; for Wood, in his Index to his Athenæ, calls Sir John by the name of George: he might perhaps have had two Christian names," &c. SEWARD.

Surely the writer of these verses could have been no other than the celebrated officer Sir George Lisle, who was knighted by Charles the First, and shot by order of Fairfax on the surrender of Colchester in 1648. The writer of the verses calls Beaumont "his kinsman;" and according to Heath, the gallant royalist "was extracted from a gentile family in Surrey" (*Loyal English Martyrs*, &c., p. 137. n. d.): Lloyd, indeed, states that he was "an honest bookseller's son" (*Memoires*, &c. p. 478. ed. 1677), but Lloyd is an author by no means to be trusted.

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But now thy Muse, enragèd, from her urn,
Like ghosts of murder'd bodies, doth return
To accuse the murderers, to right the stage,
And undeceive the long-abusèd age,
Which casts thy praise on them, to whom thy wit
Gives not more gold than they give dross to it;
Who, not content like felons to purloin,
Add treason to it, and debase thy coin.
But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
Of Eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.
Then was Wit's empire at the fatal height,
When, labouring and sinking with its weight,
From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung,
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome;
When Jonson, Shakespeare, and thyself did sit,
And sway'd in the triumvirate of Wit:
Yet what from Jonson's oil and sweat did flow,
Or what more easy nature did bestow
On Shakespeare's gentler Muse, in thee full grown
Their graces both appear; yet so, that none
Can say, here nature ends and art begins,
But mixt, like th' elements, and born like twins;
So interweav'd, so like, so much the same,
None this mere nature, that mere art can name:
'Twas this the ancients meant, nature and skill
Are the two tops of their Parnassus' hill.

JOHN DENHAM[x].

UPON MASTER JOHN FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

FLETCHER, to thee we do not only owe
All these good plays, but those of others too;
Thy wit repeated, does support the stage,
Credits the last, and entertains this age.
No worthies form'd by any Muse but thine,
Could purchase robes to make themselves so fine:
What brave commander is not proud to see
Thy brave Melantius[y] in his gallantry?

[x] *John Denham*] Born in 1615, died in 1668.
[y] *Melantius*] See *The Maid's Tragedy*.

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Our greatest ladies love to see their scorn
Out-done by thine, in what themselves have worn:
Th' impatient widow, ere the year be done,
Sees thy Aspatia[z] weeping in her gown.
I never yet the tragic strain assay'd,
Deterr'd by that inimitable maid;
And when I venture at the comic style,
Thy *Scornful Lady* seems to mock my toil:
Thus has thy Muse at once improv'd and marr'd
Our sport in plays by rendering it too hard.
So, when a sort[a] of lusty shepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the rest outgo
So far, but that the best are measuring casts,
Their emulation and their pastime lasts;
But if some brawny yeoman of the guard
Step in, and toss the axle-tree a yard
Or more beyond the farthest mark, the rest
Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

EDMUND WALLER[b].

TO FLETCHER REVIVED.

How have I been religious? what strange good
Has scap'd me that I never understood?
Have I hell-guarded heresy o'erthrown?
Heal'd wounded states? made kings and kingdoms one?
That fate should be so merciful to me,
To let me live t' have said, I have read thee?
Fair star, ascend! the joy, the life, the light
Of this tempestuous age, this dark world's sight!
Oh, from thy crown of glory dart one flame
May strike a sacred reverence, whilst thy name,
Like holy flamens to their god of day,
We, bowing, sing, and whilst we praise, we pray.
Bright spirit! whose eternal motion
Of wit, like time, still in itself did run,
Binding all others in it, and did give
Commission, how far this or that shall live;
Like Destiny of Poems,[c] who, as she
Signs death to all, herself can never die.

[z] *Aspatia*] See id.

[a] *sort*] i. e. set, band.

[b] *Edmund Waller*] Born in 1605, died in 1687. (Both folios, "Edw. *Waller.*")

[c] *Like Destiny of Poems*] Which is the reading too in Lovelace's *Lucasta*, &c., 1649,—was altered by Seward to "*Like Destiny*, thy *poems*;" and so his successors.

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And now thy purple-robèd Tragedy,
In her embroider'd buskins, calls mine eye ;
Where brave Aëcius we see betray'd, Valentinian.
T' obey his death, whom thousand lives obey'd,
Whilst that the mighty fool his sceptre breaks,
And through his general's wounds his own doom speaks ;
Weaving thus richly Valentinian,
The costliest monarch with the cheapest man.
Soldiers may here to their old glories add,
The Lover love, and be with reason *mad;* The Mad Lover.
Not as of old Alcides furious,
Who, wilder than his bull, did tear the house,
Hurling his language with the canvass stone ;
'Twas thought, the monster roar'd the soberer tone.
But, ah ! when thou thy sorrow didst inspire Tragi-comedies.
With passions black as is her dark attire,
Virgins, as sufferers, have wept to see Archas.
So white a soul, so red a cruelty ; Bellario.
That thou hast griev'd, and, with unthought redress,
Dried their wet eyes who now thy mercy bless ;
Yet, loath to lose thy watery jewel, when
Joy wip'd it off, laughter straight sprung't agen.
Now ruddy-cheekèd Mirth with rosy wings Comedies.
Fans every brow with gladness, whilst she sings The Spanish Curate.
Delight to all, and the whole theatre The Humorous Lieutenant.
A festival in heaven doth appear ;
Nothing but pleasure, love, and, like the morn, The Tamer Tamed.
Each face a general smiling doth adorn. The little French Lawyer.
Hear, ye foul speakers, that pronounce the air
Of stews and shores, I will inform you where,
And how, to clothe aright your wanton wit,
Without her nasty bawd attending it.
View here a loose thought said with such a grace, The Custom of the Country.
Minerva might have spoke in Venus' face ;
So well disguis'd, that 'twas conceiv'd by none
But Cupid had Diana's linen on ;
And all his naked parts so veil'd, they express
The shape with clouding the uncomeliness ;
That, if this reformation, which we
Receiv'd, had not been buried with thee,
The stage, as this work, might have liv'd and lov'd ;
Her lines the austere scarlet had approv'd ;
And th' actors wisely been from that offence
As clear as they are now from audience.

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Thus with thy genius did the scene expire,
Wanting thy active and enlivening[f] fire,
That now, to spread a darkness over all,
Nothing remains but poesy to fall.
And though from these thy embers we receive
Some warmth, so much as may be said, we live;
That we dare praise thee, blushless, in the head
Of the best piece Hermes to Love e'er read;
That we rejoice and glory in thy wit,
And feast each other with remembering it;
That we dare speak thy thought, thy acts recite:
Yet all men henceforth be afraid to write.

RICHARD LOVELACE[g].

ON MASTER JOHN FLETCHER'S DRAMATICAL POEMS.

GREAT tutelary spirit of the stage,
Fletcher! I can fix nothing but my rage
Before thy works, 'gainst their officious crime
Who print thee now in the worst scene of time.
For me, uninterrupted hadst thou slept
Among the holy shades, and close hadst kept
The mystery of thy lines, till men might be
Taught how to read, and then how to read thee:

[f] *enlivening*] Lovelace's *Lucasta*, &c., 1649 "correcting."

[g] *Richard Lovelace*] "The eldest son of Sir William Lovelace of Woollidge in Kent, Knight, was born in that county, educated in grammar learning in Charter-house school near London, became a gent. commoner of Glocester hall [Oxford] in the beginning of the year 1634, and in that of his age 16, being then accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld, a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex." Wood's *Athenæ*, iii. 460, ed. Bliss. On leaving the university, he attended the court "in great splendour," and being patronized by Goring, served in the Scotch expeditions, first as ensign and then as captain. After the pacification at Berwick, he withdrew to his paternal seat, Lovelace-place, near Canterbury; and possessing considerable estates in Kent, was chosen by that county to present to Parliament the petition for the restoration of the king, &c. In consequence of that obnoxious measure he was committed to prison; from which, after several months, he was released on the enormous bail of 40,000*l*. In 1646, having formed a regiment for the service of the French king, which he commanded as colonel, he was wounded at Dunkirk: and unfortunately, a lady of great beauty and wealth, Lucy Sacheverel (his *Lucasta*), to whom he had paid his addresses, believing him to be dead of his wounds, became the wife of another. On his return to England in 1648, he was again thrown into prison, where he remained till after the death of the king. His loyalty and liberality had entirely consumed his fortune; and he lingered out a wretched existence in sickness and poverty till 1658, when he died in a very mean lodging in Gunpowder-alley near Shoe-lane, (according to Aubrey, "in a cellar in Long Acre"). Besides two plays—*The Scholar* and *The Soldier*,—neither of which has been printed, he was author of *Lucasta: Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c.* 1649, and *Lucasta, Posthume Poems*, 1659. The exquisite song, *To Althea from prison*, was written during his first confinement.

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But now thou art expos'd to the common fate;
Revive then, mighty soul, and vindicate
From th' age's rude affronts thy injur'd fame;
Instruct the envious with how chaste a flame
Thou warm'st the lover; how severely just
Thou wert to punish, if he burn'd to lust;
With what a blush thou didst the maid adorn,
But tempted, with how innocent a scorn;
How epidemic errors by thy play
Were laugh'd out of esteem, so purg'd away;
How to each sense thou so didst virtue fit
That all grew virtuous to be thought t' have wit.
But this was much too narrow for thy art:
Thou didst frame governments, give kings their part,
Teach them how near to God, while just, they be,
But how dissolv'd, stretch'd forth to tyranny;
How kingdoms in their channel safely run,
But rudely overflowing, are undone.
Though vulgar spirits poets scorn or hate,
Man may beget, a poet can create.

WILLIAM HABINGTON[h].

UPON MASTER FLETCHER'S DRAMATICAL WORKS.

WHAT! now the stage is down, dar'st thou appear,
Bold Fletcher, in this tottering hemisphere?
Yes; poets are like palms, which, the more weight
You cast upon them, grow more strong and straight:
'Tis not Jove's thunderbolt, nor Mars his spear,
Or Neptune's angry trident, poets fear.
Had now grim Ben been breathing, with what rage
And high-swoln fury had he lash'd this age!
Shakespeare with Chapman had grown mad, and torn
Their gentle sock, and lofty buskins worn,
To make their Muse welter up to the chin
In blood; of feignèd scenes no need had bin;
England, like Lucian's eagle, with an arrow
Of her own plumes piercing her heart quite thorow,

[h] *William Habington*] Born in 1605, and son of Thomas Habington of Hendlip in Worcestershire. Being a Roman Catholic, he was educated at St. Omers and Paris; and in order to avoid the importunities of the Jesuits, by whom he was earnestly solicited to join their order, he returned to England, and finished his studies under his father's eye, He married Lucia, daughter of William Lord Powis, (his *Castara*), and dying in 1654, was buried in the family vault at Hendlip. This amiable man was author of the very pleasing volume of poems entitled *Castara*, 1634, of *The Queen of Arragon*, a tragi-comedy, 1640, of *The History of Edward the Fourth, King of England*, (of which his father laid the ground-work), 1640, and of *Observations on History*, 1641.

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Had been a theatre and subject fit
To exercise in real truths their wit:
Yet none like high-wing'd Fletcher had been found,
This eagle's tragic destiny to sound;
Rare Fletcher's quill had soar'd up to the sky,
And drawn down gods to see the tragedy.
Live, famous dramatist! let every spring
Make thy bay flourish and fresh bourgeons[1] bring;
And, since we cannot have thee trod o' the stage,
We will applaud thee in this silent page.

JAMES HOWELL, P. C. C.

ON THE EDITION.

FLETCHER, whose fame no age can ever waste,
Envy of ours, and glory of the last,
Is now alive again; and with his name
His sacred ashes wak'd into a flame,

[1] *bourgeons*] i. e. buds, sprouts.

[j] *James Howell, P. C. C.*] Son of the minister of Abernant in Caermarthenshire, was born about 1594, educated at the free school of Hereford, and thence removed to Jesus College, Oxford, (of which eventually, during his absence from England, he was elected fellow). After finishing his academical course, he came to London, and obtained the situation of steward to a glass-manufactory in Broad-street, the proprietors of which, in 1619, having sent him abroad as their agent to procure the best materials and workmen, he visited the chief places of Holland, Flanders, France, Spain, and Italy, and acquired a masterly knowledge of modern languages. Having resigned his stewardship, he again travelled on the continent as companion to the son of Baron Altham. Next, he was sent to Spain as British agent to recover a richly-laden English ship which had been unjustly seized by the viceroy of Sardinia. In 1626 he was appointed secretary to Lord Scrope, afterwards Earl of Sunderland, lord-president of the North; and while he was residing at York, the corporation of Richmond chose him for one of their representatives in the Parliament which began to sit in 1627. In 1632 he accompanied Robert Earl of Leicester, ambassador extraordinary to the Court of Denmark, in the capacity of secretary, and displayed his oratorical talents in sundry Latin speeches before the king and some German princes. During several years after his return, he remained without employment, except that in 1635 he was despatched by secretary Windebank on what he calls "a flying journey as far as Orleans." In 1639 he went to Ireland, and became an assistant clerk to Lord Strafford, for whom he transacted some affairs in Edinburgh and afterwards in London. In 1640 he was sent on a mission to France. According to Chalmers (*Biog. Dict.*), in the same year he was appointed Clerk of the Council; but from his own *Letters* it would seem that his appointment to that office, which was intended to be permanent, must have been of a later date. He did not, however, long enjoy it after the king had been obliged to leave Whitehall; for in 1643 (if the date which he gives be correct) having come to London on business of his own, his papers were seized, and he was committed a close prisoner to the Fleet, (according to Wood, because through his extravagance he had run greatly into debt). He had previously appeared as a writer; and he now betook himself indefatigably to bookmaking, from which he derived a comfortable subsistence during his long stay in prison, where he remained till the king had been some time dead; and after his discharge, having no other means of support, he continued the profession of author. On the Restoration, he was created royal historiographer, being the first in England who had borne that title. He died at London in 1666. The very long list of his various writings may be seen in Wood's *Athenæ*, and in Chalmers's *Biog. Dict.* They are now all forgotten, with the exception of one work which has been often reprinted,—*Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ: Familiar Letters, domestic and foreign*, &c. (This valuable and entertaining collection was originally published in portions, 1645, 1647, &c.)

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Such as before did by a secret charm
The wildest heart subdue, the coldest warm,
And lend the ladies' eyes a power more bright,
Dispensing thus to either heat and light.
He to a sympathy those souls betray'd,
Whom love or beauty never could persuade;
And in each mov'd spectator could beget
A real passion by a counterfeit:
When first Bellario[k] bled, what lady there
Did not for every drop let fall a tear?
And when Aspatia[l] wept, not any eye
But seem'd to wear the same sad livery;
By him inspir'd, the feign'd Lucina drew
More streams of melting sorrow than the true;
But then *The Scornful Lady* did beguile
Their easy griefs, and teach them all to smile.
Thus he affections could or raise or lay;
Love, grief, and mirth, thus did his charms obey:
He nature taught her passions to out-do,
How to refine the old, and create new;
Which such a happy likeness seem'd to bear,
As if that nature art, art nature were.
Yet all had nothing been, obscurely kept
In the same urn wherein his dust hath slept;
Nor had he ris' the Delphic wreath to claim,
Had not the dying scene expir'd his name[m];
Despair our joy hath doubled, he is come
Thrice[n] welcome by this *post-liminium*.
His loss preserv'd him; they that silenc'd wit
Are now the authors to etèrnize it;
Thus poets are in spite of fate reviv'd,
And plays by intermission longer liv'd.

THOMAS STANLEY[o].

[k] *Bellario*] See *Philaster*.

[l] *Aspatia*] See *The Maid's Tragedy*.

[m] *name*] After this line in Stanley's *Poems*, 1647, is a couplet which both the folios omit;

"Oh, the indulgent Justice of this age,
To grant the Press what it denies the Stage!"

[n] *Thrice*] *Ibid.* "Twice."

[o] *Thomas Stanley*] Born about 1625, was the son of Sir Thomas Stanley, of Laytonstone in Essex and Cumberlow in Herts, Knight. His education, at first carefully conducted by a tutor under his father's roof, was completed at Pembroke-hall, Cambridge, where he was entered a gentleman-commoner, and where he found leisure from his severer studies to compose several of those poems, which will be subsequently mentioned. On leaving the university, he spent some time in foreign travel. While yet a minor, he married Dorothy, daughter and coheir of Sir James Enyon, of Flower in Northamptonshire, Bart. During the usurpation, he resided (it would seem, for a considerable period) in the Middle Temple, having formed there a friendship and community of literary pursuits with his first cousin Edward Sherburne, who was afterwards knighted, and known as a poet and translator. Stanley died at London, in 1678. He was author of *Poems and Translations*, 1647,—of which the fullest

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ON THE EDITION OF MASTER FRANCIS BEAUMONT'S AND MASTER JOHN FLETCHER'S PLAYS, NEVER PRINTED BEFORE.

I AM amaz'd; and this same ecstasy
Is both my glory and apology.
Sober joys are dull passions; they must bear
Proportion to the subject: if so, where
Beaumont and Fletcher shall vouchsafe to be
That subject, that joy must be ecstasy.
Fury is the complexion of great wits,
The fool's distemper; he that 's mad by fits
Is wise so too; it is the poet's Muse,
The prophet's god, the fool's and my excuse,
For in me nothing less than Fletcher's name
Could have begot or justified this flame.
Beaumont } return'd! methinks it should not be;
Fletcher }
No, not in 's works; plays are as dead as he.
The palate of this age gusts[n] nothing high,
That has not custard in 't or bawdery.
Folly and madness fill the stage: the scene
Is Athens; where the guilty, and the mean,
The fool scapes well enough; learnèd and great
Suffer an ostracism, stand exulate.
Mankind is fall'n again, shrunk a degree,
A step below his very apostacy:
Nature herself is out of tune, and sick
Of tumult and disorder, lunatic.
Yet what world would not cheerfully endure
The torture or disease, t' enjoy the cure?
This book 's the balsam and the hellebore
Must preserve bleeding nature, and restore
Our crazy stupor to a just quick sense
Both of ingratitude and providence;

edition, with alterations, additions, and some omissions, appeared in 1651,—[*Translations of*] *Anacreon, Bion, Moschus,* &c. 1651,—(these two publications are generally done up in one volume, together with several minor pieces which have distinct title-pages,)—and *The History of Philosophy* (first vol. 1655, sec. 1656, third 1660, *Hist. of Chaldaic Phil.* 1662). His edition of *Æschylus* appeared in 1663, (according to the title-pages of some copies, 1664). The poetical works of Stanley, in spite of their numerous conceits, are ingenious, elegant, and graceful. His *Æschylus*, though in certain minutiæ it may fail to satisfy the later school of critics, is on the whole a splendid monument of his learning. In variety of acquirements he has been excelled by few. (The bibliographical details given by Sir E. Bridges, in his Preface to the reprint of Stanley's *Poems*, are somewhat incorrect. Dr. Dibdin's account of Stanley, in a note on *Introd. to Gr. and Lat. Classics*, i. 238, is a mass of error.)

[n] *gusts*] "i. e. relishes."—WEBER.

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That teaches us at once to feel and know
Two deep points, what we want, and what we owe.
Yet great goods have their ills: should we transmit
To future times the power of love and wit
In this example, would they not combine
To make our imperfections their design?
They'd study our corruptions, and take more
Care to be ill than to be good before;
For nothing but so great infirmity
Could make them worthy of such remedy.
Have you not seen the sun's almighty ray
Rescue th' affrighted world, and redeem day
From black despair? how his victorious beam
Scatters the storm, and drowns the petty flame
Of lightning, in the glory of his eye;
How full of power, how full of majesty?
When to us mortals nothing else was known,
But the sad doubt, whether to burn or drown.
Choler and phlegm, heat and dull ignorance,
Have cast the people into such a trance,
That fears and danger seem great equally,
And no dispute left now, but how to die:
Just in this nick, Fletcher sets the world clear
Of all disorder, and reforms us here.
The formal youth, that knew no other grace
Or value, but his title and his lace,
Glasses himself; and in this faithful mirror
Views, disapproves, reforms, repents his error.
The credulous, bright girl, that believes all
Language in oaths, if good, canonical,
Is fortified, and taught here to beware
Of every specious bait, of every snare,
Save one; and that same caution takes her more
Than all the flattery she felt before.
She finds her boxes and her thoughts betray'd
By the corruption of the chamber-maid;
Then throws her washes and dissemblings by,
And vows nothing but ingenuity.[o]
The severe statesman quits his sullen form
Of gravity and business; the lukewarm
Religious, his neutrality; the hot
Brainsick illuminate, his zeal; the sot,
Stupidity; the soldier, his arrears;
The court, its confidence; the plebs, their fears;

[o] *ingenuity*] i. e. ingenuousness.

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Gallants, their apishness and perjury ;
Women, their pleasure and inconstancy ;
Poets, their wine ; the usurer, his pelf ;
The world, its vanity ; and I, myself.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE[p].

ON THE DRAMATIC POEMS OF MASTER JOHN FLETCHER.

WONDER ! who 's here ? Fletcher, long buried,
Reviv'd ! 'Tis he, he 's risen from the dead ;
His winding-sheet put off, walks above ground,
Shakes off his fetters, and is better bound :
And may he not, if rightly understood,
Prove plays are lawful ? he hath made them good.
Is any *Lover mad?* see here *Love's cure ;*
Unmarried ? to *A Wife* he may be sure,
A rare one, *for a month ;* if she displease,
The Spanish Curate gives a writ of ease.
Inquire *The Custom of the Country*, then
Shall *The French Lawyer* set you free again.
If the two *Fair Maids* take it wondrous ill
(One *of the Inn*, the other *of the Mill*,)
That *The Lovers' Progress* stopt, and they defam'd,
Here 's that makes *Women pleas'd* and *Tamer tam'd.*

[p] *Roger L'Estrange*] The youngest son of Sir Hamon L'Estrange, Knight, was born at Hunstanton-hall, Norfolk, in 1616. He was brought up as a zealous royalist by his father, and probably finished his education at Cambridge. In 1639, when about two and twenty, he attended Charles the First on his expedition to Scotland. In 1644, he formed a plot to surprise Lynn in Norfolk for the king ; but being betrayed, and his majesty's commission found upon him, he was condemned to death as a spy, and confined in Newgate. He was, however, reprieved ; and, after lying four years in prison, he escaped by the connivance of the keeper, withdrew into Kent, and thence with great difficulty made his retreat to the continent. He remained abroad till 1653 ; when, the Long Parliament being dissolved, he ventured to return, and obtained a discharge from Cromwell on giving bail. After the Restoration, thinking himself unjustly neglected, and making warm remonstrances, he was at length appointed to the profitable post of licenser of the press : but this was the only recompense he received, except being put in the commission of the peace. In 1663 he set up a paper under the titles of *The Intelligencer* and *The News*, which was not long continued ; and in 1681 he commenced another, named *The Observator*. He was afterwards knighted, and served as member for Winchester in the parliament called by James the Second in 1685. *The Observator* (now swelled to three volumes) was dropped in 1687, because Sir Roger could not agree with the king respecting the doctrine of toleration. After the Revolution, he appears to have been left out of the commission of the peace ; and certainly during the rest of his life had to encounter some troubles on account of his presumed disaffection. He died in 1704, his intellect having been previously impaired. He had a daughter who became a Roman Catholic, a circumstance which strengthened the accusations brought against himself of being a Papist. He was a very voluminous author. Of most of his now-forgotten writings the titles may be found in Chalmers's *Biog. Dict.* : those which continued longest in esteem were his *Josephus* and his *Æsop's Fables.*

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But who then plays *The Coxcomb*, or will try
His *Wit at several Weapons*, or else die?
Nice Valour, and he doubts not to engage
The Noble Gentleman in *Love's Pilgrimage*,
To take revenge on *The False One*, and run
The Honest Man's Fortune, to be undone
Like *Knight of Malta*, or else *Captain* be,
Or *Th' Humorous Lieutenant;* go to *Sea*,
A *Voyage* for to starve, he 's very loath,
Till we are all at peace, to swear an oath
That then *The Loyal Subject* may have leave
To lie from *Beggars' Bush*, and undeceive
The creditor, discharge his debts; why so,
Since we can't pay to Fletcher what we owe?
Oh, could his *Prophetess* but tell one *Chance*,
When that the *Pilgrims* shall return from France,
And once more make this kingdom, as of late,
The Island Princess, and we celebrate
A *Double Marriage;* every one to bring
To Fletcher's memory his offering,
That thus at last unsequesters the stage,
Brings back the silver and the golden age!

ROBERT GARDINER[q].

TO THE MANES OF THE CELEBRATED POETS AND FELLOW-WRITERS, FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER, UPON THE PRINTING OF THEIR EXCELLENT DRAMATIC POEMS.

DISDAIN not, gentle shades, the lowly praise
Which here I tender your immortal bays;
Call it not folly, but my zeal, that I
Strive to etèrnize you that cannot die:
And though no language rightly can commend
What you have writ, save what yourselves have penn'd,
Yet let me wonder at those curious strains
(The rich conceptions of your twin-like brains)
Which drew the gods' attention, who admir'd
To see our English stage by you inspir'd;
Whose chiming Muses never fail'd to sing
A soul-affecting music, ravishing

[q] *Robert Gardiner*] Verses by "Robert Gardiner, ex ho. M. Templi," [sic] are prefixed to Cartwright's *Works*, 1651.

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Both ear and intellect; while you do each
Contend with other, who shall highest reach
In rare invention; conflicts that beget
New strange delight, to see two fancies met
That could receive no foil, two wits in growth
So just as had one soul informèd both:
Thence, learnèd Fletcher, sung thy [q] Muse alone,
As both had done before, thy Beaumont gone;
In whom, as thou, had he outliv'd, so he,
Snatch'd first away, survivèd still in thee.
What though distempers of the present age
Have banish'd your smooth numbers from the stage?
You shall be gainers by 't; it shall confer
To the making the vast world your theatre:
The press shall give to every man his part,
And we will all be actors; learn by heart
Those tragic scenes and comic strains you writ,
Unimitable both for art and wit;
And at each exit, as your fancies rise,
Our hands shall clap deservèd plaudities.

JOHN WEB[r].

TO THE DESERT OF THE AUTHOR IN HIS MOST INGENIOUS PIECES.

THOU art above their censure whose dark spirits
Respect[s] but shades of things and seeming merits;
That have no soul nor reason to their will,
But rhyme as ragged as a gander's quill;
Where pride blows up the error, and transfers
Their zeal in tempests, that so widely errs:
Like heat and air compress'd, their blind desires
Mix with their ends, as raging winds with fires;
Whose ignorance and passions wear an eye
Squint to all parts of true humanity:
All is apocrypha suits not their vein;
For wit,—oh, fie! and learning too,—profane!

[q] *thy*] Old ed. "the"; and so Weber.

[r] *John Web*] "I find no other traces of a John Webb who was likely to be author of this ingenious copy of verses, but that in 1629, four years after Fletcher's death, one John Webb, M.A., and fellow of Magdalen College, in Oxford, was made master of Croydon school."—SEWARD.

[s] *Respect*] Old ed. "Respects."

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But Fletcher hath done miracles by wit,
And one line of his may convert them yet,
Tempt them into the state of knowledge, and
[The] happiness to read and understand.
The way is strow'd with laurel, and every Muse
Brings incense to our Fletcher; whose scenes infuse
Such noble kindlings from her pregnant fire
As charms her critic poet[t] in desire;
And who doth read him that parts less endu'd
Than with some heat of wit or gratitude?
Some crowd to touch the relique of his bays,
Some to cry up their own wit in his praise,
And think they engage it by comparatives,
When from himself himself he best derives.
Let Shakespeare, Chapman, and applauded Ben,
Wear the eternal merit of their pen:
Here I am love-sick; and were I to chuse
A mistress corrival, 'tis Fletcher's Muse.

GEORGE BUCK.[u]

ON MASTER BEAUMONT (WRITTEN THIRTY YEARS SINCE[v], PRESENTLY AFTER HIS DEATH).

BEAUMONT lies here; and where now shall we have
A Muse like his, to sigh upon his grave?
Ah, none to weep this with a worthy tear,
But he that cannot, Beaumont that lies here!
Who now shall pay thy[w] tomb with such a verse
As thou that lady's didst[x], fair Rutland's hearse?
A monument that will then lasting be,
When all her marble is more dust than she.
In thee all 's lost: a sudden dearth and want
Hath seiz'd on wit, good epitaphs are scant;
We dare not write thy elegy, whilst[y] each fears
He ne'er shall match that[z] copy of thy tears.

[t] *poet*] Old ed. "poets."

[u] *George Buck*] A relation of Sir George Buck, master of the revels, who, in 1646, published, as his own work, *The History of the Life and Reigne of Richard the Third*, which was written by Sir George. See Chalmers's *Supplemental Apology*, &c p. 204—205. Verses by George Buck are prefixed to Yorke's *Union of Honour*, 1640, and to Shirley's *Poems*, 1646.

[v] *since*] i. e. anterior to 1647. [w] *thy*] In Beaumont's *Poems*, 1640, "this."

[x] *As thou that lady's didst*, &c.] "Earle refers to Beaumont's *Elegy on the Countess of Rutland*." WEBER.

[y] *whilst*] In Beaumont's *Poems*, 1640, "for." [z] *that*] *Ibid.* "a."

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Scarce in an age[y] a poet,—and yet he
Scarce lives the third part of his age to see,
But quickly taken off, and only known,
Is in a minute shut as soon as shown.[z]
Why should weak Nature tire herself in vain
In such a piece, to dash[a] it straight again?
Why should she take such work beyond her skill,
Which[b], when she cannot perfect, she must kill?
Alas, what is't to temper slime or[c] mire?
But Nature 's puzzled when she works in fire[d]:
Great brains, like brightest glass, crack[e] straight, while those
Of stone or[f] wood hold out, and fear not[g] blows;
And we their ancient hoary heads can see,
Whose wit was never their mortality:
Beaumont dies young; so Sidney died[h] before;
There was not poetry he could live to more[i];
He could not grow up higher; I[k] scarce know
If th' art itself unto that pitch could grow,
Were't not in thee, that hadst arriv'd the height[l]
Of all that wit[m] could reach, or nature might.
Oh, when I read those excellent things of thine,
Such strength, such sweetness, couch'd in every line,
Such life of fancy, such high choice of brain,
Nought of the vulgar wit[n] or borrow'd strain,
Such passion[o], such expressions meet my[p] eye,
Such wit untainted with obscenity,
And these so unaffectedly exprest,
All in a language purely-flowing drest[q],
And all so born within thyself, thine own,
So new, so fresh, so nothing trod upon,
I grieve not now, that old Menander's vein
Is ruin'd, to survive in thee again;
Such in his time was he, of the same piece,
The smooth, even, natural wit, and love of Greece,

[y] *in an age*] *Ibid.* "yet *in age.*" [z] *shown*] *Ibid.* "blowne."
[a] *to dash*] *Ibid* "and cast." [b] *Which*] *Ibid.* "And." [c] *or*] *Ibid.* "and."
[d] *But Nature 's puzzled when she works in fire*] *Ibid.* "Then 's *nature pusseld, when* the work's intyre."
[e] *like brightest glass, crack*] *Ibid.* "*like* bright *glasse*, crackle"
[f] *or*] *Ibid.* "and." [g] *not*] *Ibid.* "no." [h] *died*] So *ibid.* Both folios "did."
[i] *poetry he could live to more*] *Ibid.* "*poetry, he could live* no *more.*" [k] *I*] *Ibid.* "nay, *I.*"
[l] *that hadst arriv'd the height*] *Ibid.* "who *hadst arrived* to *th' height.*"
[m] *Wit*] *Ibid.* "art." [n] *wit*] *Ibid.* "mint." [o] *passion*] *Ibid.* "passions."
[p] *my*] *Ibid.* "mine."
[q] *All in a language purely-flowing drest*] *Ibid.* "But *all in a* pure *flowing language drest ;*" and the next two lines transposed.

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Whose[r] few sententious fragments shew more worth
Than all the poets Athens e'er brought forth;
And I am sorry we[s] have lost those hours
On them, whose quickness comes far short of ours,
And dwelt[t] not more on thee, whose every page
May be a pattern for[u] their scene and stage.
I will not yield thy works[v] so mean a praise;
More pure, more chaste, more sainted than are plays.
Nor with that dull supineness to be read,
To pass a fire, or laugh an hour in bed.
How do the Muses suffer every where,
Taken in such mouths' censure, in such ears[w],
That, twixt a whiff, a line or two rehearse,
And with their rheum together spawl a verse!
This all a poem's leisure[x], after play,
Drink, or[y] tobacco, it may keep[z] the day;
Whilst even their very idleness, they think,
Is lost in these, that lose their time[a] in drink.
Pity their dulness; we that[b] better know,
Will a more serious hour on thee bestow.
Why should not Beaumont in the morning please,
As well as Plautus, Aristophanes?
Who, if my pen may as my thoughts[c] be free,
Were scurril[d] wits and buffons[e] both to thee;
Yet these[f] our learnèd of severest brow
Will deign to look on, and to[g] note them too,
That will defy[h] our own; 'tis English stuff,
And th' author is not rotten long enough.
Alas, what phlegm[i] are they, compar'd to thee
In thy *Philaster* and[k] *Maid's Tragedy!*
Where 's such an humour as thy Bessus, pray[l]?
Let them put all their Thrasoes[m] in one play,

[r] *Whose*] So *ibid.* Both folios "Those." [s] *we*] *Ibid.* "I."
[t] *dwelt*] So *ibid.* Both folios "dwell." [u] *for*] *Ibid.* "to." [v] *works*] *Ibid.* "worth."
[w] *mouths' censure, in such ears*] *Ibid.* "*mouthes*, sensur'd *in such eares*." The rhyme at least requires "ear."
[x] *This all a poem's leisure*] *Ibid.* "Tis *all a* Punies *leasure*." Seward printed "*This all a poem's* pleasure." Heath (*MS. Notes*) explains the text to mean,—This is all the leisure the people here spoken of will afford a poem. [y] *or*] *Ibid.* "and."
[z] *keep*] *Ibid.* "spend." Seward printed "eke." [a] *time*] *Ibid.* "times."
[b] *Pity their dulness; we that*] So *ibid.* Both folios "*Pity* then dull we, *we that*." Seward printed "*Pity* them dull; we, *we that*." [c] *thoughts*] *Ibid.* "faults."
[d] *scurril*] *Ibid.* "humble." [e] *buffons*] i. e. buffoons.
[f] *these*] *Ibid.* "those." [g] *to*] *Ibid.* "so." [h] *defy*] i. e. reject.
[i] *what phlegm*] *Ibid.* "how ill." [k] *and*] *Ibid.* "or."
[l] *an humour as thy Bessus, pray*] *Ibid.* "a *humour as thy Bessus?* nay." See *A King and No King.* [m] *Thrasoes*] *Ibid.* "*treasures*."

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He shall out-bid them ; their conceit was poor,
All in a[n] circle of a bawd or whore ;
A cozening Davus[o],—take the fool away,
And not a good jest extant in a play.
Yet these are wits, because they're old[p], and now,
Being Greek and[q] Latin, they are learning too :
But those their own times were content t' allow
A thriftier[r] fame, and thine is lowest now.
But thou shalt live, and, when thy name is grown
Six ages older[s], shalt[t] be better known ;
When thou 'rt of Chaucer's standing in the[u] tomb,
Thou shalt not share, but take up all his room.

JOHN EARLE[v].

UPON MASTER FLETCHER'S INCOMPARABLE PLAYS.

THE poet lives : wonder not how or why
Fletcher revives, but that he e'er could die :
Safe mirth, full language, flow in every page,
At once he doth both heighten and assuage ;
All innocence and wit, pleasant and clear,
Nor church nor laws were ever libell'd here ;
But fair deductions drawn from his great brain,
Enough to conquer all that 's false or vain ;
He scatters wit, and sense so freely flings,
That very citizens speak handsome things,

[n] *a*] *Ibid.* ".the."

[o] *Davus*] *Ibid.* "—" Both folios "dance ;" for which "dunce" was proposed by Sympson. "Davus" (see the *Andria* of Terence, &c.) is Theobald's correction.

[p] *because they're old*] *Ibid.* "*their old*, that's it."

[q] *and*] *Ibid.* "or."

[r] *thriftier*] So *ibid.* Both folios "thirsty."

[s] *older*] *Ibid.* "elder."

[t] *shalt*] So *ibid.* Both folios "shall."

[u] *the*] *Ibid.* "thy."

[v] *John Earle*] Was born at York about 1601. Having been entered, at an early age, as a commoner of Christ-church, Oxford, he was admitted probationary fellow of Merton College, —became one of the proctors of that university,—was made chaplain to Philip, Earl of Pembroke (who gave him the living of Bishopston in Wilts),—was appointed chaplain and tutor to Prince Charles, afterwards Charles the Second,—and was elected chancellor of the cathedral of Salisbury. In consequence of his adherence to the royal cause, he was deprived of all his possessions, and obliged to withdraw to the continent, where Charles the Second created him his chaplain and clerk of the closet. After the Restoration, he was successively bishop of Worcester and Salisbury. He died at Oxford in 1665. His *Microcosmography, or a Piece of the World discovered, in Essays and Characters*, 1628, has been often reprinted, and is still held in deserved estimation. He published also a Latin translation of the *Eikon Basilike*, 1649 ; and, besides a Latin translation of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, which was never printed (the MS. having been almost wholly destroyed), he was author of several minor pieces : see Wood's *Athenæ*, iii. 718-19. ed. Bliss, and Earle's *Microcosmography* by the same editor.

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Teaching their wives such unaffected grace,
Their looks are now as handsome as their face.
Nor is this violent: he steals upon
The yielding soul until the frenzy 's gone;
His very lancings do the patient please,
As when good music cures a mad disease.
Small poets rifle him, yet think it fair,
Because they rob a man that well can spare:
They feed upon him, owe him every bit;
They 're all but sub-excisemen of his wit.

J. M[w].

ON THE WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, NOW AT LENGTH PRINTED.

Great pair of authors, whom one equal star
Begot so like in genius, that you are
In fame, as well as writings, both so knit,
That no man knows where to divide your wit,
Much less your praise; you, who had equal fire,
And did each other mutually inspire;
Whether one did contrive, the other write,
Or one fram'd the plot, the other did indite;
Whether one found the matter, th' other dress,
Or th' one dispos'd what th' other did express;
Where'er your parts between yourselves lay, we,
In all things which you did, but one thread see,
So evenly drawn out, so gently spun,
That art with nature ne'er did smoother run;—
Where shall I fix my praise, then? or what part
Of all your numerous labours hath desert,
More to be fam'd than other? Shall I say,
I've met a lover so drawn in your play,
So passionately written, so inflam'd,
So jealously enrag'd, then gently tam'd,
That I, in reading, have the person seen,
And your pen hath part stage and actor been?
Or shall I say, that I can scarce forbear
To clap, when I a captain[x] do meet there,

[w] *J. M.*] "This poem is probably by Jasper Maine, as well as the next; for the stationer, in his concluding verses, mentions 'thirty-four witnesses,' and as the number of poems besides his own is thirty-six, that of the encomiasts is thirty-four, there being two copies of verses by Cartwright and two by Maine." Weber.

[x] *a captain*] i. e. Bessus in *A King and No King*.

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So lively in his own vain humour drest,
So braggingly, and like himself exprest,
That modern cowards, when they saw him play'd,
Saw, blush'd, departed guilty and betray'd?
You wrote all parts right; whatsoe'er the stage
Had from you, was seen there as in the age,
And had there equal life: vices, which were
Manners abroad, did grow corrected there;
They who possess'd a box, and half-crown spent,
To learn obsceneness, return'd innocent,
And thank'd you for this cozenage, whose chaste scene
Taught loves so noble, so reform'd, so clean,
That they who brought foul fires, and thither came
To bargain, went thence with a holy flame.
Be't to your praise too, that your stock and vein
Held both to tragic and to comic strain:
Where'er you listed to be high and grave,
No buskin shew'd more solemn, no quill gave
Such feeling objects to draw tears from eyes,
Spectators sate part[s] in your tragedies;
And where you listed to be low and free,
Mirth turn'd the whole house into comedy,
So piercing, where you pleas'd, hitting a fault,
That humours from your pen issu'd all salt.
Nor were you thus in works and poems knit,
As to be but two halfs, and make one wit;
But as some things, we see, have double cause,
And yet the effect itself from both whole draws,
So, though you were thus twisted and combin'd,
As two bodies[a] to have but one fair mind,
Yet, if we praise you rightly, we must say,
Both join'd, and both did wholly make the play.
For, that you could write singly, we may guess
By the divided pieces which the press
Hath severally sent[b] forth; nor were join'd[c] so,
Like some our modern authors, made to go
One merely by the help of th' other, who
To purchase fame do come forth one of two;
Nor wrote you so, that one's part was to lick
The other into shape; nor did one stick

[a] *As two bodies*] Altered by Seward (rightly perhaps) to "*As* in *two bodies;*" and so his successors.

[b] *sent*] In Beaumont's *Poems*, 1653, "*set.*"

[c] *join'd*] The correction of Theobald. Both folios, and Beaumont's *Poems*, 1653, have "gone;" but it must be a misprint. Compare the third line above.

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The other's cold inventions with such wit,
As serv'd, like spice, to make them quick and fit;
Nor, out of mutual want or emptiness,
Did you conspire to go still twins to the press;
But what, thus join'd, you wrote, might have come forth
As good from each, and stor'd with the same worth
That thus united them: you did join sense;
In you 'twas league, in others impotence;
And the press, which both thus amongst us sends,
Sends us one poet in a pair of friends.

JASPER MAINE[d].

UPON THE REPORT OF THE PRINTING OF THE DRAMATICAL POEMS OF MASTER JOHN FLETCHER, [NEVER] COLLECTED BEFORE, AND NOW SET FORTH IN ONE VOLUME.

THOUGH when all Fletcher writ, and the entire
Man was indulg'd unto that sacred fire,
His thoughts, and his thoughts' dress, appear'd both such,
That 'twas his happy fault to do too much;
Who therefore wisely did submit each birth
To knowing Beaumont, ere it did come forth,
Working again, until he said 'twas fit,
And made him the sobriety of his wit;
Though thus he call'd his judge into his fame,
And for that aid allow'd him half the name,
'Tis known that sometimes he did stand alone,
That both the sponge and pencil were his own,
That himself judg'd himself, could singly do,
And was at last Beaumont and Fletcher too:

[d] *Jasper Maine*]—Or Mayne,—born in 1604 at Hatherleigh, Devon, was educated at Westminster-school, and thence removed to Christ-church, Oxford. Having taken orders, he was preferred to two livings in the gift of his college,—Cassington near Woodstock, and Pyrton near Watlington. As he had shewn himself a devoted royalist, he was ejected by Cromwell not only from Christ-church but from his vicarages: he, however, found an asylum in the house of the Earl of Devonshire, as chaplain to that nobleman. There he continued chiefly to reside till the Restoration, when he was amply recompensed for his sufferings by being re-instated in both his livings, made canon of Christ-church, chaplain in ordinary to the king, and archdeacon of Chichester. He died in 1672. Maine appears to have possessed considerable learning; he was much admired for his preaching (in the quaint style which was then fashionable); and he had a great reputation for his wit and humour. Besides two comedies, which are far above mediocrity,—*The City Match*, 1639, and *The Amorous War*, 1648,—he was author of several *Sermons*, of *Part of Lucian made English from the Originall*, &c.

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Else we had lost his *Shepherdess*[e], a piece
Even and smooth, spun from a finer fleece;
Where softness reigns, where passions passions greet,
Gentle and high, as floods of balsam meet;
Where, dress'd in white expressions, sit bright Loves,
Drawn, like their fairest queen, by milky doves;
A piece which Jonson[f] in a rapture bid
Come up a glorified work; and so it did.
Else had his Muse set with his friend; the stage
Had miss'd those poems, which yet take the age;
The world had lost those rich exemplars, where
Art, language[g], wit, sit ruling in one sphere;
Where the fresh matters soar above old themes,
As prophets' raptures do above our dreams;
Where, in a worthy scorn, he dares refuse
All other gods, and makes the thing his Muse;
Where he calls passions up[h], and lays them so,
As spirits aw'd by him to come and go;
Where the free author did whate'er he would,
And nothing will'd but what a poet should.
No vast uncivil bulk swells any scene,
The strength 's ingenious[i], and the vigour clean;
None can prevent[j] the fancy, and see through
At the first opening; all stand wondering how
The thing will be, until it is; which thence,
With fresh delight[k] still cheats, still takes the sense;
The whole design, the shadows, the lights, such
That none can say he shews or hides too much:
Business grows up, ripen'd by just increase,
And by as just degrees again doth cease;
The heats and minutes of affairs are watch'd,
And the[l] nice points of time are met, and snatch'd;
Nought later than it should, nought comes before,—
Chemists and calculators do err more;
Sex, age, degree, affections, country, place,
The inward substance, and the outward face,

[e] *Shepherdess*] i. e. *The Faithful Shepherdess*. Seward having misunderstood this passage, the Editors of 1778 observe that Cartwright means "If Fletcher could not have wrote without Beaumont, we should not have had *The Faithful Shepherdess*, in which the latter had no concern."

[f] *which Jonson*, &c.] See Jonson's verses prefixed to that drama, vol ii. 11.

[g] *language*] In Cartwright's *Works*, 1651, "learning."

[h] *up*] *Ibid.* "forth."

[i] *ingenious*] *Ibid.* "ingenuous." (The words were formerly synonymous.)

[j] *prevent*] i. e. anticipate.

[k] *delight*] *Ibid.* and second folio "delights."

[l] *the*] Second folio "these."

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All kept precisely, all exactly fit ;
What he would write, he was before he writ.
'Twixt Jonson's grave, and Shakespeare's lighter sound,
His Muse so steer'd, that something still was found,
Nor this, nor that, nor both, but so his own,
That 'twas his mark, and he was by it known :
Hence did he take true judgments; hence did strike
All palates some way, though not all alike :
The god of numbers might his numbers crown,
And, listening to them, wish they were his own.
Thus, welcome forth, what ease, or wine, or wit,
Durst yet produce, that is, what Fletcher writ !

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

ANOTHER.

FLETCHER, though some call it thy fault, that wit
So overflow'd thy scenes, that, ere 'twas fit
To come upon the stage, Beaumont was fain
To bid thee be more dull,—that 's, write again,
And bate some of thy fire, which from thee came
In a clear, bright, full, but too large a flame,—
And, after all, finding thy genius such,
That, blunted and allay'd, 'twas yet too much,
Added his sober sponge, and did contract
Thy plenty to less wit, to make 't exact ;
Yet we, through his corrections, could see
Much treasure in thy superfluity ;
Which was so fil'd away, as, when we do
Cut jewels, that that 's lost is jewel too ;
Or as men use to wash gold, which we know
By losing makes the stream thence wealthy grow.
They who do on thy works severely sit,
And call thy store the over-births of wit,
Say thy miscarriages were rare, and when
Thou wert superfluous, that thy fruitful pen
Had no fault but abundance, which did lay
Out in one scene what might well serve a play ;
And hence do grant, that what they call excess,
Was to be reckon'd as thy happiness,
From whom wit issued in a full spring-tide ;
Much did enrich the stage, much flow'd beside.
For, that thou couldst thine own free fancy bind
In stricter numbers, and run so confin'd

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As to observe the rules of art, which sway
In the contrivance of a true-born play,
Those[n] works proclaim which thou didst write retir'd
From Beaumont, by none but thyself inspir'd;
Where, we see, 'twas not chance that made them hit,
Nor were thy plays the lotteries of wit;
But, like to Durer's pencil, which first knew
The laws of faces, and then faces drew,
Thou knew'st[o] the air, the colour, and the place,
The symmetry which gives a poem grace;
Parts are so fitted unto parts, as do
Shew thou hadst wit and mathematics too;
Knew'st where by line to spare, where to dispense,
And didst beget just comedies from thence,
Things unto which thou didst such life bequeathe,
That they, their own Blackfriars, unacted[p], breathe.
Jonson hath writ things lasting and divine,
Yet his love-scenes, Fletcher, compar'd to thine,
Are cold and frosty, and express[q] love so,
As heat with ice, or warm fires mix'd with snow;
Thou, as if struck with the same generous darts
Which burn and reign in noble lovers' hearts,
Hast cloth'd affections in such native tires,
And so describ'd them in their own true fires,
Such moving sighs, such undissembled tears,
Such charms of language, such hopes mix'd with fears,
Such grants after denials, such pursuits
After despair, such amorous recruits,
That some, who sate spectators, have confest
Themselves transform'd to what they saw exprest,
And felt such shafts steal through their captiv'd sense,
As made them rise parts, and go lovers thence.
Nor was thy style wholly compos'd of groves,
Or the soft strains of shepherds and their loves;
When thou wouldst comic be, each smiling birth,
In that kind, came into the world all mirth,
All point, all edge, all sharpness; we did sit
Sometimes five acts out in pure sprightful wit,
Which flow'd in such true salt, that we did doubt
In which scene we laugh'd most two shillings out.

[n] *Those*] Old ed. "These,"
[o] *knew'st*] Old ed. "know'st;" but see the fourth line after.
[p] *unacted*] i. e. though unacted on account of the suppression of the theatres.
[q] *express*] Old ed. "exprest."

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Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies
I' the ladies' questions, and the fools' replies;
Old-fashion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town
In turn'd hose[r], which our fathers call'd the clown,
Whose wit our nice times would obsceneness call,
And which made bawdry pass for comical:
Nature was all his art; thy vein was free
As his, but without his scurrility;
From whom mirth came unforc'd, no jest perplex'd,
But, without labour, clean, chaste, and unvex'd.
Thou wert not like some, our small poets, who
Could not be poets, were not we poets too;
Whose wit is pilfering, and whose vein and wealth
In poetry lies merely in their stealth:
Nor didst thou feel their drought, their pangs, their qualms,
Their rack in writing, who do write for alms,
Whose wretched genius, and dependent fires,
But to their benefactors' dole aspires:
Nor hadst thou the sly trick, thyself to praise
Under thy friends' names; or, to purchase bays,
Didst write stale commendations to thy book,
Which we for Beaumont's or Ben Jonson's took:
That debt thou left'st to us, which none but he
Can truly pay, Fletcher, who writes like thee.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT[s].

[r] *In turn'd hose*] Altered to "*In* trunk-*hose*" by Theobald, who cites from Sir John Berkenhead's verses (see p. xlviii.) the expression "*trunk-hose* wit;" and so his successors.

[s] *William Cartwright*] Born in 1611 at Northway, near Tewkesbury, in Gloucestershire, was the son of a William Cartwright, who, having dissipated a fair estate, was at length reduced to keep an inn at Cirencester. (This is Wood's account, *Athenæ*, iii. 69. ed. Bliss: Lloyd in his *Memoires*, &c. states,—there is reason to believe, incorrectly,—that he was born in 1615, and the son of Thomas Cartwright of Burford in Oxfordshire.) He was first sent to the free-school at Cirencester, afterwards to Westminster as a king's scholar, and being thence removed to Oxford, was elected a student of Christ-church in 1628. Having been ordained, he became, according to Wood, "the most florid and seraphical preacher in the university." He was also much admired for the lectures which he delivered as metaphysical reader. In 1642 he was made succentor in the Cathedral of Salisbury, and in 1643 was chosen junior proctor of the university. There he died, during the latter year, of a malignant fever (called the camp-disease); and, as he had acquired a great celebrity for his abilities and learning, his early death was very widely lamented,—the king (who was then at Oxford) appearing in black on the day of his burial. Ben Jonson used to say, "My son Cartwright writes all like a man"; and bishop Fell declared that he "was the utmost man could come to." He was author of four plays,—*The Royal Slave*, *The Lady Errant*, *The Ordinary* (an excellent comedy), and *The Siege, or Love's Convert*: the first of these was published in 1639, the others were originally printed in the collection of his *Plays and Poems*, 1651, to which are prefixed more copies of commendatory verses than even to the first folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works. A sermon by Cartwright, entitled *An Offspring of Mercy issuing out of the Womb of Cruelty*, &c. appeared in 1652.

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ON MASTER FRANCIS BEAUMONT (THEN NEWLY DEAD).

He that hath such acuteness and such wit[u]
As would ask ten good heads[v] to husband it;
He that can write[w] so well that no man dare
Refuse it for the best, let him beware:
Beaumont is dead; by whose sole death[x] appears,
Wit 's a disease consumes men[y] in few years.

Richard Corbet, D.D[z].

TO MASTER FRANCIS BEAUMONT (THEN LIVING).

How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse,
That unto me dost such religion use!
How I do fear myself, that am not worth
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!
At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st,
And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st.
What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves!
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives,
When even there, where most thou praisest me,
For writing better, I must envy thee!

Ben Jonson[a].

[u] *He that hath*, &c.] In Beaumont's *Poems*, 1640, "*He that* had Youth, and Friends, *and* so much *Wit*."

[v] *ten good heads*] *Ibid.* "fiue *good* Wits."

[w] *can write*] *Ibid.* "hath wrote."

[x] *whose sole death*] *Ibid.* "which our Art."

[y] *men*] *Ibid.* "one."

[z] *Richard Corbet, D. D.*] Said to be descended from an ancient family in Shropshire, and born at Ewell, Surrey, in 1582, was the son of Vincent Corbet, a man of some eminence for his skill in gardening, who usually resided at Whitton near Twickenham, and who died at a very advanced age, leaving considerable property. He was educated at Westminster school, from which he was removed to Oxford, where he was first entered at Broadgate Hall, and afterwards admitted a student of Christ Church. "In 1605, he proceeded M. of A., being then esteemed one of the most celebrated wits in the university, as his poems, jests, romantic fancies and exploits, which he made and perform'd extempore, shew'd. Afterwards entering into holy orders, he became a most quaint preacher, and therefore much followed by ingenious men." (Wood's *Athenæ*, ii. 594, ed. Bliss.) Having been made by King James one of his chaplains in ordinary, and having received considerable preferment, he was promoted in 1620 to the deanery of Christ Church. In 1629 he was raised to the see of Oxford, and in 1632 he was translated to that of Norwich. His wife was the daughter of Dr. Leonard Hutten (or Hutton); but the date of his marriage (perhaps about 1625) has not been discovered. He died in 1635. The *Poems* of this facetious writer were first printed in 1647: the best edition of them (with various additions) is that by O. Gilchrist, 1807.

[a] *Ben Jonson*] Born in 1574, died in 1637.

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UPON MASTER FLETCHER'S INCOMPARABLE PLAYS.

Apollo sings, his harp resounds: give room,
For now, behold, the golden pomp is come!
Thy pomp of plays, which thousands come to see,
With admiration both of them and thee.
O volume, worthy, leaf by leaf and cover,
To be with juice of cedar wash'd all over!
Here 's words with lines, and lines with scenes consent,
To raise an act to full astonishment;
Here melting numbers, words of power to move
Young men to swoon, and maids to die for love:
Love lies a-bleeding[b] here; Evadne[c] there
Swells with brave rage, yet comely every where;
Here 's a *Mad Lover;* there that high design
Of *King and No King*, and the rare plot thine.
So that whene'er we circumvolve our eyes,
Such rich, such fresh, such sweet varieties
Ravish our spirits, that entranc'd we see,
None writes love's passion[d] in the world like thee.

Robert Herrick[e].

ON THE HAPPY COLLECTION OF MASTER FLETCHER'S WORKS, NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

Fletcher, arise! usurpers share thy bays,
They canton thy vast wit to build small plays:
He comes! his volume breaks through clouds and dust;
Down, little wits! ye must refund, ye must.

[b] *Love lies a-bleeding*] The second title of *Philaster*.

[c] *Evadne*] See *The Maid's Tragedy*.

[d] *passion*] Weber prints, "passions."

[e] *Robert Herrick*] Descended from an ancient family in Leicestershire, and born in Cheapside in 1591, was the fourth son of Nicholas Herrick, goldsmith. (Chalmers says, "Nicholas Herrick, *of St. Vedast*, Foster Lane." *Biog. Dict.*! St. Vedast was the church at which the poet was baptised.) Being sent to Cambridge by his uncle and guardian Sir William Herrick, he was entered, about 1615, a fellow-commoner of St. John's College; and about 1618 he removed to Trinity Hall, where he studied the law. (Wood by mistake has placed Herrick in his *Athenæ;* see vol. iii. 250, ed. Bliss.) He, however, took orders; and having the Earl of Exeter for his patron, he was presented in 1629, by Charles the First, to the vicarage of Dean Prior, Devon. During the civil wars, he was ejected from his living, and resided in St. Anne's parish, Westminster. After the Restoration, he again took possession of his vicarage; and there he is believed to have died, but the date of his death has not been ascertained. (See Nichols's *Hist. of Leicest.* vol. II. P. ii. 631—633.) *Hesperides: or The Works both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq.*, appeared in 1648. (*His Noble Numbers: or His Pious Pieces*, &c., which come last in the volume, have a distinct title-page, dated 1647: *Esq.* means perhaps that during the civil wars he had laid aside his gown.) He is a very unequal writer; but in his best poems he displays a fine vein of fancy and great beauty of versification.

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Nor comes he private ; here 's great Beaumont too :
How could one single world encompass two ?
For these coheirs had equal power to teach
All that all wits both can and cannot reach.
Shakespeare was early up, and went so drest
As for those dawning hours he knew was best ;
But, when the sun shone forth, you two thought fit
To wear just robes, and leave off trunk-hose wit.
Now, now 'twas perfect ; none must look for new ;
Manners and scenes may alter, but not you,
For yours are not mere humours, gilded strains ;
The fashion lost, your massy sense remains.

Some think your wits of two complexions fram'd,
That one the sock, th' other the buskin claim'd ;
That, should the stage embattail all its force,
Fletcher would lead the foot, Beaumont the horse.
But you were both for both, not semi-wits ;
Each piece is wholly two, yet never splits :
Ye 're not two faculties, and one soul still,
He th' understanding, thou the quick free will ;
But[f], as two voices in one song embrace,
Fletcher's keen treble, and deep Beaumont's base,
Two full, congenial souls ; still both prevail'd ;
His Muse and thine were quarter'd, not impal'd ;
Both brought your ingots, both toil'd at the mint,
Beat, melted, sifted, till no dross stuck in 't,
Then in each other's scales weigh'd every grain,
Then smooth'd and burnish'd, then weigh'd all again,
Stamp'd both your names upon 't at one bold hit,—
Then, then 'twas coin, as well as bullion-wit.

Thus twins : but as when fate one eye deprives,
That other strives to double, which survives,
So Beaumont died, yet left in legacy
His rules and standard-wit, Fletcher, to thee ;
Still the same planet, though not fill'd so soon,
A two-horn'd crescent then, now one full moon.
Joint love before, now honour, doth provoke :
So th' old twin giants forcing a huge oak,
One slipp'd his footing, th' other sees him fall,
Grasp'd the whole tree, and single held up all.
Imperial Fletcher ! here begins thy reign ;
Scenes flow like sun-beams from thy glorious brain ;

[f] *But*] Altered by Seward to "Not ;" and so his successors.

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Thy swift-despatching soul no more doth stay,
Than he that built two cities in one day ;
Ever brim-full, and sometimes running o'er,
To feed poor languid wits that wait at door,
Who creep and creep, yet ne'er above ground stood,
For creatures have most feet which have least blood ;
But thou art still that bird of paradise,
Which hath no feet, and ever nobly flies ;
Rich, lusty sense, such as the poet ought,
For poems, if not excellent, are nought ;
Low wit in scenes in state a peasant goes ;
If mean and flat, let it foot yeoman prose,
That such may spell, as are not readers grown ;
To whom he, that writes wit, shews he hath none.
Brave Shakespeare flow'd, yet had his ebbings too,
Often above himself, sometimes below :
Thou always best ; if aught seem'd to decline,
'Twas the unjudging rout's[g] mistake, not thine :
Thus thy fair Shepherdess[h], which the bold heap,
False to themselves and thee, did prize so cheap,
Was found, when understood, fit to be crown'd ;
At worst 'twas worth two hundred thousand pound.
Some blast thy works, lest we should track their walk,
Where they steal all those few good things they talk ;
Wit-burglary must chide those it feeds on,
For plunder'd folks ought to be rail'd upon ;
But, as stoln goods go off at half their worth,
Thy strong sense palls, when they purloin it forth.
When didst thou borrow ? where's the man e'er read
Aught begg'd by thee from those alive or dead ?
Or from dry goddesses ? as some, who, when
They stuff their page with gods, write worse than men ;
Thou wast thine own Muse, and hadst such vast odds,
Thou out-writt'st[i] him whose verse made all those gods,
Surpassing those our dwarfish age uprears,
As much as Greeks or Latins thee in years.
Thy ocean-fancy knew nor banks nor dams :
We ebb down dry to pebble-anagrams ;
Dead and insipid, all despairing sit,
Lost to behold this great relapse of wit ;
What strength remains, is like that, wild and fierce,
Till Jonson made good poets and right verse.

g *rout's*] i. e. multitude's.
h *Shepherdess*] i. e. *The Faithful Shepherdess.*
i *outwritt'st*] So in Beaumont's *Poems*, 1653. Both folios "outwrit'st ;" and so the modern editors.

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Such boisterous trifles thy Muse would not brook,
Save when she 'd shew how scurvily they look ;
No savage metaphors, things rudely great,
Thou dost display, not[j] butcher a conceit ;
Thy nerves have beauty, which invades and charms,—
Looks like a princess harness'd in bright arms.
Nor art thou loud and cloudy : those that do
Thunder so much, do 't without lightning too,
Tearing themselves, and almost split their brain,
To render harsh what thou speak'st free and clean :
Such gloomy sense may pass for high and proud,
But true-born wit still flies above the cloud ;
Thou knew'st 'twas impotence, what they call height ;
Who blusters strong i' the dark, but creeps i' the light.
And as thy thoughts were clear, so innocent,
Thy fancy gave no unswept language vent ;
Slander'st not laws, profan'st no holy page,
As if thy father's crosier aw'd the stage ;
High crimes were still arraign'd ; though they made shift
To prosper out four acts, were plagued i' the fifth :
All 's safe and wise ; no stiff affected scene,
Nor swoln, nor flat, a true full natural vein ;
Thy sense, like well-drest ladies, cloth'd as skinn'd,
Not all unlac'd, nor city-starch'd and pinn'd ;
Thou hadst no sloth, no rage, no sullen fit,
But strength and mirth ; Fletcher 's a sanguine wit.
Thus two great consul-poets all things sway'd,
Till all was English-born or English-made :
Mitre and coif here into one piece spun,
Beaumont a judge's, this a prelate's son.
What strange production is at last display'd,
Got by two fathers, without female aid !
Behold, two masculines espous'd each other !
Wit and the world were born without a mother.

JOHN BERKENHEAD[k].

[j] *not*] Weber prints "nor."

[k] *John Berkenhead*]—or Birkenhead,—the son of a saddler, was born, about 1615, at Northwich in Cheshire. Having received a common grammar-school education, he was entered, in 1632, a servitor of Oriel College, Oxford, under the tuition of Dr. Humphrey Lloyd (afterwards Bishop of Bangor). At the recommendation of Lloyd, he became amanuensis to Archbishop Laud; who created him by diploma A.M., and on whose letters commendatory he was elected a probationary fellow of All-Souls College. During the civil war, when Charles the First had made Oxford his head-quarters, Berkenhead was employed to support the royal cause, and to ridicule its opponents, by writing a newspaper, entitled, *Mercurius Aulicus, communicating the Intelligence and Affairs of the Court to the rest of the Kingdom.* He commenced it in 1642, and gained by it a great reputation. (His place as journalist was frequently supplied by Dr. Peter Heylin, but with inferior humour.) At the desire of the king, he was appointed reader in moral philosophy ; and he continued to hold that office,

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TO THE MEMORY OF MASTER FLETCHER.

THERE's nothing gain'd by being witty ; fame
Gathers but wind to blather up[1] a name.
Orpheus must leave his lyre, or, if it be
In heaven, 'tis there a sign, no harmony ;
And stones that follow'd him may now become
New[m] stones again, and serve him for his tomb.
The Theban Linus, that was ably skill'd
In Muse and music, was by Phœbus kill'd,
Though Phœbus did beget him : sure, his art
Had merited his balsam, not his dart.
But here Apollo's jealousy is seen,
The god of physic 's troubled with the spleen ;
Like timorous kings, he puts a period
To high-grown parts, lest he should be no god.
Hence those great master-wits of Greece, that gave
Life to the world, could not avoid a grave ;
Hence the inspirèd prophets of old Rome,
Too great for earth, fled to Elysium.
But the same ostracism benighted one
To whom all these were but illusion ;
It took our Fletcher hence, Fletcher, whose wit
Was not an accident to the soul, but it,
Only diffus'd ; thus we the same sun call,
Moving i' the sphere, and shining on a wall ;
Wit so high plac'd at first, it could not climb,
Wit that ne'er grew, but only shew'd, by time ;
No fire-work of sack, no seldom-shown
Poetic rage, but still in motion,
And with far more than spheric excellence
It mov'd, for 't was its own intelligence ;

though with very little profit, till 1648, when he was expelled by the parliamentary visitors not only from it but also from his fellowship. "Afterwards he retired to London, suffered several imprisonments for his majesty's cause, lived by his wits in helping young gentlemen out at dead lifts in making poems, songs, and epistles, on, and to, their respective mistresses, as also in translating and writing several little things, and other petite employments." (Wood's *Athenæ*, iii. 1203, ed. Bliss.) On the Restoration, he was created, by virtue of the king's letters, D.C.L. at Oxford, was chosen burgess to serve in parliament for Wilton, was knighted in 1662, and next year succeeded Sir Richard Fanshawe as master of requests, "being then also master of the faculties and a member of the royal society." (Wood, *ibid.*) He died at Westminster in 1679. For the titles of his various writings, in several of which he has exhibited great powers of ridicule, see Wood's *Athenæ*, and Chalmers's *Biog. Dict.*: his spirited satire, *Paul's-Churchyard*, &c. may be found reprinted in *The Harl. Miscell.*, ix. 408. ed. Park.

[1] *blather up*] i. e. gabble up (written also *blatter* and *blother*),—unless the word is used here for *bladder*.

[m] *New*] Old ed. "Now."

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And yet so obvious to sense, so plain,
You 'd scarcely think 't allied unto the brain ;
So sweet, it gain'd more ground upon the stage
Than Jonson with his self-admiring rage
E'er lost ; and then so naturally it fell,
That fools would think that they could do as well.
This is our loss ; yet, spite of Phœbus, we
Will keep our Fletcher, for his wit is he.

EDWARD POWELL [n].

UPON THE EVER-TO-BE-ADMIRED MASTER JOHN FLETCHER AND HIS PLAYS.

WHAT 's all this preparation for ? or why
Such sudden triumphs ? Fletcher ! the people cry :
Just so, when kings approach, our conduits run
Claret, as here the spouts flow Helicon :
See, every sprightful Muse, dress'd trim and gay,
Strews herbs and scatters roses in his way !
Thus th' outward yard set round with bays we 've seen,
Which from the garden hath transplanted been ;
Thus, at the prætor's feast[o], with needless costs,
Some must be employ'd in painting of the posts ;
And some, as dishes made for sight, not taste,
Stand here as things for show to Fletcher's feast.
Oh, what an honour, what a grace 't had been[p],
T' have had his cook in *Rollo* serv'd[q] them in !
Fletcher, the king of poets ! such was he,
That earn'd all tribute, claim'd all sovereignty ;
And may he that denies it, learn to blush
At 's *Loyal Subject*, starve at 's *Beggars' Bush ;*
And, if not drawn by example, shame, nor grace,
Turn o'er to 's *Coxcomb* and *The Wild-Goose Chase.*
Monarch of wit ! great magazine of wealth !
From whose rich bank, by a Promethean stealth,
Our lesser flames do blaze ! his the true fire,
When they, like glow-worms, being touch'd, expire.

[n] *Edward Powell*] Verses by this person are prefixed to Shirley's *Poems*, 1646. He was perhaps the "ancient Player, lately dead," mentioned by Gildon as the father of George Powell the actor : *Lives and Characters of Engl. Dram. Poets*, 1698, p. 113.

[o] *at the prætor's feast*, &c.] i. e. at the Lord Mayor's feast : when he entered into office, the posts which were set up at his door (and at the doors of sheriffs) were usually new-painted.

[p] *been*] The writer's word probably was "bin," a common form.

[q] *serv'd*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "serve."

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'Twas first believ'd, because he always was
The *ipse dixit* and Pythagoras
To our disciple-wits, his soul might run,
By the same dreamt-of transmigration,
Into their rude and indigested brain,
And so inform their chaos-lump again ;
For many specious brats of this last age
Spoke Fletcher perfectly in every page.
This rous'd his rage to be abusèd thus,
Made 's *Lover Mad, Lieutenant Humorous.*
Thus ends-of-gold-and-silver-men[r] are made,
As th' use to say, goldsmiths of his own trade ;
Thus rag-men from the dunghill often hop,
And publish forth by chance a broker's shop :
But by his own light now we have descried
The dross from that hath been so purely tried.
Proteus of wit ! who reads him doth not see
The manners of each sex, of each degree ?
His full-stor'd fancy doth all humours fill,
From *The Queen of Corinth* to *The Maid o' the Mill ;*
His *Curate, Lawyer, Captain, Prophetess,*
Shew he was all and every one of these ;
He taught, so subtly were their fancies seiz'd,
To *Rule a Wife,* and yet the *Women Pleas'd.*
Parnassus is thine own ; claim it as merit ;
Law makes *The Elder Brother* to inherit.

G. Hills[s].

IN HONOUR OF MASTER JOHN FLETCHER.

So Fletcher now presents to fame
His alone self and unpropt name,
As rivers rivers entertain,
But still fall single into the main ;
So doth the moon in consort shine,
Yet flows alone into its mine,
And though her light be jointly thrown,
When she makes silver, 'tis her own.

[r] *ends-of-gold-and-silver-men*] i. e. itinerant purchasers of broken pieces of gold and silver : see *The Beggars' Bush,* act iii. sc. 1.

[s] *G. Hills*] Perhaps the "Geo. Hill," who wrote two copies of verses (one Latin, one English) prefixed to Shirley's *Poems,* 1646, and some lines before Cartwright's *Works,* 1651.

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Perhaps his quill flew stronger when
'Twas weavèd with his Beaumont's pen,
And might with deeper wonder hit,—
It could not shew more his, more wit ;
So Hercules came by sex and love,
When Pallas sprang from single Jove :
He took his Beaumont for embrace,
Not to grow by him and increase,
Nor for support did with him twine,—
He was his friend's friend, not his vine ;
His wit with wit he did not twist
To be assisted, but t' assist.
And who could succour him whose quill
Did both run sense and sense distill,
Had time and art in t, and the while
Slid even as theirs wh' are only style ?
Whether his chance did cast it so,
Or that it did like rivers flow
Because it must, or whether 't were
A smoothness from his file and ear,
Not the most strict enquiring nail
Could e'er find where his piece did fail
Of entire oneness ; so the frame
Was composition, yet the same.
How does he breed his *Brother*[s], and
Make wealth and estate understand !
Suits land to wit, makes luck match merit,
And makes an *Eldest* fitly inherit !
How was he Ben, when Ben did write
To the stage, not to his judge indite !
How did he do what Jonson did,
And earn what Jonson would have s'ed[t] !

JOSIAS HOWE of Trin. Coll. Oxon[u].

[s] *Brother*] "Alluding to *The Elder Brother*." WEBER.

[t] *And earn what Jonson would have s'ed*] Weber supposes that "*s'ed*" is put for "sow'd." The Rev. J. Mitford would read, "*And* learn *what Jonson would have* said."

[u] *Josias Howe of Trin. Col. Oxon*] The son of Thomas Howe, minister of Grendon in Buckinghamshire, was born about 1611. He was elected scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, took orders, and became fellow of the college in 1637. Being a very warm loyalist, he was ejected from his fellowship by the parliamentarian visitors in 1648. He was restored to it in 1660, "but," says Wood, "was no gainer by his sufferings as many honest cavaliers were not by theirs." (*Fasti*, Part Sec. p. 97. ed. Bliss). He died at Oxford in 1701. He was author of *A Sermon before the King at Ch. Ch.*, &c., printed in red letters about 1644, and, according to Wood, of another sermon. Verses by him are prefixed to Randolph's *Poems*, 1643, to Cartwright's *Works*, 1651, and, I believe, to several other books.

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[ON] MASTER JOHN FLETCHER HIS DRAMATICAL WORKS, NOW AT LAST PRINTED.

I could praise Heywood now, or tell how long
Falstaff from cracking nuts[v] hath kept the throng;
But for a Fletcher I must take an age,
And scarce invent the title for one page.
Gods must create new spheres, that should express
The several accents, Fletcher, of thy dress;
The pen of Fates should only write thy praise,
And all Elysium for thee turn to bays.
Thou felt'st no pangs of poetry, such as they
Who the heavens quarter still before a play,
And search the ephemerides to find
When the aspect for poets will be kind.
Thy poems, sacred spring, did from thee flow
With as much pleasure as we read them now:
Nor need we only take them up by fits,
When love or physic hath diseas'd our wits,
Or construe English, to untie a knot
Hid in a line far subtler than the plot.
With thee the page may close his lady's eyes,
And yet with thee the serious student rise:
The eye, at several angles darting rays,
Makes, and then sees, new colours; so thy plays
To every understanding still appear
As if thou only meant'st to take that ear;
The phrase so terse and free, of a just poise,
Where every word has weight, and yet no noise;
The matter too so nobly fit, no less
Than such as only could deserve thy dress;
Witness thy comedies, pieces of such worth,
All ages shall still like, but ne'er bring forth.
Other in season last scarce so long time
As cost the poet but to make the rhyme;
Where, if a lord a new way does but spit,
Or change his shrug, this antiquates the wit:
That thou didst live before, nothing would tell
Posterity, could they but write so well;
Thy catholic fancy will acceptance find,
Not whilst an humour 's living, but mankind;

[v] *cracking nuts*] A common amusement of the audience at our old theatres.

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Thou, like thy writings, innocent and clean,
Ne'er practis'd a new vice, to make one scene ;
None of thy ink had gall, and ladies can
Securely hear thee sport without a fan.
But when thy tragic Muse would please to rise
In majesty, and call tribute from our eyes,
Like scenes, we shifted passions, and that so,
Who only came to see, turn'd actors too.
How didst thou sway the theatre ! make us feel
The players' wounds were true, and their swords steel !
Nay, stranger yet, how often did I know
When the spectators ran[x] to save the blow !
Frozen with grief, we could not stir away
Until the epilogue told us 't was a play.
What shall I do ? all commendations end,
In saying only,—thou wert Beaumont's friend !
Give me thy spirit quickly, for I swell,
And like a raving prophetess cannot tell
How to receive thy genius[y] in my breast :
Oh, I must sleep ! and then I'll sing the rest.

FRANCIS PALMER of Ch. Ch. Oxon[z].

UPON THE UNPARALLELED PLAYS WRITTEN BY THOSE RENOWNED TWINS OF POETRY,
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

WHAT 's here ? another library of praise[a],
Met in a troop t' advance contemnèd plays,
And bring exploded wit again in fashion !
I can't but wonder at this reformation ;
My skipping soul surfeits with so much good,
To see my hopes into fruition bud.
A happy chemistry ! blest viper, Joy,
That through thy mother's bowels gnaw'st thy way !
Wits flock in shoals, and club to re-erect,
In spite of ignorance, the architect

[x] *When the spectators ran*, &c.] "This alludes to those spectators who were accommodated with chairs [stools] on the stage." WEBER.

[y] *thy genius*] The second folio, "the full god."

[z] *Francis Palmer of Ch. Ch. Oxon*] So the second folio gives the Christian name. The first folio has "*T. Palmer*," &c. Among the commendatory verses prefixed to Cartwright's *Works*, 1651, a copy is signed "Fr. Palmer, Student of Ch. Ch. Oxon."

[a] *another library of praise*] "This alludes to the numerous commendatory copies of verses on Tom Coryat's *Crudities*, which swelled into an entire volume." THEOBALD.

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Of occidental poesy ; and turn
Gods, to recal Wit's ashes from their urn :
Like huge Colosses, they 've together met [b]
Their shoulders, to support a world of wit.
The tale of Atlas, though of truth it miss,
We plainly read mythologiz'd in this ;
Orpheus and Amphion, whose undying stories
Made Athens famous, are but allegories :
'Tis poetry has power to civilize
Men worse than stones, more blockish than the trees.
I cannot choose but think, now things so fall,
That wit is past its climacterical ;
And though the Muses have been dead and gone,
I know they 'll find a resurrection.
'Tis vain to praise ; they 're to themselves a glory,
And silence is our sweetest oratory ;
For he that names but Fletcher must needs be
Found guilty of a loud hyperbole ;
His fancy so transcendently aspires,
He shews himself a wit who but admires.
Here are no volumes stuff'd with cheverel sense [c],
The very anagrams of eloquence ;
Nor long long-winded sentences that be,
Being rightly spell'd, but wit's stenography ;
Nor words as void of reason as of rhyme,
Only cæsura'd to spin out the time.
But here 's a magazine of purest sense,
Cloth'd in the newest garb of eloquence ;
Scenes that are quick and sprightly, in whose veins
Bubbles the quintessence of sweet high strains ;
Lines, like their authors, and each word of it
Does say, 'twas writ by a gemini of wit.
How happy is our age, how blest our men,
When such rare souls live themselves o'er agen !
We err, that think a poet dies ; for this
Shews that 'tis but a metempsychosis.
Beaumont and Fletcher here, at last, we see
Above the reach of dull mortality,
Or power of fate : and thus the proverb hits,
(That's so much cross'd,) These men live by their wits.

ALEXANDER BROME [d].

[b] *met*] Altered (it may be, rightly) to "knit" by Theobald ; and so his successors.
[c] *cheverel sense*] i. e. sense that stretches, is pliant, like *cheverel*, or kid-leather.
[d] *Alexander Brome*] Born in 1620, was an attorney in the Lord Mayor's Court. Of his personal history very little is known. During the civil wars and the protectorship, he

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ON THE DEATH AND WORKS OF MASTER JOHN FLETCHER.

My name, so far from great that 'tis not known,
Can lend no praise but what thou'dst blush to own ;
And no rude hand or feeble wit should dare
To vex thy shrine with an unlearnèd tear.
I'd have a state of wit convok'd, which hath
A power to take up on common faith,
That, when the stock of the whole kingdom 's spent
In but preparative to thy monument,
The prudent council may invent fresh ways
To get new contribution to thy praise,
And rear it high, and equal to thy wit,
Which must give life and monument to it.
So when, late, Essex died [e], the public face
Wore sorrow in 't ; and to add mournful grace
To the sad pomp of his lamented fall,
The Commonwealth serv'd at his funeral,
And by a solemn order built his hearse ;—
But not like thine, built by thyself in verse,
Where thy advancèd image safely stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands :
Base hands, how impotently you disclose
Your rage 'gainst Camden's learnèd ashes, whose
Defacèd statua [g] and martyr'd book
Like an antiquity and fragment look !
Nonnulla desunt's legibly appear,
So truly now Camden's *Remains* lie there :
Vain malice ! how he mocks thy rage, while breath
Of Fame shall speak his great *Elizabeth !*
'Gainst time and thee he well provided hath ;
Britannia is the tomb and epitaph.

displayed his fervent loyalty in a variety of songs and poems, by which he acquired a great celebrity among his own party. He died in 1666. The most complete edition of his *Songs and other Poems* is that of 1668. He was also author of a comedy, called *The Cunning Lovers*, 1654 ; of portions of a complete translation of *The Poems of Horace*, 1666 ; and he edited two volumes of plays by Richard Brome, (to whom,—as he tells us in a copy of verses,—he was not related.)

[e] *So, when, late, Essex died, &c.*] "The Earl of Essex, who had been General for the Parliament in the civil war against King Charles the First, died on the 14th of September, 1646, and the first folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works* was published in 1647." THEOBALD. "After these things were done, was a monument erected on the West-wall of the said S. cross isle [of Westminster Abbey] with the bust of the defunct [Camden] resting his hand on a book with Britannia insculp'd on the leaves thereof. This monument, which was composed of black and white marble, was somewhat defaced in 1646, when the hearse and effigies of Robert Earl of Essex, the parliamentarian general, were cut in pieces and defaced." Wood's *Athenæ*, ii. 348. ed. Bliss.

[g] *statua*] See note vol. ii. 459.

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Thus princes honours[h], but wit only gives
A name which to succeeding ages lives.
Singly we now consult ourselves and fame,
Ambitious to twist ours with thy great name:
Hence we thus bold to praise. For as a vine
With subtle wreath and close embrace doth twine
A friendly elm, by whose tall trunk it shoots,
And gathers growth and moisture from its roots;
About its arms the thankful clusters cling
Like bracelets, and with purple amelling[i]
The blue-cheek'd grape, stuck in its vernant hair,
Hangs like rich jewels in a beauteous ear;
So grow our praises by thy wit; we do
Borrow support and strength, and lend but show:
And but thy male wit, like the youthful sun,
Strongly begets upon our passion,
Making our sorrow teem with elegy,
Thou yet unwept and yet unprais'd mightst be.
But they 're imperfect births; and such are all
Produc'd by causes not univocal,
The scapes of nature, passives being unfit;
And hence our verse speaks only mother-wit.
Oh, for a fit o' the father! for a spirit
That might but parcel of thy worth inherit;
For but a spark of that diviner fire,
Which thy full breast did animate and inspire!
That souls could be divided, thou traduce
But a small particle of thine to us!
Of thine, which we admir'd when thou didst sit
But as a joint-commissioner in wit;
When it had plummets hung on, to suppress
Its too luxuriant-growing mightiness;
Till, as that tree which scorns to be kept down,
Thou grew'st to govern the whole stage alone:
In which orb thy throng'd light did make the star;
Thou wert th' intelligence did move that sphere.
Thy fury was compos'd; rapture no fit
That hung on thee; nor thou far gone in wit
As men in a disease; thy fancy clear,
Muse chaste, as those flames[j] whence they took their fire;
No spurious composures amongst thine,
Got in adultery 'twixt wit and wine.

[h] *princes honours*] i. e. princes *give* honours. Weber prints "princes' honours."
[i] *amelling*] i. e. enamelling. [j] *flames*] Old ed. "frames."

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And as th' hermetical physicians draw
From things that curse of the first-broken law,
That *ens venenum*, which, extracted thence,
Leaves nought but primitive good and innocence ;
So was thy spirit calcin'd ; no mixtures there
But perfect, such as next to simples are :
Not like those meteor-wits, which wildly fly
In storm and thunder through th' amazèd sky,
Speaking but th' ills and villanies in a state,
Which fools admire, and wise men tremble at,
Full of portent and prodigy, whose gall
Oft scapes the vice, and on the man doth fall :
Nature us'd all her skill, when thee she meant
A wit at once both great and innocent.
Yet thou hadst tooth ; but 'twas thy judgment, not,
For mending one word, a whole sheet to blot.
Thou couldst anatomise, with ready art
And skilful hand, crimes lock'd close up i' the heart ;
Thou couldst unfold dark plots, and shew that path
By which ambition climb'd to greatness hath ;
Thou couldst the rises, turns, and falls of states,
How near they were their periods and dates ;
Couldst mad the subject into popular rage,
And the grown seas of that great storm assuage ;
Dethrone usurping tyrants, and place there
The lawful prince and true inheriter ;
Knew'st all dark turnings in the labyrinth
Of policy, which who but knows, he sinn'th,
Save thee, who un-infected didst walk in 't,
As the great genius of government.
And when thou laid'st thy tragic buskin by,
To court the stage with gentle comedy,
How new, how proper th' humours, how express'd
In rich variety, how neatly dress'd
In language, how rare plots, what strength of wit
Shin'd in the face and every limb of it !
The stage grew narrow, while thou grew'st to be
In thy whole life an excellent comedy.
To these a virgin modesty, which first met
Applause with blush and fear, as if he yet
Had not deserv'd ; till, bold with constant praise,
His brows admitted the unsought-for bays.
Nor would he ravish fame ; but left men free
To their own vote and ingenuity[k] :

[k] *ingenuity*] i. e. ingenuousness.

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When his fair Shepherdess[l], on the guilty stage,
Was martyr'd between ignorance and rage,
At which the impatient virtues of those few
Could judge, grew high, cried murder! though he knew
The innocence and beauty of his child,
He only, as if unconcernèd, smil'd.
Princes have gather'd since[m] each scatter'd grace,
Each line and beauty of that injur'd face,
And on th' united parts breath'd such a fire
As, spite of malice, she shall ne'er expire.
Attending, not affecting, thus the crown,
Till every hand did help to set it on,
He came to be sole monarch, and did reign
In wit's great empire absolute sovereign.

JOHN HARRIS[n].

ON MASTER JOHN FLETCHER'S EVER-TO-BE-ADMIRED DRAMATICAL WORKS.

I 'VE thought upon 't; and thus I may gain bays;
I will commend thee, Fletcher, and thy plays.
But none but wits can do 't: how, then, can I
Come in amongst them, that could ne'er come nigh?

[l] *fair Shepherdess*] i. e. *The Faithful Shepherdess.*

[m] *Princes have gather'd since*, &c.] "This relates to King Charles the First causing *The Faithful Shepherdess* to be revived and acted before him." SEWARD.

[n] *John Harris*] "John Harris, son of Rich. Harris of Padbury in Bucks, sometime fellow of New coll. and afterwards rector of Hardwick in the same county, was born in the parsonage house at Hardwick, educated in grammar learning at Wykeham's school near Winchester, admitted perpetual fellow of New college in 1606, took the degrees in arts, and became so admirable a Grecian, and so noted a preacher, that Sir Hen. Savile used frequently to say that he was second to St. Chrysostome. In 1617 he was unanimously elected one of the proctors of the university, and two years after was made Greek professor thereof; both which offices he executed to his great honour and credit. Afterwards he became prebendary of Winchester, rector of Meonstoke in Hampshire, doct. of divinity, and at length in Sept. 1630 warden of Wykeham's coll. near Winchester, he being then preb. of Whitchurch in the church of Wells. In the beginning of the grand rebellion raised by the presbyterians, he sided with them, was elected one of the assembly of divines, took the covenant and other oaths, and so kept his wardenship to his dying day. He hath written *A short View of the Life and Virtues of Dr. Arth. Lake, sometime Bishop of Bath and Wells.* Lond. 1629 in 6 sh. and an half in fol. As also several letters to the noted anti-arminian Dr. W. Twysse, of which one was *Of God's finite and indefinite Decrees*, another *Of the Object of Predestination*, which, with Twysse's Answers, were published by Hen. Jeanes in a folio book which he published at Oxon 1653. Our author Harris died at Winchester on the eleventh day of August in sixteen hundred fifty and eight, aged 70 years, and was buried in the chappel belonging to the coll. of W. of Wykeham near Winchester." Wood's *Athenæ*, iii. 455. ed. Bliss. I know not if any other verses by Harris are extant besides the present poem, which has considerable (Seward says, great) merit.

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There is no other way ; I'll throng to sit,
And pass i' the crowd amongst them for a wit :
Apollo knows me not, nor I the Nine ;
All my pretence to verse is love and wine.
By your leave, gentlemen : you wits o' the age,
You that both furnish'd have and judg'd the stage,
You who the poet and the actors fright,
Lest that your censure thin the second night[n],—
Pray, tell me, gallant wits, could critics think
There e'er was solecism in Fletcher's ink,
Or lapse of plot or fancy in his pen ?
A happiness not still allow'd to Ben ;
After of time and wit h'ad been at cost,
He of his own *New-Inn*[o] was but an host.
Inspired Fletcher ! here 's no vain-glorious words ;
How even thy lines, how smooth thy sense accords !
Thy language so insinuates, each one
Of thy spectators has thy passion ;
Men seeing, valiant, ladies amorous prove,
Thus owe to thee their valour and their love :
Scenes chaste, yet satisfying ; ladies can't say,
Though Stephen[q] miscarried, that so did the play ;
Judgment could ne'er to this opinion lean,
That Lowin, Taylor e'er could grace thy scene ;
'Tis richly good unacted, and to me
Thy very farce appears a comedy ;
Thy drollery is design, each looser part
Stuffs not thy plays, but makes 'em up an art
The stage has seldom seen : how often vice
Is smartly scourg'd to check us ! to entice,
How well encourag'd virtue is ! how guarded !
And, that which makes us love her, how rewarded !
Some, I dare say, that did with loose thoughts sit,
Reclaim'd by thee, came converts from the pit ;
And many a she that to be ta'en up came,
Took up themselves, and after left the game.

HENRY HARINGTON[r].

[o] *the second night*] When the poet was interested in the profits.

[p] *New-Inn*] Jonson's last and unsuccessful drama.

[q] *Stephen*] i. e. Stephen Hammerton, "who was at first a most noted and beautiful woman actor, but afterwards he acted, with equal grace and applause, a young lover's part." *Hist. Histrion.*, 1699, (see p. cxlvii. of prefatory matter to the last ed. of Dodsley's *Old Plays*). He was one of the players who signed the Dedication of the first folio.

[r] *Henry Harington*] Another copy of verses by this person will be found prefixed to *The Wild-Goose Chase*.

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TO THE MEMORY OF THE DECEASED, BUT EVER-LIVING AUTHOR IN THESE HIS POEMS, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER.

On the large train of Fletcher's friends let me,
Retaining still my wonted modesty,
Become a waiter, in my ragged verse,
As follower to the Muses' followers.
Many here are of noble rank and worth,
That have by strength of art set Fletcher forth
In true and lively colours, as they saw him,
And had the best abilities to draw him ;
Many more are abroad, that write, and look
To have their lines set before Fletcher's book ;
Some that have known him too, some more, some less,
Some only but by hearsay, some by guess ;
And some for fashion-sake would take the hint,
To try how well their wits would shew in print.
You, that are here before me, gentlemen,
And princes of Parnassus, by the pen
And your just judgments of his worth, that have
Preserv'd this author's memory from the grave,
And made it glorious,—let me at your gate
Porter it here, 'gainst those that come too late,
And are unfit to enter. Something I
Will deserve here ; for, where[s] you versify
In flowing numbers, lawful weight, and time,
I'll write, though not rich verses, honest rhyme.
I am admitted. Now, have at the rout[t]
Of those that would crowd in, but must keep out !
Bear back, my masters ; pray, keep back ; forbear ;
You cannot, at this time, have entrance here.
You, that are worthy, may, by intercession,
Find entertainment at the next impression ;
But let none then attempt it, that not know
The reverence due, which to this shrine they owe :
All such must be excluded ; and the sort[u],
That only upon trust, or by report,
Have taken Fletcher up, and think it trim
To have their verses planted before him,
Let them read first his works, and learn to know him,
And offer then the sacrifice they owe him.
But far from hence be such as would proclaim
Their knowledge of this author, not his fame ;

[s] *where*] i. e. whereas. [t] *rout*] i. e. multitude. [u] *sort*] i. e. set, band.

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And such as would pretend, of all the rest,
To be the best wits that have known him best:
Depart hence, all such writers, and before
Inferior ones thrust in by many a score;
As formerly before Tom Coryate,
Whose work, before his praisers, had the fate
To perish; for the witty copies took
Of his encomiums made themselves a book[v].
Here's no such subject for you to out-do,
Out-shine, out-live, (though well you may do too
In other spheres); for Fletcher's flourishing bays
Must never fade while Phœbus wears his rays:
Therefore forbear to press upon him thus.
Why, what are you, cry some, that prate to us?
Do not we know you for a flashy meteor,
And styl'd, at best, the Muses' serving-creature?
Do you control? Ye've had your jeer: sirs, no;
But in an humble manner let you know,
Old serving-creatures oftentimes are fit
T' inform young masters, as in land, in wit,
What they inherit, and how well their dads
Left one, and wish'd the other to their lads;
And, from departed poets, I can guess
Who has a greater share of wit, who less.
'Way, fool! another says. Ay[w], let him rail,
And 'bout his own ears flourish his wit-flail,
Till with his swingle he his noddle break,
While this of Fletcher and his works I speak;—
His works! says Momus; nay, his plays, you'd say.
Thou hast said right, for that to him was play
Which was to others' brains a toil; with ease
He play'd on waves, which were their troubled seas:
His nimble births have longer liv'd than theirs
That have, with strongest labour, divers years
Been sending forth the issues of their brains
Upon the stage; and shall, to the stationers' gains,
Life after life take, till some after-age
Shall put down printing, as this doth the stage,
Which nothing now presents unto the eye
But in dumb-shows her own sad tragedy.
Would there had been no sadder works abroad,
Since her decay, acted in fields of blood!

[v] *made themselves a book*] See note, p. lvi.

[w] *Ay*] Old. ed. "I," with a comma after it,—evidently intended to stand for "Ay." The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "I."

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But to the man again, of whom we write,
The writer that made writing his delight,
Rather than work. He did not pump, nor drudge,
To beget wit, or manage it; nor trudge
To wit-conventions with note-book, to glean
Or steal some jests to foist into a scene:
He scorn'd those shifts. You, that have known him, know
The common talk that from his lips did flow,
And run at waste, did savour more of wit
Than any of his time, or since, have writ,
But few excepted, in the stage's way:
His scenes were acts, and every act a play.
I knew him in his strength; even then when he,
That was the master of his art and me,
Most knowing Jonson, proud to call him son,
In friendly envy, swore he had out-done
His very self: I knew him till he died;
And, at his dissolution, what a tide
Of sorrow overwhelm'd the stage; which gave
Volleys of sighs to send him to his grave,
And grew distracted in most violent fits,
For she had lost the best part of her wits.
In the first year, our famous Fletcher fell,
Of good King Charles, who grac'd these poems well,
Being then in life of action; but they died
Since the king's absence, or were laid aside,
As is their poet. Now, at the report
Of the king's second coming to his court,
The books creep from the press to life, not action,
Crying unto the world, that no protraction
May hinder sacred majesty to give
Fletcher, in them, leave on the stage to live.
Others may more in lofty verses move;
I only thus express my truth and love.

RICHARD BROME[w].

[w] *Richard Brome*] Concerning this person no particulars are known, except that, before commencing dramatist, he attended on Ben Jonson in a menial capacity: "To my old faithful servant, and (by his continued virtue) my loving friend, the author of this work," is the heading of some verses by Jonson which are prefixed to Brome's earliest play, *The Northern Lass*, 1632. The date of his death is uncertain; but he was dead in 1653. Besides a drama which he wrote in conjunction with Heywood, fifteen of his plays are extant. Some of them possess no ordinary merit, especially *The Northern Lass*, *The Antipodes*, and *The Jovial Crew*: the last-mentioned piece, turned into an opera, has been acted during the present century. Commendatory poems by Brome occur in several publications of the time.

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UPON THE PRINTING OF MASTER JOHN FLETCHER'S WORKS.

What means this numerous guard? or do we come
To file our names or verse upon the tomb
Of Fletcher, and, by boldly making known
His wit, betray the nothing of our own?
For if we grant him dead, it is as true
Against ourselves,—no wit, no poet now;
Or if he be return'd from his cool shade
To us, this book his resurrection 's made;
We bleed ourselves to death, and but contrive
By our own epitaphs to shew him alive.
But let him live; and let me prophesy,
As I go swan-like out, our peace is nigh;
A balm unto the wounded age I sing,
And nothing now is wanting but the king.

James Shirley[x].

THE STATIONER.

As after th' epilogue there comes some one
To tell spectators what shall next be shown,
So here am I; but, though I 've toil'd and vext,
Cannot devise what to present ye next;
For, since ye saw no plays this cloudy weather,
Here we have brought ye our whole stock together:
'Tis new, and all these gentlemen attest,
Under their hands, 'tis right and of the best;
Thirty-four witnesses[y], without my task,—
Y' have just so many plays, besides a masque;
All good, I'm told, as have been read or play'd:
If this book fail, 'tis time to quit the trade.

Humphrey Moseley[z].

[x] *James Shirley*] Born in 1596, died in 1666.

[y] *Thirty-four witnesses*] "Humphrey Moseley makes a similar enumeration at the conclusion of the commendatory verses on Cartwright [prefixed to Cartwright's *Works*, 1651, of which Moseley was the publisher];

'as many hands attest it here
As there are shires in England, weeks i' th' year.'"

Weber.

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POSTSCRIPT.

We forgot to tell the reader that some prologues and epilogues here inserted were not written by the authors of this volume, but made by others on the revival of several plays. After the comedies and tragedies were wrought off, we were forced, for expedition, to send the gentlemen's verses to several printers, which was the occasion of their different character; but the work itself is one continued letter, which, though very legible, is none of the biggest, because, as much as possible, we would lessen the bulk of the volume.

VERSES UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FLETCHER, ENGRAVED BY MARSHALL, PREFIXED TO THE TWO FOLIOS.

Felicis ævi ac præsulis natus, comes
Beaumontio, sic, quippe Parnassus, biceps,
Fletcherus unam in pyramida furcas agens,
Struxit chorum plus simplicem vates duplex,
Plus duplicem solus ; nec ullum transtulit,
Nec transferendus : dramatum æterni sales,
Anglo theatro, orbi, sibi, superstites.
Fletchere, facies absque vultu pingitur ;
Quantus, vel umbram circuit nemo tuam.

John Berkenhead[x].

[x] *John Berkenhead*] See note p. l.

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AN EPITAPH UPON MY DEAR BROTHER, FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

(From Sir John Beaumont's *Poems*, 1629.)

On Death, thy murderer, this revenge I take;
I slight his terror, and just question make
Which of us two the best precedence have,
Mine to this wretched world, thine to the grave;
Thou shouldst have follow'd me, but Death, to blame,
Miscounted years, and measur'd age by fame:
So dearly hast thou bought thy precious lines;
Their praise grew swiftly, so thy life declines:
Thy Muse, the hearer's queen, the reader's love,
All ears, all hearts, but Death's, could please and move.

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THE WOMAN-HATER.

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The Woman Hater. As it hath beene lately Acted by the Children of Paules. London Printed, and are to be sold by John Hodgets in Paules Church-yard. 1607, 4to.

Some copies of this 4to have on the title-page "*Printed* by R. R. *and are to be sold*" &c.; and exhibit one or two corruptions of the text from which the other copies are free. The latter must have been altered after part of the impression had been struck off.

The Woman Hater. As it hath beene Acted by his Majesties Servants with great Applause. Written by John Fletcher Gent. &c. 1648, 4to.

This impression, with the addition of a prologue and an epilogue (the former by Davenant), and with a new title-page, was put forth as—

The Woman Hater, or the Hungry Courtier. A Comedy, as it hath been Acted by his Majesties Servants with great Applause. Written by

Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher. } *Gent.* &c. 1649, 4to.

The Woman Hater is also in the Folio of 1679.

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THIS drama, according to the Stationers' Books, was licensed by Sir George Buc, 20th. May, 1607 (Chalmers's *Suppl. Apol.* p. 200); and as both the entry in those books, and the title-page of the first 4to state that it had been "lately acted," we may conclude that it was originally brought upon the stage either in 1606 or 1607. The title-page of 1649 attributes a portion of it to Beaumont, but there is every reason to believe that it was the unassisted composition of Fletcher.

The source from which the poet derived (though perhaps not immediately) the underplot of Lazarillo and the umbrana's head, was first pointed out by a writer in *The Athenæum* for 1807, who, while turning over Bayle's *Dictionary*, accidentally discovered it in a quotation from Paulus Jovius *On Roman Fishes*[a]. The passage (with a better text than Bayle has chosen) is as follows. "Extat adhuc in ore quorundam facetorum ridenda fabula de T. Tamisio, qui Romanis aulicisque salibus erat insignis, sed gulæ adeo prostitutæ ut infamis haberetur. Is quum per servum, qui in foro piscario in eam curam intentus excubare solebat, ingentis umbrinæ caput Triumviris delatum esse cognovisset, in Capitolium protinus ascendit, ut simulato apud magistratum negotio, sermoneque de industria protracto, prandium captaret. Verum illud Triumviri jam Riario Cardinali donandum decreverant: ita Tamisius, quum limine curiæ efferri ingenti coronataque patina caput illud nobile conspexisset, primo deceptus consilio, illud subsecutus est, præmisso servo qui vestigiis deferentium ministrorum insisteret. Nec multo post quum Riarianis ædibus inferretur, Bene habet, salva res est, inquit Tamisius, opipare excipiemur; erat enim in primis mensæ Riarianæ, quæ longe omnium semper lautissima fuit, familiaris. At Riarius, ut erat natura munificus, Maximum, inquit, hoc Triumvirale caput maximo debetur cardinali; statimque Federico Sanseverino proceritatis admirandæ cardinali transmittitur. Colligit extemplo togam Tamisius, Riarium intempestivæ

[a] Bayle's *Dict.* Art. *Chigi* (*Augustin*), Note A.

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munificentiæ incusans, in mulamque resilit, et munus ad Sanseverinianam domum consequitur. Idem pari liberalitate facit Federicus, caputque ipsum, splendidis exornatum verbis [b], aurataque illatum patina, Chisio [c] publicano ditissimo deferri jubet, quod ei multo ære alieno gravibusque usuris obstrictus erat. Volitat, tertia jam spe avidam frustratus gulam, æstuans Tamisius, festinabundusque incalescente jam die in Transtiberinos hortos, quos ipse Chisius magnificentissimos extruebat, contendit: ibique fessus admodum et multo sudore madidus, quod gravis erat abdominis, quarto a fortuna decipitur; quippe qui Chisium caput illud recentibus floribus redimitum adamato scorto, cui ab forma eruditisque illecebris Imperiæ cognomen fuit, ut extemplo deferretur curantem reperit. Flectit itaque indignabundus habenas retro, nec tamen subiratus gulæ, quæ Herculeos labores attulerat, et ad Imperiam jam multo sole Sixtini Pontis semitam exurente adequitat. Ad extremum anhelantis gulæ ea vis atque libido fuit, ut qui per totam urbem fuerat raptatus, idem et togatus et senex, cum scorto, admirante novi hominis adventum, nullo pudore discubuerit." *De Rom. Pisc.* cap. v. Sig. C 5. sqq. ed. Antwerp, 1528, 12mo.

[b] Bayle supposed that "verbis" (which evidently means *words of compliment*) was an error of the press for "herbis."

[c] i. e. Augustin Chigi: see Bayle *ubi supra*.

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PROLOGUE.

GENTLEMEN, Inductions [d] are out of date, and a Prologue in verse is as stale as a black velvet cloak and a bay garland [e]; therefore you shall have it plain prose, thus. If there be any amongst you that come to hear lascivious scenes, let them depart; for I do pronounce this, to the utter discomfort of all two-penny gallery-men [f], you shall have no bawdry in it: or if there be any lurking amongst you in corners, with table-books [g], who have some hope to find fit matter to feed his ——[h] malice on, let them clasp them up and slink away, or stay and be converted. For he that made this play means to please auditors so as he may be an auditor himself hereafter, and not purchase them with the dear loss of his ears. I dare not call it comedy or tragedy; 'tis perfectly neither: a play it is, which was meant to make you laugh; how it

[d] *Inductions*] "Such as precede [B. Jonson's] *Cynthia's Revels*, *Bartholomew Fair*, [Shakespeare's] *Taming of the Shrew*, and many other plays of that period." REED.

[e] *a black velvet cloak and a bay garland*] A black cloak was the usual dress of the person, who spoke the prologue; and in the tragedy played before the King in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, the prologue-speaker still wears it on the modern stage. A bay garland was also a customary addition to his attire. "The bay was the emblem of authorship, and the use of the garland arose out of the custom for the author, or a person representing him, to speak the prologue." Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.*, iii. 442.

[f] *two-penny gallery-men*] The two-penny rooms, or galleries, were the cheapest parts of the large public theatres: see Collier's *Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poet.*, iii. 343.

[g] *table-books*] i. e. memorandum books, which persons used to take to the theatre for the purpose of noting down particular passages.

[h] ——] So old eds. Gifford, without any authority, cites the passage thus; "*feed* their *malice*." Note on B. Jonson's *Works*, ii. 90.

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will please you, is not written in my part; for though you should like it to-day, perhaps yourselves know not how you should digest it to-morrow. Some things in it you may meet with, which are out of the common road: a duke there is, and the scene lies in Italy, as those two things lightly[i] we never miss; but you shall not find in it the ordinary and over-worn trade of jesting at lords, and courtiers, and citizens, without taxation of any particular or new vice by them found out, but at the persons of them: such, he that made this, thinks vile, and for his own part vows, that he did never think but that a lord lord-born might be a wise man, and a courtier an honest man.

[i] *lightly*] i. e. commonly.

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PROLOGUE,[j]

AT A REVIVAL OF THE PLAY.

Ladies, take't as a secret in your ear,
Instead of homage and kind welcome here,
I heartily could wish you all were gone;
For if you stay, good faith, we are undone.
Alas, you now expect the usual ways
Of our address, which is your sex's praise!
But we to-night, unluckily, must speak
Such things will make your lovers' heart-strings break,
Belie your virtues, and your beauties stain,
With words contriv'd long since in your disdain.
'Tis strange you stir not yet; not all this while
Lift up your fans to hide a scornful smile,
Whisper, or jog your lords to steal away;
So leave us to act unto ourselves our play.
Then, sure, there may be hope you can subdue
Your patience to endure an act or two;
Nay more, when you are told our poet's rage
Pursues but one example, which that age
Wherein he liv'd produc'd; and we rely
Not on the truth, but the variety.
His Muse believ'd not what she then did write;
Her wings were wont to make a nobler flight,
Soar'd high, and to the stars your sex did raise;
For which, full twenty years he wore the bays:

[j] *Prologue*] Prefixed to 4to 1649: it was written by Sir William Davenant, when he revived this play; see his *Works*, p. 239.

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'Twas he reduc'd Evadne [k] from her scorn,
And taught the sad Aspatia [l] how to mourn;
Gave Arethusa's love [m] a glad relief;
And made Panthea [n] elegant in grief.
If those great trophies of his noble Muse
Cannot one humour 'gainst your sex excuse,
Which we present to-night, you'll find a way
How to make good the libel in our play:
So you are cruel to yourselves; whilst he
(Safe in the fame of his integrity)
Will be a prophet, not a poet thought,
And this fine web last long, though loosely wrought.

[k] *Evadne*] See *The Maid's Tragedy.*
[l] *Aspatia*] See the same.
[m] *Arethusa's love*] See *Philaster.*
[n] *Panthea*] See *A King and No King.*

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE of MILAN.
VALORE, a count, brother to ORIANA.
GONDARINO, a lord and general.
LUCIO, a lord.
ARRIGO, a knight.
LAZARILLO, a needy courtier.
Secretary to LUCIO.
Mercer.
Pandar.
Two Intelligencers.
Boy, page to LAZARILLO.
Gentlemen, Prentices, Page, Servants.

ORIANA, sister to VALORE.
JULIA, FRANCISSINA, } courtesans.
Old Gentlewoman.
Waiting-woman to ORIANA.
Ladies.

SCENE, *Milan.*

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THE WOMAN-HATER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter DUKE, ARRIGO, *and* LUCIO.

Duke. 'Tis now the sweetest time for sleep; the night 's
Scarce spent: Arrigo, what 's o'clock?
Arr. Past four.
Duke. Is it so much, and yet the morn not up?
See yonder, where the shame-fac'd maiden comes!
Into our sight how gently doth she slide,
Hiding her chaste cheeks, like a modest bride,
With a red veil of blushes! as is she[o],
Even such all modest virtuous women be.
Why thinks your lordship I am up so soon?
Lucio. About some weighty state-plot.
Duke. And what thinks
Your knighthood of it?
Arr. I do think, to cure
Some strange corruptions in the commonwealth.
Duke. Ye're well conceited of yourselves, to think
I chuse you out to bear me company
In such affairs and business of state!
But am not I a pattern for all princes,

[o] *as is she*] So 4to 1607. Other eds. "*as* if *she*."

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That break my soft sleep for my subjects' good?
Am I not careful? very provident?
Lucio. Your grace is careful.
Arr. Very provident.
Duke. Nay, knew you how my serious working plots
Concern the whole estates of all my subjects,
Ay, and their lives; then, Lucio, thou wouldst swear,
I were a loving prince.
Lucio. I think your grace
Intends to walk the public streets disguis'd,
To see the streets' disorders.
Duke. 'Tis not so.
Arr. You secretly will cross some other states,
That do conspire against you.
Duke. Weightier far:
You are my friends, and you shall have the cause;
I break my sleeps thus soon to see a wench.
Lucio. You 're wondrous careful for your subjects' good!
Arr. You are a very loving prince indeed!
Duke. This care I take for them, when their dull eyes
Are clos'd with heavy slumbers.
Arr. Then you rise
To see your wenches.
Lucio. What Milan beauty hath the power
To charm her sovereign's [p] eyes and break his sleeps?
Duke. Sister to count Valore: she 's a maid
Would make a prince forget his throne and state,
And lowly kneel to her: the general fate
Of all mortality, is hers to give;
As she disposeth, so we die and live.
Lucio. My lord, the day grows clear; the court will rise.
Duke. We stay too long. Is the umbrana's head [q], as we commanded, sent to the sad Gondarino, our general?

[p] *sovereign's*] So 4to 1607. Other eds. "sovereign."

[q] *the umbrana's head*] The *umbrina—sciæna aquila,* or *maigre,* "appears always to have been in great request with epicures; and as on account of its large size, [being taken seldom less than three, and sometimes six feet in length] it was always sold in pieces, the fishermen of Rome were in the habit of

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Arr. 'Tis sent.

Duke. But stay:—where shines that light?

Arr. 'Tis in the chamber of Lazarillo.

Duke. Lazarillo! what is he?

Arr. A courtier, my lord; and one that I wonder your grace knows not, for he hath followed your court, and your last predecessor's, from place to place, any time this seven year, as faithfully as your spits and your dripping-pans [r] have done, and almost as greasily.

Duke. Oh, we know him: as we have heard, he keeps a calendar of all the famous dishes of meat, that have been in the court ever since our great-grandfather's time; and when he can thrust in at no table, he makes his meat [s] of that.

Lucio. The very same, my lord.

Duke. A courtier call'st thou him?
Believe me, Lucio, there be many such
About our court, respected, as they think,
Even by ourself. With thee I will be plain:
We princes do use to prefer many for nothing, and to take particular and free knowledge, almost in the nature of acquaintance, of many whom we do use only for our pleasures; and do give largely to numbers, more out of policy to be thought liberal, and by that means to make the people strive to deserve our love, than to reward any particular desert of theirs to whom we give; and do suffer ourselves to hear flatterers, more for recreation than for love of it, though we seldom hate it:
And yet we know all these; and when we please,
Can touch the wheel, and turn their names about.

Lucio. I wonder they that know their states so well,
Should fancy such base slaves.

Duke. Thou wonder'st, Lucio!

presenting the head, which was considered the finest part, as a sort of tribute to the three local magistrates who acted for the time as conservators of the city." Yarrell's *Hist. of Brit. Fishes*, i. 91.

[r] *your spits and your dripping-pans*] i. e. according to the English custom in the poet's own time,—when, during the royal progresses, these utensils, with all other articles of furniture, were moved in carts from palace to palace.

[s] *meat*] Qy. "meal"?

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Dost not thou think, if thou wert Duke of Milan,
Thou shouldst be flatter'd ?

Lucio. I know, my lord, I would not.

Duke. Why, so I thought till I was Duke; I thought I should have left me no more flatterers than there are now plain-dealers; and yet, for all this my resolution, I am most palpably flattered. The poor man may loathe covetousness and flattery, but fortune will alter the mind when the wind turns; there may be well a little conflict, but it will drive the billows before it.—Arrigo, it grows late;
For see, fair Thetis [s] hath undone the bars
To Phœbus' team; and his unrivall'd light
Hath chas'd the morning's modest blush away:
Now must we to our love.—Bright Paphian queen,
Thou Cytherean goddess, that delights
In stirring glances, and art still thyself
More toying than thy team of sparrows be;
Thou laughing Erycina [t], Oh, inspire
Her heart with love, or lessen my desire! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—LAZARILLO'S *Lodging.*

Enter LAZARILLO *and* Boy.

Laz. Go, run, search, pry in every nook and angle [u] of the kitchens, larders, and pastries; know what meat's boiled, baked, roast, stewed, fried, or soused, at this dinner, to be served directly, or indirectly, to every several table in the court; begone!

Boy. I run; but not so fast as your mouth will do upon the stroke of eleven [v]. [*Exit.*

Laz. What an excellent thing did God bestow upon man,

[s] *Thetis*] Altered by the modern editors to "Tethys."

[t] *laughing Erycina*] "Erycina ridens." Hor. *Carm.* i. 2.

[u] *angle*] i. e. corner.

[v] *upon the stroke of eleven.*] "The usual dinner hour at the time. See the Knight of the Burning Pestle, *passim.*" WEBER.

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when he did give him a good stomach! What unbounded graces there are poured upon them that have the continual command of the very best of these blessings! 'Tis an excellent thing to be a prince; he is served with such admirable variety of fare, such innumerable choice of delicates; his tables are full-fraught with most nourishing food, and his cupboards heavy-laden with rich wines: his court is still filled with most pleasing varieties; in the summer his palace is full of green-geese, and in winter it swarmeth woodcocks. Oh, thou Goddess of Plenty,

Fill me this day with some rare delicates,
And I will every year most constantly,
As this day, celebrate a sumptuous feast,
If thou wilt send me victuals, in thine honour!
And to it shall be bidden, for thy sake,
Even all the valiant stomachs in the court [w];
All short-cloak'd knights, and all cross-garter'd [x] gentlemen,
All pump and pantofle [y], foot-cloth [z] riders,
With all the swarming generation
Of long stocks [a], short pan'd hose [b], and huge stuff'd doublets [c]:
All these shall eat, and, which is more than yet
Hath e'er been seen, they shall be satisfied!—
I wonder my ambassador returns not.

[w] *Even all the valiant* &c.] "This scene," says Coleridge, "from the beginning is prose printed as blank verse, down to the line—'E'en all the valiant' &c., where the verse recommences. This transition from the prose to the verse enhances, and indeed forms, the comic effect." *Remains*, ii. 322. Surely, the verse recommences at "Fill me this day," &c.

[x] *cross-garter'd*] i. e. having the garter crossed on the leg,—which, as well as the other peculiarities of dress here mentioned, was a mode highly fashionable at the time this play was produced.

[y] *pantofle*] i. e. a kind of slipper.

[z] *foot-cloth*] i. e. a cloth to protect the feet,—housings of cloth, hanging down on each side of the horse.

[a] *stocks*] i. e. stockings.

[b] *pan'd hose*] i. e. a sort of breeches (generally full and bombasted) made of stripes (*panes*) of various-coloured cloth stitched together, having slips of silk or velvet occasionally intermixed.

[c] *huge stuff'd doublets*] i. e. doublets, bombasted to a ridiculous size.

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Re-enter Boy.

Boy. Here I am, master.

Laz. And welcome:
Never did that sweet virgin in her smock,
Fair-cheek'd Andromeda, when to the rock
Her ivory limbs were chain'd, and straight before
A huge sea-monster, tumbling to the shore,
To have devour'd her, with more longing sight
Expect the coming of some hardy knight,
That might have quell'd his pride and set her free,
Than I with longing sight have look'd for thee.

Boy. Your Perseus is come, master, that will destroy him;
The very comfort of whose presence shuts
The monster Hunger from your yelping guts.

Laz. Brief, boy, brief!
Discourse the service of each several table
Compendiously.

Boy. Here's a bill of all, sir.

Laz. Give it me. [*Reads.*] *A bill of all the several services this day appointed for every table in the court.*
Ay, this is it on which my hopes rely;
Within this paper all my joys are clos'd.
Boy, open it, and read it with reverence.

Boy. [*Reads.*] *For the Captain of the guard's table, three chines of beef and two joles of sturgeon.*

Laz. A portly service, but gross, gross. Proceed to the Duke's own table, dear boy, to the Duke's own table.

Boy. [*Reads.*] *For the Duke's own table, the head of an umbrana.*

Laz. Is't possible?
Can heaven be so propitious to the Duke?

Boy. Yes, I'll assure you, sir, 'tis possible; heaven is so propitious to him.

Laz. Why, then, he is the richest prince alive;
He were the wealthiest monarch in all Europe,
Had he no other territories, dominions,
Provinces, seats, nor palaces, but only
That umbrana's head.

Boy. Tis very fresh and sweet, sir; the fish was taken but

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this night, and the head, as a rare novelty, appointed by special commandment for the Duke's own table, this dinner.

Laz. If poor unworthy I may come to eat
Of this most sacred dish, I here do vow
(If that blind huswife Fortune will bestow
But means on me) to keep a sumptuous house;
a board groaning under the heavy burden of the beast[d] that cheweth the cud, and the fowl that cutteth the air. It shall not, like the table of a country-justice, be sprinkled over with all manner of cheap salads, sliced beef, giblets, and pettitoes, to fill up room; nor should there stand any great, cumbersome, uncut-up pies at the nether end, filled with moss and stones, partly to make a show with, and partly to keep the lower mess[e] from eating; nor shall my meat come in sneaking, like the city-service, one dish a quarter of an hour after another, and gone as if they had appointed to meet there and had mistook the hour; nor should it, like the new court-service, come in in haste, as if it fain would be gone again, all courses at once, like a hunting breakfast[f]: but I would have my several courses and my dishes well filed[g]; my first course should be brought in after the ancient manner, by a

[d] *beast*] Old eds. "beasts."

[e] *the lower mess*] "That is, those who used to sit at the table below the salt; a custom frequently mentioned in our ancient writers. Mr. Whalley [Note on B. Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, act ii. sc. 1.] gives the following account of the manner in which our ancestors were usually seated at their meals: 'The tables being long, the *salt* [i. e. salt-cellar, of a very large size] was commonly placed about the middle, and served as a kind of boundary to the different quality of the guests invited. Those of distinction were ranked above; the space below was assigned to the dependants or inferior relations of the master of the house.'" REED.

[f] *nor should it, like the new court service, come in in haste, as if it fain would be gone again, all courses at once, like a hunting breakfast*] "It appears to have been an usual trick at the court-entertainments at that time, for the servants to remove the dishes before the guests had time to eat of them. When the Muscovite ambassadors were entertained at King James's court in 1617, Sir John Finett, then master of ceremonies, informs us, 'their servants (about fifty of them) had a dinner provided in the guard-chamber, where the guard that waited on them failed not of their accustomed care (by soone shifting away their dishes) to keep them from surfeiting.'—*Finetti Philoxenis*, London, 1656, 8vo, p. 47." WEBER (qy. Sir W. Scott?).

[g] *filed*] "i. e. arranged, ranked." WEBER.

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score of old blear-eyed serving-men in long blue coats [h],—marry, they shall buy silk-facing and buttons themselves, but that's by the way—

Boy. Master, the time calls on; will you be walking?

Laz. Follow, boy, follow: my guts were half an hour since in the privy-kitchen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the house of* VALORE.

Enter VALORE *and* ORIANA.

Ori. Faith, brother, I must needs go yonder.

Val. And i'faith, sister, what will you do yonder?

Ori. I know the lady Honoria will be glad to see me.

Val. Glad to see you? Faith, the lady Honoria cares for you as she doth for all other young ladies; she's glad to see you, and will shew you the privy-garden, and tell you how many gowns the Duchess had. Marry, if you have ever an old uncle that would be a lord, or ever a kinsman that hath done a murder or committed a robbery, and will give good store of money to procure his pardon, then the lady Honoria will be glad to see you.

Ori. Ay, but they say one shall see fine sights at the court.

Val. I'll tell you what you shall see. You shall see many faces of man's making, for you shall find very few as God left them: and you shall see many legs too; amongst the rest you shall behold one pair, the feet of which were in times past sockless, but are now, through the change of time (that alters all things), very strangely become the legs of a knight and a courtier; another pair you shall see, that were heir-apparent legs to a glover; these legs hope shortly to be honourable; when they pass by they will bow, and the mouth to these legs will seem to offer you some courtship; it will swear, but it will lie; hear it not.

Ori. Why, and are not these fine sights?

[h] *blue coats*] The usual habit of servants.

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Val. Sister, in seriousness you yet are young,
And fair; a fair young maid, and apt——

Ori. Apt!

Val. Exceeding apt; apt to be drawn to—

Ori. To what?

Val. To that you should not be; 'tis no dispraise;
She is not bad that hath desire to ill,
But she that hath no power to rule that will:
For there you shall be woo'd in other kinds
Than yet your years have known;
The chiefest men will seem to throw themselves
As vassals at your service, kiss your hand,
Prepare you banquets, masques, shows, all enticements
That wit and lust together can devise,
To draw a lady from the state of grace
To an old lady widow's gallery[1];
And they will praise your virtues; beware that:
The only way to turn a woman whore,
Is to commend her chastity. You'll go?

Ori. I would go, if it were but only to shew you that I could be there, and be moved with none of these tricks.

Val. Your servants are ready?

Ori. An hour since.

Val. Well, if you come off clear from this hot service,
Your praise shall be the greater. Farewell, sister.

Ori. Farewell, brother.

Val. Once more,—if you stay in the presence till candle-light, keep on the foreside o' the curtain; and, do you hear, take heed of the old bawd in the cloth-of-tissue sleeves and the knit mittens. Farewell, sister. — [*Exit.* ORIANA.] Now am I idle. I would I had been a scholar, that I might have studied now! the punishment of meaner men is, they have too much to do; our only misery is, that without company we know not what to do. I must take some of the common courses of our nobility, which is thus. If I

[1] *an old lady widow's gallery*] See Middleton's *Women beware Women*, act ii. sc. 2. (vol. iv. of my ed. of his *Works*), where Bianca is seduced by the Duke at the house of Livia.

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can find no company that likes[j] me, pluck off my hat-band, throw an old cloak over my face, and, as if I would not be known, walk hastily through the streets till I be discovered: then "There goes count Such-a-one," says one; "There goes count Such-a-one," says another; "Look how fast he goes," says a third; "There's some great matters in hand questionless," says a fourth; when all my business is to have them say so. This hath been used. Or, if I can find any company[k], I'll after dinner to the stage to see a play; where, when I first enter, you shall have a murmur in the house; every one that does not know, cries, "What nobleman is that?" all the gallants on the stage[l] rise, vail[m] to me, kiss their hand, offer me their places; then I pick out some one whom I please to grace among the rest, take his seat, use it, throw my cloak over my face, and laugh at him; the poor gentleman imagines himself most highly graced, thinks all the auditors esteem him one of my bosom-friends, and in right special regard with me. But here comes a gentleman, that I hope will make me better sport than either street and stage fooleries.

[*Retires.*

Enter LAZARILLO *and* Boy.

This man loves to eat good meat; always provided he do not pay for it himself. He goes by the name of the Hungry Courtier; marry, because I think that name will not sufficiently distinguish him, (for no doubt he hath more fellows there), his name is Lazarillo: he is none of these same ordinary[n] eaters that will devour three breakfasts, and as many dinners, without any prejudice to their bevers[o], drinkings,

[j] *likes*] "i. e. pleases." REED.

[k] *company*] "Means here a company of comedians, not companions, as Seward supposes." MASON.

[l] *gallants on the stage*] i. e. gallants, who during the performance, sat upon the stage on stools and smoked tobacco,—a fashionable affectation which prevailed long after this play was written.

[m] *vail*] "i. e. pull off their hats." MASON.

[n] *ordinary*] "i. e. common, [not eaters at an ordinary]." *Ed.* 1778.

[o] *bevers*] i. e. slight repasts between meals. "As our ancestors dined at eleven o'clock, it was customary to take some further refreshment in the afternoon, which custom is still retained in some parts of England, and is called a *bever*." WEBER.

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or suppers; but he hath a more courtly kind of hunger, and doth hunt more after novelty than plenty. I'll over-hear him. [*Aside.*

Laz. Oh, thou most itching kindly appetite,
Which every creature in his stomach feels,
Oh, leave, leave yet at last thus to torment me!
Three several salads have I sacrific'd,
Bedew'd with precious oil and vinegar,
Already to appease thy greedy wrath.—
Boy!

Boy. Sir?

Laz. Will the count speak with me?

Boy. One of his gentlemen is gone to inform him of your coming, sir.

Laz. There is no way left for me to compass this fishhead, but by being presently made known to the Duke.

Boy. That will be hard, sir.

Laz. When I have tasted of this sacred dish,
Then shall my bones rest in my father's tomb
In peace; then shall I die most willingly,
And as a dish be serv'd to satisfy
Death's hunger; and I will be buried thus.
My bier shall be a charger[p] borne by four;
The coffin where I lie a powdering-tub[q],
Bestrew'd with lettuce and cool salad-herbs;
My winding-sheet of tansies; the black guard[r]
Shall be my solemn mourners; and—instead
Of ceremonies, wholesome burial prayers—
A printed dirge in rhyme shall bury me;
Instead of tears let them pour capon-sauce
Upon my hearse, and salt instead of dust;
Manchets[s] for stones; for other glorious shields

[p] *a charger*] "i. e. a great dish." WEBER.

[q] *a powdering tub*] "i. e. a tub for powdering or salting meat." WEBER.

[r] *the black guard*] A nick-name given to the lowest menials in great houses, but more particularly in royal residences, who carried coals, &c., and who, during the progresses, rode in the carts with the pots, kettles, &c. See note, p. 13., and Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, ii. 169.

[s] *Manchets*] i. e. small loaves, or rolls, of the finest white bread.

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Give me a voider[t]; and above my hearse,
For a trutch sword[u], my naked knife stuck up!

[VALORE *comes forward.*

Boy. Master, the count 's here.

Laz. Where?—My lord, I do beseech you—— [*Kneels.*

Val. You 're very welcome, sir; I pray you stand up; you shall dine with me.

Laz. I do beseech your lordship, by the love I still have borne to your honourable house——

Val. Sir, what need all this? you shall dine with me. I pray, rise.

Laz. [*Rising.*] Perhaps your lordship takes me for one of these same fellows, that do, as it were, respect victuals.

Val. Oh, sir, by no means.

Laz. Your lordship has often promised that, whensoever I should affect greatness, your own hand should help to raise me.

Val. And so much still assure yourself of.

Laz. And though I must confess I have ever shunned popularity, by the example of others, yet I do now feel myself a little ambitious. Your lordship is great, and, though young, yet a privy-councillor.

Val. I pray you, sir, leap into the matter; what would you have me do for you?

Laz. I would entreat your lordship to make me known to the Duke.

Val. When, sir?

Laz. Suddenly, my lord; I would have you present me unto him this morning.

[t] *a voider*] Which Weber most erroneously explains—was a basket or tray, into which the relics of a dinner or other meal, the trenchers, &c., were swept from the table with a wooden knife.

[u] *a trutch sword*] "From the context it means apparently a sort of sword of ceremony displayed at funerals; but it is somewhat extraordinary that the term has not been found except in this humorous description of a gourmand's funeral." Nares's *Gloss. in v.—Truchman*, meaning an interpreter, is a not uncommon word; and perhaps the right reading here is "*truch-sword*"—i. e. a sword which *interprets* the profession of the deceased, and shows that he was a soldier: by the mention of "shields," it would seem that the funeral which Lazarillo did *not* wish to have was a military one.

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Val. It shall be done: but for what virtues would you have him take notice of you?

Laz. Your lordship shall know that presently.

Val. 'Tis pity of this fellow; he is of good wit and sufficient understanding, when he is not troubled with this greedy worm. [*Aside.*

Laz. Faith, you may entreat him to take notice of me for any thing; for being an excellent farrier, for playing well at span-counter, or sticking knives in walls, for being impudent, or for nothing. Why may not I be a favourite on the sudden? I see nothing against it.

Val. Not so, sir; I know you have not the face to be a favourite on the sudden.

Laz. Why, then, you shall present me as a gentleman well qualified, or one extraordinary seen in divers strange mysteries.

Val. In what, sir? as how?

Laz. Marry, as thus——

Enter Intelligencer.

Val. Yonder's my old spirit, that hath haunted me daily, ever since I was a privy-councillor; I must be rid of him [*Aside*].—[*To* Intelligencer.] I pray you stay there, I am a little busy; I will speak with you presently.

Laz. You shall bring me in, and after a little other talk, taking me by the hand, you shall utter these words to the Duke: "May it please your grace, to take note of a gentleman, well read, deeply learned, and throughly[x] grounded in the hidden knowledge of all salads and potherbs whatsoever."

Val. 'Twill be rare. If you will walk before, sir, I will overtake you instantly.

Laz. Your lordship's ever. [*Exit with* Boy.

Val. This fellow is a kind of informer[y], one that lives in ale-houses and taverns; and because he perceives some worthy men in this land, with much labour and great expence, to have discovered things dangerously hanging over the state,

[x] *throughly*] Altered by the editors of 1778, and Weber, to "thoroughly."

[y] *informer*] The modern editors give with folio 1679 "an *informer*."

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he thinks to discover as much out of the talk of drunkards in tap-houses. He brings me informations, picked out of broken words in men's common talk, which with his malicious misapplication he hopes will seem dangerous; he doth, besides, bring me the names of all the young gentlemen in the city that use ordinaries or taverns, talking (to my thinking) only as the freedom of their youth teach them without any further ends, for dangerous and seditious spirits. He is, besides, an arrant whoremaster as any is in Milan, of a layman,—I will not meddle with the clergy. He is parcel lawyer [2], and, in my conscience, much of their religion. I must put upon him some piece of service [*Aside*].—Come hither, sir: what have you to do with me?

Int. Little, my lord; I only come to know how your lordship would employ me.

Val. Observed you that gentleman that parted from me but now?

Int. I saw him now, my lord.

Val. I was sending for you; I have talked with this man, and I do find him dangerous.

Int. Is your lordship in good earnest?

Val. Hark you, sir; there may perhaps be some within ear-shot. [*Whispers.*

Re-enter LAZARILLO *and* BOY.

Laz. Sirrah, will you venture your life, the Duke hath sent the fish-head to my lord?

Boy. Sir, if he have not, kill me, do what you will with me.

Laz. How uncertain is the state of all mortal things! I have these crosses from my cradle, from my very cradle, insomuch that I do begin to grow desperate. Fortune, I do despise thee, do thy worst! Yet, when I do better gather myself together, I do find it is rather the part of a wise man to prevent the storms of fortune by stirring, than to suffer 'em, by standing still, to pour themselves upon his naked body. I will about it. [*Aside.*

Val. Who 's within there?

[2] *parcel lawyer*] "i. e. partly lawyer." SEWARD.

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Enter Servant.

Let this gentleman out at the back-door.—Forget not my instructions: if you find any thing dangerous, trouble not yourself to find out me, but carry your informations to the lord Lucio; he is a man grave, and well-experienced in these businesses.

Int. Your lordship's servant.

[*Exeunt* Intelligencer *and* Servant.

Laz. Will it please your lordship walk?

Val. Sir, I was coming; I will overtake you.

Laz. I will attend you over against the lord Gondarino's house.

Val. You shall not attend there long.

Laz. Thither must I
To see my love's face, the chaste virgin-head
Of a dear fish, yet pure and undeflower'd,
Not known of man. No rough-bred country-hand
Hath once touch'd thee, no pandar's wither'd paw;
Nor an unnapkin'd lawyer's greasy fist
Hath once slubber'd thee; no lady's supple hand,
Wash'd o'er with urine, hath yet seiz'd on thee
With her two nimble talons[a]; no court-hand,
Whom his own natural filth, or change of air,
Hath bedeck'd with scabs, hath marr'd thy whiter grace:
Oh, let it be thought lawful then for me,
To crop the flower of thy virginity! [*Aside, and exit with* Boy.

Val. This day I am for fools; I am all theirs:
Though, like to our young wanton cocker'd heirs,
Who do affect those men above the rest
In whose base company they still are best,
I do not with much labour strive to be
The wisest ever in the company;
But for[b] a fool our wisdom oft amends,
As enemies do teach us more than friends. [*Exit.*

[a] *talons*] Old eds. "talents;" but since in a line towards the end of the play, where 4to 1607 has "talents" the other eds. have "talons," I prefer giving the latter form here. Besides the passage in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, "If a *talent* be a claw, look how he claws him with a *talent*," act iv. sc. 2., many quotations might be adduced from our early writers to shew that the words were formerly confounded. I may add that "her two nimble talons," (which Seward altered to "her *too* nimble," &c.), means—two of her nimble, &c.

[b] *for*] "i. e. because." SEWARD.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the house of* GONDARINO.

Enter GONDARINO *meeting a* Servant.

Serv. My lord—

Gond. Ha !

Serv. Here 's one hath brought you a present.

Gond. From whom ? from a woman ? if it be from a woman, bid him carry it back, and tell her she 's a whore. What is it ?

Serv. A fish-head, my lord.

Gond. What fish-head ?

Serv. I did not ask that, my lord.

Gond. Whence comes it ?

Serv. From the court.

Gond. Oh, 'tis a cod's head.

Serv. No, my lord ; 'tis some strange head ; it comes from the Duke.

Gond. Let it be carried to my mercer ; I do owe him money for silks ; stop his mouth with that.—[*Exit* Servant.] Was there ever any man that hated his wife after death but I ? and, for her sake, all women ? women that were created only for the preservation of little dogs.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, the count's sister being overtaken in the streets with a great hail-storm, is light [c] at your gate, and desires room till the storm be overpast.

Gond. Is she a woman ?

Serv. Ay, my lord, I think so.

Gond. I have none for her then ; bid her get her gone ; tell her she is not welcome.

Serv. My lord, she is now coming up.

Gond. She shall not come up : tell her any thing ; tell her

[c] *light*] Altered by the editors of 1778, and Weber, to "lit."

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I have but one great room in my house, and I am now in it at the close-stool.

Serv. She's here, my lord. [*Exit.*

Gond. Oh, impudence of women ! I can keep dogs out of my house, or I can defend my house against thieves ; but I cannot keep out women.

Enter ORIANA, Waiting-woman, *and* Page.

Now, madam ; what hath your ladyship to say to me ?

Ori. My lord, I was bold to crave the help of your house against the storm.

Gond. Your ladyship's boldness in coming will be impudence in staying ; for you are most unwelcome.

Ori. Oh, my lord !

Gond. Do you laugh ? by the hate I bear to you, 'tis true !

Ori. You're merry, my lord.

Gond. Let me laugh to death, if I be, or can be, whilst thou art here, or livest, or any of thy sex !

Ori. I commend your lordship.

Gond. Do you commend me ? why do you commend me ? I give you no such cause. Thou art a filthy, impudent whore ; a woman, a very woman !

Ori. Ha, ha, ha !

Gond. Begot when thy father was drunk.

Ori. Your lordship hath a good wit.

Gond. How ? what ? have I a good wit ?

Ori. Come, my lord ; I have heard before of your lordship's merry vein in jesting against our sex ; which I being desirous to hear, made me rather chuse your lordship's house than any other ; but I know I am welcome.

Gond. Let me not live, if you be ! Methinks it doth not become you to come to my house, being a stranger to you ; I have no woman in my house to entertain you, nor to shew you your chamber : why should you come to me ? I have no galleries, nor banqueting-houses, nor bawdy pictures to shew your ladyship.

Ori. Believe me, this your lordship's plainness makes me think myself more welcome than if you had sworn by all the

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pretty court-oaths that are, I had been welcomer than your soul to your body.

Gond. Now she's in, talking treason will [not[d]] get her out: I durst sooner undertake to talk an intelligencer out of the room, and speak more than he durst hear, than talk a woman out of my company. [*Aside.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, the Duke being in the streets, and the storm continuing, is entered your gate, and now coming up. [*Exit.*

Gond. The Duke!—Now I know your errand, madam; you have plots and private meetings in hand. Why do you chuse my house? are you ashamed to go to't in the old coupling-place? though it be less suspicious here, (for no Christian will suspect a woman to be in my house), yet you may do it cleanlier there, for there is a care had of those businesses: and wheresoever you remove, your great maintainer and you shall have your lodgings directly opposite; it is but putting on your night-gown and your slippers. Madam, you understand me?

Ori. Before, I would not understand him; but now he speaks riddles to me indeed. [*Aside.*

Enter Duke, Arrigo, *and* Lucio.

Duke. 'Twas a strange hail-storm.

Lucio. 'Twas exceeding strange.

Gond. Good morrow to your grace.

Duke. Good morrow, Gondarino.

Gond. Justice, great prince!

Duke. Why should you beg for justice?
I never did you wrong: what's the offender?

Gond. A woman.

Duke. Oh, I know your ancient quarrel against that sex; but what heinous crime hath she committed?

Gond. She hath gone abroad.

Duke. What? it cannot be.

[d] [not] Inserted by Seward.

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Gond. She hath done it.

Duke. How! I never heard of any woman that did so before.

Gond. If she have not laid by that modesty
That should attend a virgin, and, quite void
Of shame, hath left the house where she was born,
(As they should never do,) let me endure
The pains that she should suffer!

Duke. Hath she so?
Which is the woman?

Gond. This, this!

Duke. How!—Arrigo, Lucio!

Gond. Ay, then it is a plot: no prince alive
Shall force me make my house a brothel-house;
Not for the sin's, but for the woman's sake,
I will not have her in my doors so long:
Will they make my house as bawdy as their own are? [*Aside.*

Duke. Is it not Oriana?

Lucio. It is.

Duke. Sister to count Valore?

Arr. The very same.

Duke. She that I love?

Lucio. She that you love.

Duke. I do suspect——

Lucio. So do I.

Duke. This fellow to be but a counterfeit;
One that doth seem to loathe all woman-kind,
To hate himself because he hath some part
Of woman in him; seems not to endure
To see or to be seen of any woman,
Only because he knows it is their nature
To wish to taste that which is most forbidden;
That[e] with this show he may the better compass
(And with far less suspicion) his base ends.

Lucio. Upon my life, 'tis so.

Duke. And I do know,

[e] *That*] Old eds. "And"—a mistake of the original compositor, his eye having caught the word at the beginning of the next line.

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Before his slain wife[f] gave him that offence,
He was the greatest servant to that sex
That ever was. What doth this lady here
With him alone? why should he rail at her
To me?

Lucio. Because your grace might not suspect.

Duke. It was so. I do love her strangely:
I would fain know the truth; counsel me.

[DUKE, ARRIGO, *and* LUCIO *whisper.*

Enter VALORE, LAZARILLO, *and* Boy.

Val. It falls out better than we could expect, sir, that we should find the Duke and my lord Gondarino together, both which you desire to be acquainted with.

Laz. 'Twas very happy.—Boy, go down into the kitchen, and see if you can spy that same.—[*Exit* Boy.] I am now in some hope; I have methinks a kind of fever upon me, a certain gloominess within me, doubting, as it were, betwixt two passions. There is no young maid upon her wedding-night, when her husband sets first foot in the bed, blushes and looks pale again, oftner than I do now. There is no poet acquainted with more shakings and quakings, towards the latter end of his new play, (when he's in that case that he stands peeping betwixt the curtains, so fearfully that a bottle of ale cannot be opened but he thinks somebody hisses,) than I am at this instant. [*Aside.*

Val. Are they in consultation? If they be, either my young Duke hath gotten some bastard, and is persuading my knight yonder to father the child and marry the wench, or else some cockpit is to be built. [*Aside.*

Laz. My lord, what nobleman's that?

Val. His name is Lucio; 'tis he that was made a lord,

[f] *slain wife*] Seward "ventured to alter this to '*late wife*;' there not being the least hint of his wife's being *slain* by him or any other. *Lain* for *buried* might probably be allowed." The Editors of 1778 retained "slain." Mason "agreed with Seward in reading '*lain wife*'"! and Weber printed "late wife."—— If we could recover the tale from which the character of Gondarino was borrowed, it would no doubt inform us why and by whom his wife was "slain."

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at the request of some of his friends, for his wife's sake; he affects to be a great statesman, and thinks it consists in nightcaps, and jewels, and toothpicks.

Laz. And what's that other?

Val. A knight, sir, that pleaseth the Duke to favour and to raise to some extraordinary fortunes: he can make as good men as himself every day in the week, and doth.

Laz. For what was he raised?

Val. Truly, sir, I am not able to say directly for what, but for wearing of red breeches, as I take it: he's a brave man; he will spend three knighthoods at a supper without trumpets.

Laz. My lord, I'll talk with him; for I have a friend that would gladly receive the honour[g].

Val. If he have the itch of knighthood upon him, let him repair to that physician, he'll cure him. But I will give you a note: is your friend fat or lean?

Laz. Something fat.

Val. 'Twill be the worse for him.

Laz. I hope that's not material.

Val. Very much, for there is an impost set upon knighthoods, and your friend shall pay a noble[h] in the pound.

Duke. I do not like examinations;
We shall find out the truth more easily
Some other way less noted; and that course
Should not be us'd till we be sure to prove
Something directly; for when they perceive
Themselves suspected, they will then provide
More warily to answer.

Lucio. Doth she know
Your grace doth love her?

Duke. She hath never heard it.

Lucio. Then thus, my lord.

[DUKE, ARRIGO, *and* LUCIO *whisper.*

Laz. What's he that walks alone so sadly, with his hands behind him?

[g] *honour*] Old eds. "humour."

[h] *a noble*] i. e. a gold coin worth 6*s.* 8*d.*

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Val. The lord of the house, he that you desire to be acquainted with. He doth hate women for the same cause that I love them.

Laz. What's that?

Val. For that which apes want: you perceive me, sir?

Laz. And is he sad? can he be sad that hath
So rich a gem under his roof, as that
Which I do follow! [*Aside.*]—What young lady's that?

Val. Which?—Have I mine eyesight perfect? 'tis my sister! Did I say the Duke had a bastard? what should she make here with him and his council? she hath no papers in her hand to petition to them; she hath never a husband in prison, whose release she might sue for: that's a fine trick for a wench, to get her husband clapt up, that she may more freely and with less suspicion visit the private studies of men in authority. Now I do discover their consultation: yon fellow is a pandar without all salvation. But let me not condemn her too rashly, without weighing the matter. She 's a young lady; she went forth early this morning with a waiting-woman and a page or so; this is no garden-house[k]: in my conscience, she went forth with no dishonest intent; for she did not pretend going to any sermon in the further end of the city; neither went she to see any odd old gentlewoman that mourns for the death of her husband or the loss of her friend, and must have young ladies come to comfort her; those are the damnable bawds. 'Twas no set meeting certainly, for there was no wafer-woman[l] with her these three days, on my knowledge. I'll talk with her. [*Aside.*]—Good morrow, my lord.

Gond. You 're welcome, sir.—Here's her brother come now to do a kind office for his sister: is it not strange? [*Aside.*

Val. I am glad to meet you here, sister.

Ori. I thank you, good brother; and if you doubt of the cause of my coming, I can satisfy you.

[k] *garden-house*] i. e. summer-house. Buildings of this kind abounded formerly in the suburbs of London, and were often used as places of intrigue.

[l] *wafer-woman*] "One that sells cakes." WEBER. Wafer-women appear from various passages of our old plays to have been frequently employed as the bearers of letters or messages in affairs of love.

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Val. No, faith, I dare trust thee: I do suspect thou art honest; for it is so rare a thing to be honest amongst you, that some one man in an age may perhaps suspect some two women to be honest, but never believe it verily.

Lucio. Let your return be sudden.

Arr. Unsuspected by them.

Duke. It shall; so shall I best perceive their love,
If there be any.—Farewell.

Val. Let me entreat your grace to stay a little,
To know a gentleman to whom yourself
Is much beholding[m]; he hath made the sport
For your whole court these eight years, on my knowledge.

Duke. His name?

Val. Lazarillo.

Duke. I heard of him this morning: which is he?

Val. Lazarillo, pluck up thy spirits, thy fortunes are now raising; the Duke calls for thee, and thou shalt be acquainted with him.

Laz. He's going away, and I must of necessity stay here upon business.

Val. 'Tis all one; thou shalt know him first.

Laz. Stay a little.—
If he should offer to take me away with him,
And by that means I should lose that I seek for?
But if he should, I will not go with him. [*Aside.*

Val. Lazarillo, the Duke stays: wilt thou lose this opportunity?

Laz. How must I speak to him?

Val. 'Twas well thought of. You must not talk to him
As you do to an ordinary man,
Honest plain sense, but you must wind about him:
For example; if he should ask you what o'clock it is,
You must not say, "If it please your grace, 'tis nine;"
But thus, "Thrice three o'clock, so please my sovereign;"
Or thus, "Look how many Muses there doth dwell
Upon the sweet banks of the learnèd well,
And just so many strokes the clock hath struck;"

[m] *beholding*] i. e. beholden—a form common in our early writers.

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And so forth: and you must now and then enter
Into a description.

Laz. I hope I shall do it.

Val. Come.—May it please your grace [n] to take note of a gentleman, well seen, deeply read, and throughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all salads and potherbs whatsoever.

Duke. I shall desire to know him more inwardly [o].

Laz. I kiss the ox-hide of your grace's foot.

Val. Very well!—Will your grace question him a little?

Duke. How old are you?

Laz. Full eight-and-twenty several almanacks [p]
Have been compilèd, all for several years,
Since first I drew this breath; four 'prenticeships
Have I most truly servèd in this world;
And eight-and-twenty times hath Phœbus' car
Run out his yearly course since——

Duke. I understand you, sir.

Lucio. How like an ignorant poet he talks! [*Aside.*

Duke. You are eight-and-twenty year old. What time of the day do you hold it to be?

Laz. About the time that mortals whet their knives [q]
On thresholds, on their shoe-soles, and on stairs;

[n] *May it please your grace,* &c.] See p. 23.

[o] *inwardly*] i. e. intimately.

[p] *Full eight-and-twenty several almanacks,* &c.] "There is a serious passage in Shakespeare, which exactly resembles this comical one of our authors: it is in All's Well that Ends Well, act ii., where Helena says to the King,

——'The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly.'"—MASON.

[q] *About the time that mortals whet their knives,* &c.] "Lazarillo means to say, when they make preparations for dinner. From Valore's speech on the last page, it was then nine o'clock, or two hours before the usual dinner-hour, which was generally at eleven." WEBER.

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Now bread is grating, and the testy cook
Hath much to do now; now the tables all—

Duke. 'Tis almost dinner-time?

Laz. Your grace doth apprehend me very rightly.

Val. Your grace shall find him, in your further conference, grave, wise, courtly, and scholar-like, understandingly read in the necessities of the life of man:
He knows that man is mortal by his birth;
He knows that man must die, and therefore live;
He knows that man must live, and therefore eat.
And if it shall please your grace to accompany yourself with him, I doubt not but that he will, at the least, make good my commendations.

Duke. Attend us, Lazarillo; we do want
Men of such action, as we have receiv'd you
Reported from your honourable friend.

Laz. Good my lord, stand betwixt me and my overthrow: you know I am tied here, and may not depart.—My gracious lord, so weighty are the businesses of mine own, which at this time do call upon me, that I will rather choose to die than to neglect them.

Val. Nay, you shall well perceive, besides the virtues that I have already informed you of, he hath a stomach which will stoop to no prince alive.

Duke. Sir, at your best leisure; I shall thirst to see you.

Laz. And I shall hunger for it.

Duke. Till then, farewell, all!

Gond. Val. Long life attend your grace!

Duke. I do not taste this sport.—[*Aside.*] Arrigo, Lucio!

Arr. Lucio. We do attend.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, ARRIGO, *and* LUCIO.

Gond. His grace is gone, and hath left his Helen with me: I am no pandar for him; neither can I be won, with the hope of gain or the itching desire of tasting my lord's lechery to him, to keep her at my house or bring her in disguise to his bedchamber.
The twines of adders and of scorpions
About my naked breast will seem to me

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More tickling than those clasps which men adore,
The lustful, dull, ill-spirited embraces
Of women. The much-praisèd Amazons,
Knowing their own infirmities so well,
Made of themselves a people, and what men
They take amongst them they condemn to die;
Perceiving that their folly made them fit
To live no longer that would willingly
Come in the worthless presence of a woman.
I will attend, and see what my young lord will do with his sister. [*Aside.*

Re-enter Boy.

Boy. My lord, the fish-head is gone again.

Val. Whither?

Boy. I know whither, my lord.

Val. Keep it from Lazarillo.—Sister, shall I confer with you in private, to know the cause of the Duke's coming hither? I know he makes you acquainted with his business of state.

Ori. I'll satisfy you, brother; for I see you are jealous of me.

Gond. Now there shall be some course taken for her conveyance. [*Aside.*

Laz. Lazarillo, thou art happy! thy carriage hath begot love, and that love hath brought forth fruits. Thou art here in the company of a man honourable, that will help thee to taste of the bounties of the sea; and when thou hast so done, thou shalt retire thyself unto the court, and there taste of the delicates of the earth, and be great in the eyes of thy sovereign. Now no more shalt thou need to scramble for thy meat, nor remove thy stomach with the court; but thy credit shall command thy heart's desire, and all novelties shall be sent as presents unto thee. [*Aside.*

Val. Good sister, when you see your own time, will you return home?

Ori. Yes, brother, and not before.

Laz. I will grow popular in this state, and overthrow the fortunes of a number that live by extortion. [*Aside.*

Val. Lazarillo, bestir thyself nimbly and suddenly, and hear me with patience.

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Laz. Let me not fall from myself! [*Aside.*
Speak, I am bound to hear.

Val. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear[r]*;*
The fish-head is gone, and we know not whither.

Laz. I will not curse nor swear, nor rage nor rail,
Nor with contemptuous tongue accuse my fate,
Though I might justly do it; nor will I
Wish myself uncreated for this evil!—
Shall I entreat your lordship to be seen
A little longer in the company
Of a man cross'd by fortune?

Val. I hate to leave my friend in his extremities.

Laz. 'Tis noble in you: then I take your hand,
And do protest, I do not follow this
For any malice or for private ends,
But with a love as gentle and as chaste
As that a brother to his sister bears;
And if I see this fish-head yet unknown,
The last words that my dying father spake,
Before his eye-strings brake, shall not of me
So often be remember'd as our meeting.
Fortune attend me, as my ends are just,
Full of pure love and free from servile lust!

Val. [*To* GONDARINO.] Farewell, my lord: I was entreated to invite your lordship to a lady's upsitting[s].

Gond. Oh, my ears! [*Exeunt* VALORE, LAZARILLO, *and* Boy.] Why, madam, will not you follow your brother? you are waited for by great men; he'll bring you to 'em[t].

Ori. I'm very well, my lord; you do mistake me, if you think I affect greater company than yourself.

Gond. What madness possesseth thee, that thou canst

[r] *Speak*, &c. *when thou shalt hear*] A quotation from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

[s] *upsitting*] "Cotgrave interprets *relevailles d'une femme* 'the uprising or upsitting, also the churching of a woman.'" WEBER.—Jamieson gives "*Upsitting*. A term used to denote a sort of wake after the baptism of a child." Suppl. to *Et. Dict. of Scott. Lang.*

[t] *'em*] Seward's correction. Old eds. "him." These words are frequently confounded by the early printers.

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imagine me a fit man to entertain ladies? I tell thee, I do use to tear their hair, to kick them, and to twinge their noses, if they be not careful in avoiding me.

Ori. Your lordship may descant upon your own behaviour as please you, but I protest, so sweet and courtly it appears in my eye, that I mean not to leave you yet.

Gond. I shall grow rough.

Ori. A rough carriage is best in a man. I'll dine with you, my lord.

Gond. Why, I will starve thee; thou shalt have nothing.

Ori. I have heard of your lordship's nothing; I'll put that to the venture.

Gond. Well, thou shalt have meat; I'll send it to thee.

Ori. I'll keep no state, my lord; neither do I mourn; I'll dine with you.

Gond. Is such a thing as this allow'd to live?
What power hath let thee loose upon the earth
To plague us for our sins? Out of my doors!

Ori. I would your lordship did but see how well
This fury doth become you! it doth shew
So near the life as it were natural.

Gond. Oh, thou damn'd woman! I will fly the vengeance
That hangs above thee: follow, if thou darest! [*Exit.*

Ori. I must not leave this fellow; I will torment him to madness:
To teach his passions against kind[u] to move,
The more he hates, the more I'll seem to love.

[*Exeunt* ORIANA, Waiting-woman, *and* Page.

SCENE II.—*The Street before* JULIA'S *house.*

Enter Pandar *and* Mercer.

Pandar. Sir, what may be done by art shall be done; I wear not this black cloak for nothing.

Mercer. Perform this, help me to this great heir by learning, and you shall want no black cloaks; taffaties, silk-

[u] *kind*] "i. e. nature." WEBER.

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grograms, satins, and velvets are mine; they shall be yours: perform what you have promised, and you shall make me a lover of sciences; I will study the learned languages, and keep my shop-book in Latin.

Pandar. Trouble me not now; I will not fail you within this hour at your shop.

Mercer. Let art have her course!

Pandar. 'Tis well spoken.— [*Exit* Mercer. Madonna!

Enter JULIA *from the house.*

Julia. Hast thou brought me any customers?

Pandar. No.

Julia. What the devil dost thou in black?

Pandar. As all solemn professors of settled courses do [v], cover my knavery with it. Will you marry a citizen, reasonably rich and unreasonably foolish, silks in his shop, money in his purse, and no wit in his head?

Julia. Out upon him! I could have been otherwise than so; there was a knight swore he would have had me, if I would have lent him but forty shillings to have redeemed his cloak to go to church in.

Pandar. Then your waistcoat-waiter [w] shall have him: call her in [x].

Julia. Francissina!

Enter FRANCISSINA.

Fran. Anon.

Julia. Get you to the church and shrive yourself [y], for you shall be richly married anon. [*Exit* FRANCISSINA.

[v] *do*] Omitted in Weber's ed.

[w] *waistcoat-waiter*] From innumerable passages in our old dramas it appears that courtesans generally wore a waistcoat, and hence the lowest strumpets were called waistcoateers. The waistcoat, however, formed part of a fine lady's attire, and was sometimes very expensive. "It was only when it was worn without a gown or upper dress, that it was considered as the mark of a profligate woman." Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

[x] *call her in*] The conversation between the Pandar and Mercer seems to take place in the street; but, I suspect, that on the exit of the latter, our author intended the audience to suppose (for there was then no moveable painted scenery) that the stage represented the interior of Julia's house.

[y] *shrive yourself*] "i. e. go to confession." ED. 1778.

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Pandar. And get you after her. I will work upon my citizen whilst he is warm; I must not suffer him to consult with his neighbours: the openest fools are hardly cozened, if they once grow jealous. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the house of* GONDARINO.

Enter GONDARINO *hastily.*

Gond. Save me, ye better powers! let me not fall
Between the loose embracements of a woman!
Heaven, if my sins be ripe, grown to a head,
And must attend your vengeance, I beg not to divert my fate,
Or to reprieve a while thy punishment;
Only I crave, (and hear me, equal[a] Heavens!)
Let not your furious rod, that must afflict me,
Be that imperfect piece of Nature
That Art makes up, woman, unsatiate woman!
Had we not knowing souls, at first infus'd
To teach a difference 'twixt extremes and goods?
Were we not made ourselves, free, unconfin'd,
Commanders of our own affections?
And can it be that this most perfect creature,
This image of his Maker, well-squar'd man,
Should leave the handfast[b] that he had of grace,
To fall into a woman's easy arms?

Enter ORIANA.

Ori. Now, Venus, be my speed! inspire me with all the several subtle temptations that thou hast already given or hast in store hereafter to bestow upon our sex! Grant that I may apply that physic that is most apt to work upon

[a] *equal*] i. e. just.

[b] *handfast*] i. e. hold, connexion with.

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him; whether he will soonest be moved with wantonness, singing, dancing, or (being passionate) with scorn; or with sad and serious looks, cunningly mingled with sighs, with smiling, lisping, kissing the hand, and making short curtsies; or with whatsoever other nimble power he may be caught, do thou infuse into me; and when I have him, I will sacrifice him up to thee! [*Aside.*

Gond. It comes again! new apparitions,
And tempting spirits! [*Aside.*]—Stand and reveal thyself;
Tell why thou followest me? I fear thee,
As I fear the place thou camest from, hell.

Ori. My lord, I am a woman, and such a one—

Gond. That I hate truly: thou hadst better been a devil.

Ori. Why, my unpatient lord?

Gond. Devils were once good; there they excell'd you women.

Ori. Can you be so uneasy? can you freeze,
And such a summer's heat so ready to dissolve?
Nay, gentle lord, turn not away in scorn,
Nor hold me less fair than I am! Look on these cheeks,
They have yet enough of nature, true complexion;
If to be red and white, a forehead high,
An easy melting lip, a speaking eye,
And such a tongue, whose language takes the ear
Of strict religion and men most austere;
If these may hope to please, look here[c]!

Gond. This woman with entreaty would shew all. [*Aside.*
Lady, there lies your way; I pray you, farewell.

Ori. You are yet too harsh, too dissonant;
There's no true music in your words, my lord.

Gond. What shall I give thee to be gone? Here stay,
An thou want'st[d] lodging; take my house, 'tis big enough,
'Tis thine own; 'twill hold five lecherous lords
And their lackeys, without discovery:
There's stoves and bathing-tubs.

[c] *If these may hope to please, look here*] One of the many corrupted passages in this play. Seward printed: "If these may hope to please *you*, look *you* here."

[d] *Here stay*
An thou want'st] Restored by Sympson. Old eds. "Heares [*and* Here's] ta, and tha wants."

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Ori. Dear lord, you are
Too wild.

Gond. 'Shalt have a doctor too, thou shalt,
'Bout six and twenty, 'tis a pleasing age;
Or I can help thee to a handsome usher;
Or if thou lack'st a page, I'll give thee one:
Prithee, keep house, and leave me!

Ori. I do
Confess I am too easy, too much woman,
Not coy enough to take affection.
Yet I can frown, and nip a passion
Even in the bud; I can say,
Men please their present heats, then please to leave us;
I can hold off, and by my chymic power
Draw sonnets from the melting lover's brain,
Aye-me's and elegies. Yet to you, my lord,
My love, my better self, I put these off,
Doing that office not befits our sex,
Entreat a man to love. Are you not yet
Relenting? ha' you blood and spirit in those veins?
You are no image, though you be as hard
As marble: sure, you have no liver[e]; if you had,
'Twould send a lively and desiring heat
To every member. Is not this miserable?
A thing so truly form'd, shap'd out by symmetry,
Has all the organs that belong to man,
And working too, yet to shew all these
Like dead motions[f] moving upon wires?
Then, good my lord, leave off what you have been,
And freely be what you were first intended for,
A man.

Gond. Thou art a precious piece of sly damnation.
I will be deaf; I will lock up my ears:
Tempt me not; I will not love: if I do—

Ori. Then I'll hate you.

[e] *Sure you have no liver.*] "The liver was anciently imagined to be the residence of love." WEBER.

[f] *motions*] "i. e. puppet-shows." WEBER.

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Gond. Let me be 'nointed with honey and turn'd
Into the sun, to be stung to death with horse-flies!
Hearest thou, thou breeder? here I will sit,
And, in despite of thee, I will say nothing.

[*Sits down.*

Ori. Let me, with your fair patience, sit beside you!

[*Sits down.*

Gond. Madam, lady, tempter, tongue, woman, air,
Look to me, I shall kick! I say again,
Look to me, I shall kick!

Ori. I cannot think your better knowledge
Can use a woman so uncivilly.

Gond. I cannot think I shall become a coxcomb,
To ha' my hair curled by an idle finger,
My cheeks turn tabors and be play'd upon,
Mine eyes look'd babies in, and my nose blow'd to my hand:
I say again, I shall kick! sure, I shall.

Ori. 'Tis but
Your outside that you shew; I know your mind
Never was guilty of so great a weakness:
Or, could the tongues of all men join'd together
Possess me with a thought of your dislike,
My weakness were above a woman's, to fall off
From my affection for one crack of thunder.
Oh, would you could love, my lord!

Gond. I would thou wouldst
Sit still, and say nothing! What madman let thee loose,
To do more mischief than a dozen whirlwinds?
Keep thy hands in thy muff and warm the idle
Worms in thy fingers' ends. Will you be doing still?
Will no entreating serve you? no lawful warning?
I must remove, and leave your ladyship:
Nay, never hope to stay me; for I will run from that smooth, smiling, witching, cozening, tempting, damning face of thine, as far as I can find any land, where I will put myself into a daily course of curses for thee and all thy family.

Ori. Nay, good my lord, sit still; I'll promise peace,
And fold mine arms up; let but mine eye discourse;

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Or let my voice, set to some pleasing chord, sound out
The sullen strains of my neglected love.

Gond. Sing till thou crack thy treble-string in pieces,
And when thou hast done, put up thy pipes and walk!
Do any thing; sit still and tempt me not!

Ori. I had[h] rather sing at doors for bread than sing to this fellow but for hate. If this should be told in the court, that I begin to woo lords, what a troop of the untrussed nobility should I have at my lodging to-morrow morning!

[*Aside.—Sings.*

Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight a while;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies; that from thence
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving!

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy!
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought,
Through an idle fancy wrought:
Oh, let my joys have some abiding!

Gond. Have you done your wassail[i]? 'tis a handsome drowsy ditty, I'll assure you: now I had as lief hear a cat cry when her tail is cut off, as hear these lamentations, these lowsy love-lays, these bewailments. You think you have caught me, lady; you think I melt now, like a dish of May-butter, and run all into brine and passion: yes, yes, I am taken; look how I cross my arms, look pale and dwindle, and would cry but for spoiling my face! We must part: nay, we'll avoid all ceremony; [*They rise*] no kissing, lady; I desire to know your ladyship no more.

[h] *had*] Altered by Weber to "would."

[i] *wassail.*] "In the present place the word is not used in its general sense of a festivity, nor does it allude to the drinking the wassel cup, but to a drinking song which was sung on Twelfth-day." WEBER. Gondarino uses the word merely as a term of contempt.

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Enter DUKE, ARRIGO, *and* LUCIO.

Death of my soul, the Duke !

Ori. God keep your lordship !

Gond. From thee and all thy sex.

Ori. I'll be the clerk, and cry, Amen. Your lordship's ever-assured enemy, Oriana. [*Exit.*

Gond. All the day's good attend your lordship !

Duke. We thank you, Gondarino. Is it possible ?
Can belief lay hold on such a miracle ?
To see thee (one that hath cloister'd up all passion,
Turn'd wilful votary, and forsworn converse
With women,) in company and fair discourse
With the best beauty of Milan ?

Gond. 'Tis true ; and if your grace, that hath the sway
Of the whole state, will suffer this lewd sex,
These women, to pursue us to our homes,
Not to be pray'd nor to be rail'd away,
But they will woo, and dance, and sing,
And, in a manner looser than they are
By nature (which should seem impossible),
To throw their arms on our unwilling necks——

Duke. No more ! I can see through your visor ; dissemble it
No more ! Do not I know thou hast us'd all art
To work upon the poor simplicity
Of this young maid, that yet hath known none ill,
Thinks [k] that damnation will fright those that woo
From oaths and lies ? But yet I think her chaste,
And will from thee, before thou shalt apply
Stronger temptations, bear her hence with me.

Gond. My lord, I speak not this to gain new grace ;
But howsoever you esteem my words,
My love and duty will not suffer me
To see you favour such a prostitute,
And I stand by dumb ; without rack, torture,

[k] *Thinks*] Old eds. "Thinkst" and "Thinkest."—"*Thinks* is surely the true reading, and it is the supposed simplicity of the young maid, who *thinks* that the fear of damnation will deter men from lying and falsely swearing to them."—SEWARD.

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Or strapado, I will unrip myself:
I do confess, I was in company with
That pleasing piece of frailty that we call woman;
I do confess,
After a long and tedious siege, I yielded.

Duke. Forward!

Gond. Faith, my lord, to come quickly to the point,
The woman you saw with me is a whore,
An arrant whore.

Duke. Was she not count Valore's sister?

Gond. Yes; that count Valore's sister is naught.

Duke. Thou darest not say so!

Gond. Not if it be distasting to your lordship;
But give me freedom, and I dare maintain
She has embrac'd this body, and grown to it
As close as the hot youthful vine to the elm.

Duke. Twice have I seen her with thee, twice my thoughts
Were prompted by mine eye to hold thy strictness
False and imposterous.
Is this your mewing-up, your strict retirement,
Your bitterness and gall against that sex?
Have I not heard thee say, thou would'st sooner meet
The basilisk's dead-doing eye than meet
A woman for an object? Look it be true you tell me,
Or, by our country's saint, your head goes off!—
If thou prove a whore,
No woman's face shall ever move me more. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt* DUKE, ARRIGO, *and* LUCIO.

Gond. So, so! 'tis as't should be.
Are women grown so mankind[1]? must they be wooing?
I have a plot shall blow her up; she flies, she mounts!
I'll teach her ladyship to dare my fury!
I will be known and fear'd, and more truly hated
Of women than an eunuch: She's here again:

Re-enter ORIANA.

Good gall, be patient! for I must dissemble. [*Aside.*

[1] *mankind*] i. e. "masculine." MASON.

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Ori. Now, my cold frosty lord, my woman-hater,
You that have sworn an everlasting hate
To all our sex!
By my troth, good lord, and as I am yet a maid,
Methought 'twas excellent sport to hear your honour
Swear out an alphabet, chafe nobly like a general,
Kick like a resty jade, and make ill faces!
Did your good honour think I was in love?
Where did I first begin to take that heat?
From those two radiant eyes, that piercing sight?
Oh, they were lovely, if the balls stood right!
And there's a leg made out of a dainty stuff[m],
Where, the gods be thanked, there is calf enough!

Gond. Pardon him, lady, that is now a convertite:
Your beauty, like a saint, hath wrought this wonder.

Ori. Alas, has it been pricked at the heart? is the stomach come down? will it rail no more at women, and call 'em devils, she-cats, and goblins?

Gond. He that shall marry thee had better spend the poor remainder of his days in a dung-barge for two-pence a-week and find himself.
Down again, spleen! I prithee, down again! [*Aside.*
Shall I find favour, lady? shall at length
My true unfeignèd penitence get pardon
For my harsh unseasoned follies?
I am no more an atheist; no, I do
Acknowledge that dread powerful deity,
And his all-quickening heats burn in my breast:
Oh, be not, as I was, hard, unrelenting,
But, as I am, be partner of my fires!

Ori. Sure, we shall have store of larks; the skies will not
Hold up long: I should have look'd as soon for frost
In the Dog-days, or another inundation,
As hop'd this strange conversion above miracle.
Let me look upon your lordship: is your name

[m] *stuff*] Old eds. "staffe." That the rhyme should not have led the modern editors to the right reading, is marvellous. The expression "dainty stuff" occurs again, act iv. sc. 2.

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Gondarino? are you Milan's general, that
Great bugbear Bloody-bones, at whose very name
All women, from the lady to the laundress,
Shake like a cold fit?

Gond. Good patience, help me!
This fever will enrage my blood again.— [*Aside.*
Madam, I am that man; I am even he
That once did owe unreconcilèd hate
To you and all that bear the name of woman;
I am the man that wrong'd your honour to the Duke;
I am he[n] that said you were unchaste and prostitute;
Yet I am he that dare deny all this.

Ori. Your big nobility is very merry.

Gond. Lady, 'tis true that I have wrong'd you thus,
And my contrition is as true as that;
Yet have I found a means to make all good again.
I do beseech your beauty, not for myself,
(My merits are yet in conception,)
But for your honour's safety and my zeal,
Retire a while,
Whilst I unsay myself unto the Duke,
And cast out that ill spirit I have possess'd him with!
I have a house conveniently private.

Ori. Lord, thou hast wrong'd my innocence;
But thy confession hath gain'd thee faith.

Gond. By the true honest service that I owe those eyes,
My meaning is as spotless as my faith!

Ori. The Duke doubt mine honour? a' may judge strangely.
'Twill not be long before I'll be enlarg'd again?

Gond. A day or two.

Ori. Mine own servants shall attend me?

Gond. Your ladyship's command is good.

Ori. Look you be true!

Gond. Else let me lose the hopes my soul aspires to!
[*Exit* ORIANA.
I will be a scourge to all females in my life, and, after

[n] *I am he*] So 4to 1607. The modern editors follow the reading of the other eds. "*I am* the man."

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my death, the name of Gondarino shall be terrible to the mighty women of the earth: they shall shake at my name, and at the sound of it their knees shall knock together; and they shall run into nunneries, for they and I are beyond all hope irreconcileable. For if I could endure an ear with a hole in't, or a plaited lock, or a bareheaded coachman that sits like a sign where great ladies are to be sold within, agreement betwixt us were not to be despaired of: if I could be but brought to endure to see women, I would have them come all once a-week and kiss me where [o] witches do the devil in token of homage.

I must not live here; I will to the court,
And there pursue my plot; when it hath took,
Women shall stand in awe but of my look. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Court in the Palace.*

Enter two Intelligencers.

First Int. There take your standing; be close and vigilant. Here will I set myself: and let him look to his language! 'a shall know the Duke has more ears in court than two.

Sec. Int. I'll quote him to a tittle: let him speak wisely, and plainly, and as hidden as 'a can, I shall crush him; 'a shall not 'scape characters [p]; though 'a speak Babel, I

[o] *where*] So 4to 1607. Other eds. "as;" which the modern editors give!

[p] *I'll quote him to a tittle . . . . 'scape characters*] The editors of 1778, and Weber, give "*scape* by *characters*," an unhappy alteration of Seward, who, however, very properly observed that "from *writing* the metaphor before is taken," though Weber declares authoritatively that "Seward does not understand the word *quote*." From the hundred passages which might be adduced to shew that *quote* was used in the sense of note, write down, I select the following, because it also proves how unnecessarily "by" has been thrust into our text;

"Fine madam Tiptoes, in her velvet gown,
That *quotes* her paces in *characters* down."

Micro-cynicon—Middleton's *Works*, V. 493, ed. Dyce.

Valore presently says "Yonder's my informer and his fellow, with *table-books*," i. e. memorandum-books,—and they accordingly proceed to *write down*, as treasonable, certain expressions of Lazarillo.

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shall crush him. We have a fortune by this service hanging over us, that, within this year or two, I hope
We shall be call'd to be examiners,
Wear politic gowns garded [q] with copper-lace,
Making great faces full of fear and office;
Our labours may deserve this.

First Int. I hope it shall.
Why, have [r] not many men been raisèd from
This worming trade, first to gain good access
To great men, then to have commissions out
For search, and lastly to be worthily nam'd
At a great arraignment? Yes; and why not we?
They that endeavour well deserve their fee.
Close, close! 'a comes; mark well, and all goes well.

[*They retire.*

Enter VALORE, LAZARILLO, *and* Boy.

Laz. Farewell, my hopes! my anchor now is broken:
Farewell, my quondam joys, of which no token
Is now remaining! such is the sad mischance,
Where lady Fortune leads the slippery dance.
Yet at the length let me this favour have,
Give me my wishes or a wishèd grave!

Val. The gods defend [s], so brave and valiant maw
Should slip into the never-satiate jaw
Of black Despair! No; thou shalt live and know
Thy full desires; Hunger, thy ancient foe,
Shall be subdu'd; those guts that daily tumble
Through air and appetite, shall cease to rumble;
And thou shalt now at length obtain thy dish,
That noble part, the sweet head of a fish.

Laz. Then am I greater than the Duke.

Sec. Int. There, there's a notable piece of treason! greater than the Duke; mark that.

Val. But how, or where, or when this shall be compass'd,
Is yet out of my reach.

Laz. I am so truly miserable, that might I

[q] *garded*] i. e. adorned with *gards*, trimmings, facings.
[r] *have*] Old eds. "has"
[s] *defend*] i. e. forbid.

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Be now knock'd o' the head, with all my heart
I would forgive a dog-killer.

Val. Yet do I see,
Through this confusedness, some little comfort.

Laz. The plot, my lord, as e'er you came of a woman, discover!

First Int. Plots, dangerous plots! I will deserve by this most liberally.

Val. 'Tis from my head again.

Laz. Oh, that it would stand me, that I might fight, or have some venture for it! that I might be turned loose, to try my fortune amongst the whole fry in a college or an inn of court, or scramble with the prisoners in the dungeon!
Nay, were it set down in the outer court,
And all the guard about it in a ring,
With their knives drawn, (which were a dismal sight,)
And after twenty leisurely were told,
I to be let loose only in my shirt,
To try the[ir][t] valour, how much of the spoil
I could[u] recover from the enemies' mouths,
I would accept the challenge.

Val. Let it go! Hast not thou been held to have some wit in the court, and to make fine[v] jests upon country-people in progress-time? and wilt thou lose this opinion[w] for the cold head of a fish? I say, let it go! I'll help thee to as good a dish of meat.

Laz. God, let me not live, if I do not wonder
Men should talk so profanely!
But 'tis not in the power of loose words
Of[x] any vain or misbelieving man,
To make me dare to wrong thy purity.
Shew me but any lady in the court

[t] *the*[*ir*] A conjecture of Seward; who, however, printed "by."

[u] *could*] A conjecture of Seward; who, however, gave with the old eds. "would"—a mistake of the original compositor, caused by the occurrence of the word in the following line.

[v] *fine*] Weber chose to print "some *fine*."

[w] *opinion*] "i. e. reputation." WEBER.

[x] *Of*] In Weber's ed. "Or."

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That hath so full an eye, so sweet a breath,
So soft and white a flesh. This doth not lie
In almond-gloves[y], nor ever hath been wash'd
In artificial baths; no traveller
That hath brought doctor home with him[z], hath dar'd,
With all his waters, powders, fucuses[a],
To make thy lovely corps sophisticate.

Val. I have it; 'tis now infus'd; be comforted!

Laz. Can there be that little hope yet left in nature? Shall
I once more erect up trophies?
Shall I enjoy the sight of my dear saint,
And bless my palate with the best of creatures?
Ah, good my lord, by whom I breathe again,
Shall I receive this being[b]?

Val. Sir, I have found by certain calculation,
And settled revolution of the stars,
The fish is sent by the lord Gondarino
To his mercer: now, it is a growing hope
To know where 'tis.

Laz. Oh, it is far above
The good of women; the pathick cannot yield
More pleasing titillation!

Val. But how to compass it? Search, cast about,
And bang your brains, Lazarillo! thou art
Too dull and heavy to deserve a blessing.

Laz. My lord, I will not be idle.—Now, Lazarillo, think,
think, think! [*Aside.*

Val. Yonder's my informer and his fellow, with table-books[c]; they nod at me: upon my life, they have poor Lazarillo (that beats his brains about no such weighty matter) in for treason before this. [*Aside.*

[y] *almond-gloves*] "To render the skin white," as Weber, perhaps unnecessarily, explains it.

[z] *hath brought doctor home with him*] "i. e. has had a doctor's degree in some foreign university." SEWARD.

[a] *fucuses*] *Fucus* was a term repeatedly used by our early writers to signify the colours with which ladies improved their complexions.

[b] *being*] Qy. "blessing?" compare the next speech but one of Valore.

[c] *table-books*] See note p. 49.

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Laz. My lord, what do you think, if I should shave myself, put on midwife's apparel, come in with a handkercher, and beg a piece for a great-bellied woman or a sick child?

Val. Good, very good!

Laz. Or corrupt the waiting 'prentice to betray the reversion?

First Int. There's another point in's plot; corrupt with money to betray! sure, 'tis some fort 'a means. Mark; have a care.

Laz. An 'twere the bare vinegar 'tis eaten with, it would in some sort satisfy nature: but might I once attain the dish itself, though I cut out my means through sword and fire, through poison, through any thing that may make good my hopes—

Sec. Int. Thanks to the gods and our officiousness, the plot's discovered! fire, steel, and poison; burn the palace, kill the Duke, and poison his privy-council!

Val. To the mercer's—let me see: how if, before we can attain the means to make up our acquaintance, the fish be eaten?

Laz. If it be eaten, here he stands that is the most dejected, most unfortunate, miserable, accursed, forsaken slave this province yields! I will not, sure, out-live it; no, I will die bravely and like a Roman;
And after death, amidst the Elysian shades
I'll meet my love again.

First Int. "I will die bravely, like a Roman:" have a care; mark that: when he hath done all, he will kill himself.

Val. Will nothing ease your appetite but this?

Laz. No; could the sea throw up his vastness,
And offer free his best inhabitants,
'Twere not so much as a bare temptation to me.

Val. If you could be drawn to affect beef, venison, or fowl, 'twould be far the better.

Laz. I do beseech your lordship's patience!
I do confess that, in this heat of blood,
I have contemn'd all dull and grosser meats;
But I protest I do honour a chine of beef, I do reverence a

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loin of veal; but, good my lord, give me leave a little to adore this! But, my good lord, would your lordship, under colour of taking up some silks, go to the mercer's, I would in all humility attend your honour; where we may be invited, if fortune stand propitious.

Val. Sir, you shall work me as you please.

Laz. Let it be suddenly, I do beseech your lordship! 'tis now upon the point of dinner-time.

Val. I am all yours. [*Exeunt* VALORE, LAZARILLO, *and* Boy.

First Int. Come, let us confer. *Imprimis*, 'a saith, like a blasphemous villain, he is greater than the Duke; this peppers him, an there were nothing else.

Sec. Int. Then 'a was naming plots; did you not hear?

First Int. Yes; but 'a fell from that unto discovery, to corrupt by money, and so attain—

Sec. Int. Ay, ay, 'a meant some fort or citadel the Duke hath; his very face betrayed his meaning. Oh, he is a very subtle and a dangerous knave! but if 'a deal, a' God's name, we shall worm him.

First Int. But now comes the stroke, the fatal blow; fire, sword, and poison! Oh, canibal, thou bloody canibal!

Sec Int. What had become of this poor state, had not we been?

First Int. Faith, it had lien buried in his own ashes, had not a greater hand been in't.

Sec. Int. But note the rascal's resolution; after th' act's done, because 'a would avoid all fear of torture and cozen the law, 'a would kill himself. Was there ever the like danger brought to light in this age? Sure, we shall merit much; we shall be able to keep two men a-piece and a two-hand sword between us; we will live in favour of the state, betray our ten or twelve treasons a-week, and the people shall fear us. Come; to the lord Lucio! the sun shall not go down till he be hanged. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.—*A Room in the* Mercer's *House.*

Enter Mercer *and* Prentice.

Mercer. Look to my shop; and if there come ever a scholar in black, let him speak with me. [*Exit* Prentice.] We that are shopkeepers in good trade are so pestered that we can scarce pick out an hour for our morning's meditation; and howsoever we are all accounted dull, and common jesting stocks for your gallants, there are some of us do not deserve it; for, for my own part, I do begin to be given to my book. I love a scholar with my heart; for, questionless, there are marvellous things to be done by art: why, sir, some of them will tell you what is become of horses and silver spoons, and will make wenches dance naked to their beds. I am yet unmarried, and because some of our neighbours are said to be cuckolds, I will never marry without the consent of some of these scholars that know what will come of it.

Enter Pandar.

Pandar. Are you busy, sir?

Mercer. Never to you, sir, nor to any of your coat. Sir, is there any thing to be done by art concerning the great heir we talked on?

Pandar. Will she, nill she, she shall come running into my house, at the farther corner in Saint Mark's street, betwixt three and four.

Mercer. Betwixt three and four? She's brave in clothes, is she not?

Pandar. Oh, rich, rich!—Where should I get clothes to dress her in? Help me, invention! [*Aside*]—Sir, that her running through the street may be less noted, my art more shown, and your fear to speak with her less, she shall come in a white waistcoat [c], and——

Mercer. What! shall she?

Pandar. And perhaps torn stockings.—She hath left her old wont else. [*Aside.*

[c] *a white waistcoat.*] See note, p. 39.

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Re-enter Prentice.

Pren. Sir, my lord Gondarino hath sent you a rare fish-head.

Mercer. It comes right; all things suit right with me since I began to love scholars.—You shall have it home with you against she come.—Carry it to this gentleman's house.

Pandar. The fair white house, at the farther corner in[d] Saint Mark's street. Make haste. [*Exit* Prentice]—I must leave you too, sir; I have two hours to study. Buy a new accidence, and ply your book, and you shall want nothing that all the scholars in the town can do for you.

Mercer. Heaven prosper both our studies! [*Exit* Pandar.] What a dull slave was I before I fell in love with this learning! not worthy to tread upon the earth; and what fresh hopes it hath put into me! I do hope, within this twelvemonth, to be able by art to serve the court with silks, and not undo myself; to trust knights, and yet get in my money again; to keep my wife brave[e], and yet she keep nobody else so.

Enter VALORE *and* LAZARILLO.

Your lordship is most honourably welcome in regard of your nobility; but most especially in regard of your scholarship. Did your lordship come openly?

Val. Sir, this cloak keeps me private; besides, no man will suspect me to be in the company of this gentleman; with whom I will desire you to be acquainted: he may prove a good customer to you.

Laz. For plain silks and velvets.

Mercer. Are you scholastical?

Laz. Something addicted to the Muses.

Val. I hope they will not dispute. [*Aside.*

Mercer. You have no skill in the black art?

Enter Second Prentice.

Sec. Pren. Sir, yonder's a gentleman enquires hastily for count Valore.

[d] *in*] Old eds. "at." But see the preceding page. [e] *brave*] i. e. richly dressed.

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Val. For me? what is he?

Sec. Pren. One of your followers, my lord, I think.

Val. Let him come in. [*Exit* Sec. Prentice.

Mercer. [*To* Laz.] Shall I talk with you in private, sir?

Enter Attendant *with a letter, which he gives to* Valore.

Val. [*Reads.*] *Count, come to the court; your business calls you thither.* I will go.—Farewell, sir: I'll see your silks some other time.—Farewell, Lazarillo.

Mercer. Will not your lordship take a piece of beef with me?

Val. Sir, I have greater business than eating; I will leave this gentleman with you.

[*Exeunt* Valore *and* Attendant.

Laz. No, no, no, no[f]! Now do I feel that strained[g] struggling within me, that I think I could prophesy. [*Aside.*

Mercer. The gentleman is meditating.

Laz. Hunger, Valour, Love, Ambition, are alike pleasing, and, let our philosophers say what they will, are one kind of heat; only Hunger is the safest: Ambition is apt to fall; Love and Valour are not free from dangers; only Hunger, begotten of some old limber courtier in paned hose,[h] and nursed by an attorney's wife, now so thriven that he need not fear to be of the Great Turk's guard, is so free from all quarrels and dangers, so full of hopes, joys, and ticklings, that my life is not so dear to me as his acquaintance.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, the fish-head is gone.

Laz. Then be thou henceforth dumb, with thy ill-boding voice!—

Farewell, Milan! Farewell, noble Duke!
Farewell, my fellow-courtiers all, with whom
I have of yore made many a scrambling meal
In corners, behind arrases, on stairs;

[f] *No, no, no, no!*] Altered by Seward (and rightly perhaps) to "Now, now, now, now!" So the subsequent editors.

[g] *strained*] Seward and his successors "strange."

[h] *paned hose*] See note p. 15.

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And in the action oftentimes have spoil'd
Our doublets and our hose[h] with liquid stuff!
Farewell, you lusty archers of the guard,
To whom I now do give the bucklers up,
And never more with any of your coat
Will eat for wagers! now you happy be;
When this shall light upon you, think on me!
You sewers, carvers, ushers of the court,
Sirnamèd *gentle* for your fair demean,
Here I do take of you my last farewell:
May you stand stifly in your proper places,
And execute your offices aright!
Farewell, you maidens, with your mother[i] eke!
Farewell, you courtly chaplains that be there!
All good attend you! may you never more
Marry your patron's lady's waiting-woman,
But may you raisèd be by this my fall!
May Lazarillo suffer for you all!

Mercer. Sir, I was hearkening to you.

Laz. I will hear nothing: I will break my knife,
The ensign of my former happy state,
Knock out my teeth, have them hung at a barber's,
And enter into religion.[j]

Boy. Why, sir, I think I know whither it is gone.

Laz. See the rashness of man in his nature!—Whither, whither?—I do unsay all that I have said.—Go on, go on, boy! I humble myself, and follow thee.—Farewell, sir.

Mercer. Not so, sir; you shall take a piece of beef with me.

Laz. I cannot stay.

Mercer. By my fay,[k] but you shall, sir, in regard of your love to learning and your skill in the black art.

[h] *hose*] i. e. breeches.

[i] *mother*] Lazarillo, who is speaking of the court, means—the Mother of the Maids: yet the modern editors print "mothers!"

[j] *Knock out my teeth, have them hung at a barber's,*
And enter into religion.] "That is, into a religious order. It was anciently customary with barber-surgeons to hang the teeth they drew upon a string, and exhibit them as an emblem of one department of their multifarious profession." WEBER.

[k] *fay*] i. e. faith.

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Laz. I do hate learning, and I have no skill in the black art: I would I had!

Mercer. Why, your desire is sufficient to me; you shall stay.

Laz. The most horrible and detested curses that can be imagined, light upon all the professors of that art! may they be drunk, and, when they go to conjure and reel in the circle, may the spirits[1] by them raised tear 'em in pieces, and hang their quarters on old broken walls and steeple-tops!

Mercer. This speech of yours shews you to have some skill in the science; wherefore, in civility, I may not suffer you to depart empty.

Laz. My stomach is up; I cannot endure it: I will fight in this quarrel as soon as for my prince.
Room! make way! [*Draws his rapier.*
Hunger commands; my valour must obey. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter VALORE *and* ARRIGO.

Val. Is the Duke private?

Arr. He is alone; but I think your lordship may enter.
[*Exit* VALORE.

Enter GONDARINO.

Gond. Who's with the Duke?

Arr. The count is new gone in; but the Duke will come forth before you can be weary of waiting.

Gond. I will attend him here.

Arr. I must wait without the door. [*Exit.*

[1] *and, when they go to conjure and reel in the circle, may the spirits,* &c.] Exhibited thus in the modern editions; "and when they go to conjure, reel in the circle! May the spirits," &c.

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Gond. Doth he hope to clear his sister? She will come no more to my house to laugh at me; I have sent her to a habitation, where, when she shall be seen, it will set a gloss upon her name: yet, upon my soul, I have bestowed her amongst the purest-hearted creatures of her sex, and the freest from dissimulation; for their deeds are all alike, only they dare speak what the rest think. The women of this age, (if there be any degrees of comparison amongst their sex,) are worse than those of former times; for I have read of women of that truth, spirit, and constancy, that, were they now living, I should endure to see them: but I fear the writers of the time belied them; for how familiar a thing is it with the poets of our age, to extol their whores (which they call *mistresses*) with heavenly praises,—but, I thank their furies and their crazed brains, beyond belief! nay, how many that would fain seem serious, have dedicated grave works to ladies, toothless, hollow-eyed, their hair shedding, purple-faced, their nails apparently coming off, and the bridges of their noses broken down, and have called them the choice handy-works of Nature, the patterns of perfection, and the wonderment of women! Our women begin to swarm like bees in summer; as I came hither, there was no pair of stairs, no entry, no lobby, but was pestered[m] with them: methinks there might be some course taken to destroy them.

Re-enter ARRIGO, *with an old* Gentlewoman.

Arr. I do accept your money: walk here; and when the Duke comes out, you shall have fit opportunity to deliver your petition to him.

Gentlew. I thank you heartily. I pray you, who 's he that walks there?

Arr. A lord and a soldier, one in good favour with the Duke: if you could get him to deliver your petition——

Gentlew. What do you say, sir?

Arr. If you could get him to deliver your petition for you, or to second you, 'twere sure.

Gentlew. I hope I shall live to requite your kindness.

[m] *pestered*] i. e. crowded, encumbered.

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Arr. You have already. [*Exit.*

Gentlew. May it please your lordship——

Gond. No, no.

Gentlew. To consider the estate——

Gond. No.

Gentlew. Of a poor oppressed country-gentlewoman.

Gond. No, it doth not please my lordship.

Gentlew. First and foremost, I have had great injury; then I have been brought up to the town three times.

Gond. A pox on him that brought thee to the town!

Gentlew. I thank your good lordship heartily: though I cannot hear well, I know it grieves you. And here we have been delayed, and sent down again, and fetched up again, and sent down again, to my great charge; and now at last they have fetched me up and five of my daughters—

Gond. Enough to damn five worlds.

Gentlew. Handsome young women, though I say it: they are all without; if it please your lordship, I'll call them in.

Gond. Five women! how many of my senses should I have left me then? call in five devils first.
No, I will rather walk with thee alone,
And hear thy tedious tale of injury,
And give thee answers; whisper in thine ear,
And make thee understand through thy French hood;
And all this with tame patience.

Gentlew. I see your lordship does believe that they are without; and I perceive you are much moved at our injury: here's a paper will tell you more. [*Offers petition.*

Gond. Away!

Gentlew. It may be you had rather hear me tell it *viva voce*, as they say.

Gond. Oh, no, no, no, no! I have heard it before.

Gentlew. Then you have heard of enough injury for a poor gentlewoman to receive.

Gond. Never, never!—But that it troubles my conscience to wish any good to these women, I could afford them to be valiant and able, that it might be no disgrace for a soldier to beat them. [*Aside.*

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Gentlew. I hope your lordship will deliver my petition to his grace; and you may tell him withal——

Gond. What? I will deliver any thing against myself, to be rid on thee.

Gentlew. That yesterday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I met my adversary.

Gond. Give me thy paper: he can abide no long tales.

[*Takes petition.*

Gentlew. 'Tis very short, my lord: and I demanding of him—

Gond. I'll tell him that shall serve thy turn.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. I'll tell him that shall serve thy turn: begone! [Gentlewoman *retires a little.*] Man never doth remember how great his offences are, till he do meet with one of you that plagues him for them. Why should women only, above all other creatures that were created for the benefit of man, have the use of speech? or why should any deed of theirs, done by their fleshly appetites, be disgraceful to their owners? nay, why should not an act done by any beast I keep, against my consent, disparage me as much as that of theirs?

Gentlew. [*Coming forward.*] Here's some few angels[n] for your lordship. [*Offers money.*

Gond. Again? yet more torments?

Gentlew. Indeed you shall have them.

Gond. Keep off!

Gentlew. A small gratuity for your kindness.

Gond. Hold, away! [*Throws the money on the ground.*

Gentlew. Why, then, I thank your lordship: I'll gather them up again; and I'll be sworn it is the first money that was refused since I came to the court.

[*Gathers up the money.*

Gond. What can she devise to say more? [*Aside.*

Gentlew. Truly, I would have willingly parted with them to your lordship.

Gond. I believe it, I believe it.

Gentlew. But since it is thus——

Gond. More yet?

[n] *angels*] i. e. Gold coins worth about 10s. each.

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Gentlew. I will attend without, and expect an answer.

Gond. Do; begone, and thou shalt expect, and have any thing: thou shalt have thy answer from him; and he were best to give thee a good one at first, for thy deaf importunity will conquer him too in the end.

Gentlew. God bless your lordship, and all that favour poor distressed country-gentlewomen! [*Exit.*

Gond. All the diseases of man light upon them that do, and upon me when I do! A week of such days would either make me stark mad or tame me. Yonder other woman, that I have sure enough, shall answer for thy sins. Dare they incense me still, I will make them fear as much to be ignorant of me and my moods, as men are to be ignorant of the law they live under. Who's there? my blood grew cold; I began to fear my suitor's return. 'Tis the Duke.

Enter Duke *with* VALORE.

Val. I know her chaste, though she be young and free,
And is not of that forc'd behaviour
That many others are; and that this lord,
Out of the boundless malice to the sex,
Hath thrown this scandal on her.

Gond. Fortune befriended me against my will with this good old country-gentlewoman [*Aside*]. I beseech your grace to view favourably the petition of a wronged gentlewoman. [*Gives petition.*

Duke. What, Gondarino, are you become a petitioner for your enemies?

Gond. My lord, they are no enemies of mine: I confess, the better to cover my deeds, which sometimes were loose enough, I pretended it (as it is wisdom to keep close our incontinence); but since you have discovered me, I will no more put on that vizard, but will as freely open all my thoughts to you as to my confessor.

Duke. What say you to this?

Val. He that confesses he did once dissemble,
I'll never trust his words. Can you imagine
A maid, whose beauty could not suffer her

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To live thus long untempted by the noblest,
Richest, and cunning'st masters in that art,
And yet hath ever held a fair repute,
Could in one morning, and by him, be brought
To forget all her virtue, and turn whore?

Gond. I would I had some other talk in hand
Than to accuse a sister to her brother;
Nor do I mean it for a public scandal,
Unless by urging me you make it so.

Duke. I will read this at better leisure, Gondarino.—Where is the lady?

Val. At his house.

Gond. No, she is departed thence.

Val. Whither?

Gond. Urge it not thus; or let me be excus'd,
If what I speak betray her chastity,
And both increase my sorrow and your own.

Val. Fear me not so: if she deserve the fame
Which she hath gotten, I would have it publish'd,
Brand her myself, and whip her through the city:
I wish those of my blood that do offend
Should be more strictly punish'd than my foes.
Let it be prov'd!

Duke. Gondarino, thou shalt
Prove it, or suffer worse than she should do.

Gond. Then pardon me, if I betray the faults
Of one I love more dearly than myself,
Since, opening hers, I shall betray mine own.
But I will bring you where she now intends
Not to be virtuous: Pride and Wantonness,
That are true friends in deed, though not in show,
Have enter'd on her heart; there she doth bathe
And sleek her hair, and practise cunning looks
To entertain me with; and hath her thoughts
As full of lust as ever you did think
Them full of modesty.

Duke. Gondarino, lead on; we'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.—*The Street before* JULIA'S *house.*

Enter Pandar.

Pandar. Here hope I to meet my citizen, and here hopes he to meet his scholar. I am sure I am grave enough to his eyes, and knave enough to deceive him: I am believed to conjure, raise storms and devils, by whose power I can do wonders; let him believe so still, belief hurts no man: I have an honest black cloak for my knavery, and a general pardon for his foolery from this present day till the day of his breaking. Is't not a misery, and the greatest of our age, to see a handsome, young, fair enough, and well-mounted wench humble herself in an old stammel[o] petticoat, standing possessed of no more fringe than the street can allow her; her upper parts so poor and wanting, that ye may see her bones through her bodice? shoes she would have, if her captain were come over, and is content the while to devote herself to ancient slippers. These premises well considered, gentlemen, will move: they make me melt, I promise ye, they stir me much; and were't not for my smooth, soft, silken citizen, I would quit this transitory trade, get me an everlasting robe,[p] sear up my conscience, and turn sergeant. But here 'a comes is mine, as good as prize: Sir Pandarus, be my speed!

Enter Mercer.

You are most fitly met, sir.

Mercer. And you as well encountered. What of this heir? have[q] your books been propitious?

Pandar. Sir, 'tis done; she's come, she's in my house: make yourself apt for courtship, stroke up your stockings,

[o] *stammel*] i. e. a sort of red, coarser and cheaper than scarlet. "As if the scarlet robes of their honour had a stain of the *stamell* die in them." Fuller's *Holy State*, B. iv. ch. 12. p. 296, ed. 1642.

[p] *an everlasting robe*] i. e. a robe of the stuff called *everlasting*, or *perpetuana*, which was formerly worn by sergeants, and other city-officers.

[q] *have*] Old eds. "hath."

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lose not an inch of your legs' goodness: I am sure you wear socks.

Mercer. There your books fail you, sir; in truth I wear no socks.

Pandar. I would you had, sir! it were the sweeter grace for your legs. Get on your gloves: are they perfumed[r]?

Mercer. A pretty wash, I'll assure you.

Pandar. 'Twill serve. Your offers must be full of bounty[s]; velvets to furnish a gown, silks for petticoats and foreparts, shag for linings[t]; forget not some pretty jewel, to fasten after some little compliment. If she deny this courtesy, double your bounties; be not wanting in abundance: fullness of gifts, linked with a pleasing tongue, will win an anchorite. Sir, you are my friend, and friend to all that profess[u] good letters; I must not use this office else; it fits not for a scholar and a gentleman. Those stockings are of Naples, they are silk?

Mercer. You are again beside your text, sir; they are of the best of wool, and they [are] cleped[v] Jersey[w].

Pandar. Sure, they are very dear?

Mercer. Nine shillings, by my love to learning!

Pandar. Pardon my judgment; we scholars use no other objects but our books.

Mercer. There is one thing entombed in that grave breast, that makes me equally admire it with your scholarship.

[r] *perfumed*] On this passage Reed has a long note borrowed from Shakespeare's commentators. It is sufficient to observe, that perfumed gloves (in which Queen Elizabeth had "taken pleasure") were still very fashionable when the present play was written.

[s] *Your offers must be full of bounty,* &c.] "So Shakespeare, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:

> 'Win her with *gifts*, if she respect not words;
> Dumb *jewels* often in their silent kind,
> More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.'"—REED.

[t] *linings*] So 4to, 1607. Other eds., "lining."

[u] *profess*] Old eds. "professes."

[v] *cleped*] i. e. called.—Old eds. "cleeped," "clypped," "clipped."

[w] *Jersey*] These, as well as silk stockings, were articles of luxury and fashion.

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Pandar. Sir, but that in modesty I am bound not to affect mine own commendation, I would enquire it of you.

Mercer. Sure, you are very honest; and yet you have a kind of modest fear to shew it: do not deny it; that face of yours is a worthy, learned, modest face.

Pandar. Sir, I can blush.

Mercer. Virtue and grace are always paired together: but I will leave to stir your blood, sir; and now to our business.

Pandar. Forget not my instructions.

Mercer. I apprehend you, sir; I will gather myself together with my best phrases, and so I shall discourse in some sort takingly.

Pandar. This was well worded, sir, and like a scholar.

Mercer. The Muses favour me, as my intents are virtuous! Sir, you shall be my tutor; 'tis never too late, sir, to love learning. When I can once speak true Latin——

Pandar. What do you intend, sir?

Mercer. Marry, I will then beggar all your bawdy writers, and undertake, at the peril of my own invention, all pageants, posies for chimneys[x], speeches for the Duke's entertainment, whensoever and whatsoever; nay, I will build at mine own charge an hospital, to which shall retire all diseased opinions[y], all broken poets, all prose-men that are fallen from small sense to mere letters; and it shall be lawful for a lawyer, if he be a civil man, though he have undone others and himself by the language, to retire to this poor life, and learn to be honest.

Pandar. Sir, you are very good and very charitable; you are a true pattern for the city, sir.

Mercer. Sir, I do know sufficiently, their shop-books cannot save them; there is a further end—

Pandar. Oh, sir, much may be done by manuscript.

Mercer. I do confess it, sir, provided still they be canonical,

[x] *posies for chimneys*] "Inscriptions on different parts of the house, and particularly on chimnies, containing instructions to the servants, and other lessons of morality, were very usual at the time. Tusser has collections of posies for the hall, the parlour, the guests' chamber, and 'for thine own bed-chamber.'"—WEBER.

[y] *opinions*] i. e. "reputations."—WEBER.

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and have some worthy hands set to 'em for probation. But we forget ourselves.

Pandar. Sir, enter when you please, and all good language tip your tongue!

Mercer. All that love learning pray for my good success!

[*Exit into the house.*

Enter LAZARILLO *and* Boy.

Laz. Boy, whereabouts are we?

Boy. Sir, by all tokens, this is the house; bawdy, I am sure, because of the broken windows: the fish-head is within; if you dare venture, here you may surprise it.

Laz. The misery of man may fitly be compared to a didapper, who, when she is under water, past our sight, and indeed can seem no more to us, rises again, shakes but herself, and is the same she was; so is it still with transitory man. This day, oh, but an hour since! and I was mighty, mighty in knowledge, mighty in my hopes, mighty in blessed means, and was so truly happy, that I durst have said, "Live, Lazarillo, and be satisfied!" But now——

Boy. Sir, you are yet afloat, and may recover; be not your own wreck: here lies the harbour; go in, and ride at ease.

Laz. Boy, I am received to be a gentleman, a courtier, and a man of action, modest and wise, and, be it spoken with thy reverence[z], child, abounding virtuous; and wouldst thou have a man of these choice habits covet the cover of a bawdy-house? Yet, if I go not in, I am but——

Boy. But what, sir?

Laz. Dust, boy, but dust; and my soul, unsatisfied, shall haunt the keepers of my blessed saint, and I will appear.

Boy. An ass to all men. [*Aside.*]—Sir, these are no means to stay your appetite; you must resolve to enter.

[z] *with thy reverence*] "The editors [of 1778] think that Lazarillo alludes to the old Latin saying—

Maxima debetur pueris reverentia;

but he is speaking of the reverence the boy ought to have for him, not his respect to the boy."—MASON.

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Laz. Were not the house subject to martial law——[a]

Boy. If that be all, sir, you may enter, for you can know nothing here that the court is ignorant of; only the more eyes shall look upon you, for there they wink one at another's faults.

Laz. If I do not—

Boy. Then you must beat fairly back again, fall to your physical mess of porridge and the twice-sacked carcass of a capon: fortune may favour you so much to send the bread to it; but it's a mere venture, and money may be put out upon it[b].

Laz. I will go in and live; pretend some love to the gentlewoman, screw myself in affection, and so be satisfied.

Pandar. This fly is caught, is meshed already; I will suck him, and lay him by. [*Aside.*

Boy. Muffle yourself in your cloak, by any means; 'tis a received thing among gallants, to walk to their lechery as though they had the rheum. 'Twas well you brought not your horse.

Laz. Why, boy?

Boy. Faith, sir, 'tis the fashion of our gentry to have their horses wait at door like men, while the beasts their masters are within at rack and manger; 'twould have discovered much.

Laz. I will lay by these habits, forms, and grave
Respects of what I am, and be myself[c];

[a] *Were not the house subject to martial law*] "That is, subject to the inspection of the Marshalsea, for in page 72 the Pandar says, 'Be he rich or poor, if he will take thee with him, thou mayest use thy trade, free from constables and marshals.' The public stews of London were formerly established in Southwark, within the precincts of the Marshalsea."—MASON.

[b] *but it's a mere venture, and money may be put out upon it*] An allusion to the custom (formerly very common) for those who undertook expeditions to *put out* sums of money on condition of receiving them back trebled, quadrupled, or quintupled, at the completion of their voyages or journies. They forfeited of course the deposit, if they did not perform what they had undertaken.

[c] *Respects of what I am, and be myself*] "Seward says, 'How could Lazarillo change himself in all outward respects, and yet continue to be himself, and then again except his appetite, which should stay with him? The Duke below [p. 75], when disguised, says, *We are not ourselves;* but without this confirmation 'twas evident at the first sight that a *negative* was omitted.' He therefore reads,

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Only my appetite, my fire, my soul,
My being, my dear appetite, shall go
Along with me;
Arm'd with whose strength I fearless will attempt
The greatest danger dare oppose my fury.
I am resolv'd, wherever that thou art,
Most sacred dish, hid from unhallow'd eyes,
To find thee out:
Be'st thou in hell, rap'd by Proserpina[d],
To be a rival in black Pluto's love;
Or mov'st thou in the heavens, a form divine,
Lashing the lazy spheres; or if thou be'st
Return'd to thy first being, thy mother sea,
There will I seek thee forth: earth, air, nor fire,
Nor the black shades below shall bar my sight,
So daring is my powerful appetite!

Boy. Sir, you may save this long voyage, and take a shorter cut: you have forgot yourself; the fish-head's here; your own imaginations have made you mad.

Laz. Term it a jealous fury, good my boy.

Boy. Faith, sir, term it what you will, you must use other terms before you can get it.

Laz. *The looks of my sweet love are fair*[e],
Fresh and feeding as the air.

Boy. Sir, you forget yourself.

Laz. *Was never seen so rare a head*
Of any fish, alive or dead.

Boy. Good sir, remember: this is the house, sir.

Laz. *Cursed be he that dare not venture*——

and be NO MORE *myself.* We apprehend this addition to be unnecessary, and to pervert the sense. Lazarillo says, 'he will lay by outward forms, which are no part of himself, and carry with him only his passions, soul, and being, which are his very self. In short, I will lay by these *forms*, and *be myself.*'"—ED. 1778.

[d] *rap'd by Proserpina*] i. e. snatched away by Proserpina. The editors of 1778 give, "by rap'd Proserpina," and they "apprehend every reader will see the necessity of the transposition here made." This alteration (which Weber adopted) is certainly very specious, but I believe the old reading to be right.

[e] *The looks of my sweet love are fair, &c.*] Perhaps, as the editors of 1778 remark, Lazarillo here parodies some verses well-known at the time.

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Boy. Pity yourself, sir, and leave this fury.

Laz. *For such a prize! and so I enter.*

[LAZARILLO *and* Boy *exeunt into the house.*

Pandar. Dun's i' the mire[f]; get out again how he can!
My honest gallant, I'll shew you one trick more
Than e'er the fool your father dream'd of yet.
Madonna Julia!

Enter JULIA.

Julia. What news, my sweet rogue? my dear sin's broker, what good news?

Pandar. There is a kind of ignorant thing, much like a courtier, now gone in.

Julia. Is he gallant?

Pandar. He shines not very gloriously,
Nor does he wear one skin perfum'd to keep
The other sweet; his coat is not in or,
Nor does the world run yet on wheels with him;
He's rich enough, and has a small thing follows him,
Like to a boat tied to a tall ship's tail.
Give him entertainment;
Be light and flashing, like a meteor;
Hug him about the neck, give him a kiss,
And lisping cry, "Good sir!" and he's thine own
As fast as he were tied to thine arms by indenture.

Julia. I dare do more
Than this, if he be o' the true court-cut;
I'll take him out a lesson worth the learning:
But we are but their apes. What is he worth?

[f] *Dun's i' the mire*] This expression, of frequent occurrence in our early writers, was first properly explained by Gifford. "*Dun is in the mire!* is a Christmas gambol, at which I have often played. A *log* of wood is brought into the midst of the room: this is *Dun* (the cart-horse), and a cry is raised that he is *stuck* in *the mire*. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance. The game continues till all the company take part in it, when Dun is extricated of course; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log, and from sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes." Note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vii. 283.

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Pandar. Be he rich or poor, if he will take thee with him, thou mayest use thy trade, free from constables and marshals. Who hath been here since I went out?

Julia. There is a gentlewoman sent hither by a lord: she's a piece of dainty stuff, my rogue, smooth and soft as new satin; she was never gummed yet, boy, nor fretted[g].

Pandar. Where lies she?

Julia. She lies above, towards the street; not to be spoke with but by the lord that sent her or some from him, we have in charge from his servants.

Re-enter LAZARILLO *and* Boy.

Pandar. Peace; he comes out again upon discovery. Up with all your canvas, hale him in; and, when thou hast done, clap him aboard bravely, my valiant pinnace!

Julia. Be gone: I shall do reason with him. [*Exit* Pandar.

Laz. Are you the special beauty of this house?

Julia. Sir, you have given it a more special regard by your good language than these black brows can merit.

Laz. Lady, you are fair.

Julia. Fair, sir? I thank you:
All the poor means I have left to be thought grateful,
Is but a kiss, and you shall have it, sir. [LAZARILLO *kisses her.*

Laz. You have a very moving lip.

Julia. Prove it again, sir; it may be your sense
Was set too high, and so o'er-wrought itself.

Laz. [*Kissing her.*] 'Tis still the same. How far may you hold the time to be spent, lady?

Julia. Four o'clock, sir.

Laz. I have not eat to-day.

[g] *she was never gummed yet, boy, nor fretted*] "Both terms were usually applied to velvet. So in Henry IV. Part I., Poins says to the prince—'I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he *frets* like a *gummed* velvet.' . . . . . To understand the allusion in the text fully, it should be recollected *that velvet seems to have been an usual dress of bawds and courtezans.*"—WEBER. What nonsense! Does not Julia talk of *satin*?—which (as well as velvet) was sometimes stiffened with gum, either to make it sit well, or to give it a gloss: its *fretting* was the consequence of its being thus hardened. Compare Middleton's *Works*, iv. 443. ed. Dyce.

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Julia. You will have the better stomach to your supper;
In the mean time I'll feed you with delight.

Laz. 'Tis not so good upon an empty stomach: if it might be without the trouble of your house, I would eat.

Julia. Sir, we can have a capon ready.

Laz. The day?

Julia. 'Tis Friday, sir.

Laz. I do eat little flesh upon these days.

Julia. Come, sweet, you shall not think on meat;
I'll drown it with a better appetite.

Laz. I feel it work more strangely; I must eat.

Julia. 'Tis now too late to send: I say you shall not think on meat; if you do, by this kiss, I'll be angry.

Laz. I could be far more sprightful, had I eaten, and more lasting.

Julia. What will you have, sir? name but the fish,
My maid shall bring it, if it may be got.

Laz. Methinks your house should not be so unfurnish'd,
As not to have some pretty modicum.

Julia. It is so now: but, could you stay till supper——

Laz. Sure, I have offended highly and much, and my inflictions make it manifest. I will retire henceforth, and keep my chamber, live privately, and die forgotten. [*Aside.*

Julia. Sir, I must crave your pardon; I had forgot myself. I have a dish of meat within, and it is fish: I think this dukedom holds not a daintier; 'tis an umbrana's head.

Laz. Lady, this kiss is yours, and this. [*Kisses her.*

Julia. Ho, within there!
Cover the board, and set the fish-head on it.

Laz. Now am I so truly happy, so much above all fate and fortune, that I should despise that man durst say, "Remember, Lazarillo, thou art mortal!" [*Aside.*

Enter two Intelligencers *with a* Guard.

Sec. Int. This is the villain; lay hands on him.

[*The* Guard *seize* LAZARILLO.

Laz. Gentlemen, why am I thus entreated? what is the nature of my crime?

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Sec. Int. Sir, though you have carried it a great while privately, and (as you think) well, yet we have seen you, sir, and we do know thee, Lazarillo, for a traitor.

Laz. The gods defend our Duke!

Sec. Int. Amen. Sir, sir,
This cannot save that stiff neck from the halter.

Julia. Gentlemen, I am glad you have discovered him: he should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds; and surely I did not like him when he called for fish [h].

Laz. My friends, will ye let me have that little favour——

First Int. Sir, you shall have law, and nothing else.

Laz. To let me stay the eating of a bit or two; for I protest I am yet fasting.

Julia. I'll have no traitor come within my house.

Laz. Now could I wish myself I had been traitor: I have strength enough for to endure it, had I but patience. Man, thou art but grass, thou art a bubble, and thou must perish.
Then lead along; I am prepar'd for all:
Since I have lost my hopes, welcome my fall!

Sec. Int. Away, sir!

Laz. As thou hast hope of man, stay but this dish this two hours! I doubt not but I shall be discharged: by this light, I will marry thee!

Julia. You shall marry me first then.

[h] *when he call'd for fish*] "In King Lear, one of Kent's articles of self-recommendation is, that he eats no *fish:* the following explanation is there given by Warburton.—'In Queen Elizabeth's time the papists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phrase of, *he's an honest man, and eats no fish*, to signify he's a friend to the government and a protestant. The eating fish, on a religious account, being then esteemed such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoined for a season by act of parliament, for the encouragement of the fish-towns, it was thought necessary to declare the reason; hence it was called *Cecil's fast.* To this disgraceful badge of popery Fletcher alludes in his Woman-Hater, who makes the courtezan say, when Lazarillo, in search of the umbrana's head, was seized at her house by the intelligencers for a traitor, 'Gentlemen, I am glad you have discovered him: he should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds; and surely I did not like him when he *called for fish.*' And Marston's Dutch Courtezan: 'I trust I am none of the wicked that *eat fish a Fridays.*'"—Ed. 1778. *Perhaps*, Warburton is right.

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Laz. I do contract myself unto thee now, before these gentlemen.

Julia. I'll preserve it till you be hanged or quitted.

Laz. Thanks, thanks!

Sec. Int. Away, away! you shall thank her at the gallows.

Laz. Adieu, adieu!

[*Exeunt* LAZARILLO, Boy, Intelligencers, *and* Guard.

Julia. If he live, I'll have him; if he be hanged, there's no loss in it. [*Exit into the house.*

ORIANA *and* Waiting-woman *appear at a window.*

Ori. Hast thou provided one to bear my letter to my brother?

Wait. I have inquired; but they of the house will suffer no letter nor message to be carried from you but such as the lord Gondarino shall be acquainted with: truly, madam, I suspect the house to be no better than it should be.

Ori. What dost thou doubt?

Wait. Faith, I am loath to tell it, madam.

Ori. Out with it! 'Tis not true modesty to fear to speak that thou dost think.

Wait. I think it be one of these same bawdy-houses.

Ori. 'Tis no matter, wench; we are warm in it: keep thou thy mind pure, and, upon my word, that name will do thee no hurt. I cannot force myself yet to fear anything: when I do get out, I'll have another encounter with my woman-hater. Here will I sit: I may get sight of some of my friends; it must needs be a comfort to them to see me here.

Enter DUKE, GONDARINO, VALORE, *and* ARRIGO, *disguised.*

Gond. Are we all sufficiently disguised? for this house, where she attends me, is not to be visited in our own shapes.

Duke. We are not ourselves.

Arr. I know the house to be sinful enough; yet I have been heretofore, and durst now, but for discovering of you, appear here in my own likeness.

Duke. Where's Lucio?

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Arr. My lord, he said the affairs of the commonwealth would not suffer him to attend always.

Duke. Some great ones, questionless, that he will handle.

Val. Come, let us enter.

Gond. See, how Fortune strives to revenge my quarrel upon these women! she's in the window: were it not to undo her, I should not look upon her. [*Aside.*

Duke. Lead us, Gondarino.

Gond. Stay; since you force me to display my shame,
Look there!—and you, my lord, know you that face?

Duke. 'Tis she.

Val. It is.

Gond. 'Tis she, whose greatest virtue ever was
Dissimulation; she that still hath strove
More to sin cunningly than to avoid it;
She that hath ever sought to be accounted
Most virtuous when she did deserve most scandal;
'Tis she that itches now, and, in the height
Of her intemperate thoughts, with greedy eyes
Expects my coming to allay her lust.
Leave her; forget she is thy sister.

Val. Stay, stay!

Duke. I am as full of this as thou canst be;
The memory of this will easily
Hereafter stay my loose and wandering thoughts
From any woman.

Val. This will not down with me; I dare not trust
This fellow.

Duke. Leave her here: that only shall be
Her punishment, never to be fetched from hence,
But let her use her trade to get her living.

Val. Stay, good my lord! I do believe all this; as great men as I have had known whores to their sisters, and have laughed at it. I would fain hear how she talks, since she grew thus light: will your grace make him shew himself to her, as if he were now come to satisfy her longing? whilst we, unseen of her, overhear her wantonness. Let's make our best of it now; we shall have good mirth.

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Duke. Do it, Gondarino.

Gond. I must: Fortune, assist me but this once! [*Aside.*

Val. Here we shall stand unseen, and near enough.

Gond. Madam! Oriana!

Ori. Who's that? Oh, my lord.

Gond. Shall I come up?

Ori. Oh, you are merry: shall I come down?

Gond. It is better there.

Ori. What is the confession of the lie you made to the Duke, which I scarce believe yet you had impudence enough to do? Did it not gain you so much faith with me, as that I was willing to be at your lordship's bestowing till you had recovered my credit, and confessed yourself a liar, as you pretended to do? I confess I began to fear you, and desired to be out of your house; but your own followers forced me hither.

Gond. 'Tis well suspected;
Dissemble still, for there are some may hear us.

Ori. More tricks yet, my lord? What house this is, I know not; I only know myself: it were a great conquest, if you could fasten a scandal upon me. Faith, my lord, give me leave to write to my brother.

Duke. Come down!

Val. Come down!

Arr. If it please your grace, there's a back-door.

Val. Come, meet us there then.

[ORIANA *and* Waiting-woman *disappear from the window.*

Duke. It seems you are acquainted with the house.

Arr. I have been in it.

Gond. She saw you, and dissembled.

Duke. Sir, we shall know that better.

Gond. Bring me unto her: if I prove her not
To be a strumpet, let me be contemn'd
Of all her sex. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—LUCIO'S *Apartment.*

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Now, whilst the young Duke follows his delights,
We that do mean to practise in the state,
Must pick our times, and set our faces in,
And nod our heads, as it may prove most fit
For the main good of the dear commonwealth.
Who's within there?

Enter Secretary.

Secr. My lord?

Lucio. Secretary, fetch the gown I use to read petitions in, and the standish I answer French letters with; and call in the gentleman that attends. [*Exit* Secretary.
Little know they that do not deal in state,
How many things there are to be observ'd,
Which seem but little; yet by one of us
(Whose brains do wind about the commonwealth)
Neglected, cracks our credits utterly.

Re-enter Secretary *with* Gentleman.

Sir, but that I do presume upon your secrecy, I would not have appeared to you thus ignorantly attired, without a toothpick in a ribband[j], or a ring in my bandstring.

Gent. Your lordship sent for me?

Lucio. I did. Sir, your long practice in the state, under a great man, hath led you to much experience.

Gent. My lord!

[j] *a toothpick in a ribband*] "Travellers, and all those who imitated foreign fashions, affected to use toothpicks, which, till about the year 1600, appear to have been unknown in England."—WEBER.

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Lucio. Suffer not your modesty to excuse it. In short, and in private, I desire your direction. I take my study already to be furnished after a grave and wise method.

Gent. What will this lord do? [*Aside.*

Lucio. My book-strings are suitable and of a reaching[k] colour.

Gent. How's this? [*Aside.*

Lucio. My standish of wood strange and sweet, and my fore-flap[l] hangs in the right place and as near Machiavel's as can be gathered by tradition.

Gent. Are there such men as will say nothing abroad, and play the fools in their lodgings? This lord must be followed. [*Aside.*]—And hath your lordship some new-made words to scatter in your speeches in public, to gain note, that the hearers may carry them away, and dispute of them at dinner?

Lucio. I have, sir; and, besides, my several gowns and caps agreeable to my several occasions.

Gent. 'Tis well: and you have learned to write a bad hand, that the readers may take pains for it?

Lucio. Yes, sir; and I give out I have the palsy.

Gent. Good.—'Twere better though if you had it. [*Aside.*] —Your lordship hath a secretary that can write fair when you purpose to be understood?

Lucio. Faith, sir, I have one; there he stands; he hath been my secretary these seven years, but he hath forgotten to write.

Gent. If he can make a writing face, it is not amiss, so he keep his own counsel. Your lordship hath no hope of the gout?

Lucio. Uh! little, sir, since the pain in my right foot left me.

Gent. 'Twill be some scandal to your wisdom, though I see your lordship knows enough in public business.

Lucio. I am not employed though to my desert in occasions foreign, nor frequented for matters domestical.

[k] *reaching*] "Which Seward would not have changed for *teaching*, had he recollected that *reaching* means penetrating."—MASON.

[l] *fore-flap*] i. e. "bands."—WEBER.

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Gent. Not frequented? what course takes your lordship?

Lucio. The readiest way; my door stands wide[m], my secretary knows I am not denied to any.

Gent. In this (give me leave) your lordship is out of the way: make a back-door to let out intelligencers; seem to be ever busy, and put your door under keepers, and you shall have a troop of clients sweating to come at you.

Lucio. I have a back-door already: I will henceforth be busy.—Secretary, run and keep the door. [*Exit* Secretary.

Gent. This will fetch 'em.

Lucio. I hope so.

Re-enter Secretary.

Secr. My lord, there are some require access to you about weighty affairs of state.

Lucio. Already?

Gent. I told you so.

Lucio. How weighty is the business?

Secr. Treason, my lord.

Lucio. Sir, my debts to you for this are great.

Gent. I will leave your lordship now.

Lucio. Sir, my death must be sudden, if I requite you not. At the back-door, good sir.

Gent. I will be your lordship's intelligencer for once. [*Exit.*

Secr. My lord!

Lucio. Let 'em in, and say I am at my study. [*Retires behind the curtain.*[n]

Secretary *brings in* LAZARILLO *and two* Intelligencers.

First Int. Where is your lord?

Secr. At his study; but he will have you brought in.

Laz. Why, gentlemen, what will you charge me withal?

[m] *wide*] So 4to. 1607. Other eds. "winde" and "wind."

[n] *Retires behind the curtain*] Not in old eds., which presently, however, give the stage-direction "*Secretary draws the curtain.*" It ought to be remembered that curtains (called also *traverses*) were formerly, on various occasions, used as substitutes for scenes.

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Sec. Int. Treason, horrible treason: I hope to have the leading of thee to prison, and prick thee on i' th' arse with a halbert; to have him hanged that salutes thee, and call all those in question that spit not upon thee.

Laz. My thread is spun; yet, might I but call for this dish of meat at the gallows, instead of a psalm, it were to be endured. [Secretary *draws the curtain.*
The curtain opens; now my end draws on. [*Aside.*

Lucio. Gentlemen, I am not empty of weighty occasions at this time. I pray you, your business.

First Int. My lord, I think we have discovered one of the most bloody traitors that ever the world held.

Lucio. Signor Lazarillo, I am glad you are one of this discovery: give me your hand.

Sec. Int. My lord, that is the traitor.

Lucio. Keep him off!
I would not for my whole estate have touch'd him.

Laz. My lord——

Lucio. Peace, sir! I know the devil is at your tongue's end, to furnish you with speeches.—What are the particulars you charge him with?

[*They deliver a paper to* LUCIO.

Both Int. We have conferred our notes, and have extracted that which we will justify upon our oaths.

Lucio. [Reads.] *That he would be greater than the Duke; that he had cast plots for this, and meant to corrupt some to betray him; that he would burn the city, kill the Duke, and poison the privy-council; and, lastly, kill himself.* Though thou deservest justly to be hanged with silence, yet I allow thee to speak: be short.

Laz. My lord, so may my greatest wish succeed,
So may I live, and compass what I seek,
As I had never treason in my thoughts,
Nor ever did conspire the overthrow
Of any creatures but of brutish beasts,
Fowls, fishes, and such other human food,
As is provided for the good of man!

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If stealing custards, tarts, and florentines [o],
By some late statute be created treason,
How many fellow-courtiers can I bring,
Whose long attendance and experience
Hath made them deeper in the plot than I!

Lucio. Peace! Such hath ever been the clemency of my gracious master the Duke in all his proceedings, that I had thought, and thought I had thought rightly, that Malice would long ere this have hid herself in her den, and have turned her own sting against her own heart; but I well now perceive that so froward is the disposition of a depraved nature, that it doth not only seek revenge where it hath received injury, but many times thirst after their destruction where it hath met with benefits.

Laz. But, my good lord——

Sec. Int. Let's gag him.

Lucio. Peace! again?—but many times thirst after [their] destruction where it hath met with benefits—there I left. Such, and no better, are the business that we have now in hand.

First. Int. He's excellently spoken.

Sec. Int. He'll wind a traitor, I warrant him.

Lucio. But surely, methinks, setting aside the touch of conscience, and all other inward convulsions——

Sec. Int. He'll be hanged, I know by that word.

Laz. Your lordship may consider——

Lucio. Hold thy peace! thou canst not answer this speech; no traitor can answer it. But, because you cannot answer this speech, I take it you have confessed the treason.

First Int. The count Valore was the first that discovered him, and can witness it; but he left the matter to your lordship's grave consideration.

Lucio. I thank his lordship. Carry him away speedily to the Duke.

[o] *florentines*] "This is a kind of pie, differing from a pasty by having no crust beneath the meat. A *veal florentine* is a dish well known in ancient Scottish cookery."—WEBER [Qy. Sir W. Scott?]. See Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.*, and Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

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Laz. Now, Lazarillo, thou art tumbled down
The hill of Fortune with a violent arm:
All plagues that can be, famine and the sword,
Will light upon thee; black despair will boil
In thy despairing breast; no comfort by,
Thy friends far off, thy enemies are nigh!

Lucio. Away with him! I'll follow you. Look you pinion him, and take his money from him, lest he swallow a shilling, and kill himself.

Sec. Int. Get thou on before! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE, VALORE, GONDARINO, *and* ARRIGO.

Duke. Now, Gondarino, what can you put on now
That may again deceive us?
Have you more strange illusions, yet more mists,
Through which the weak eye may be led to error?
What can you say that may do satisfaction
Both for her wrongèd honour and your ill?

Gond. All I can say, or may, is said already:
She is unchaste, or else I have no knowledge,
I do not breathe nor have the use of sense.

Duke. Dare you be yet so wilful-ignorant
Of your own nakedness? did not your servants,
In mine own hearing, confess
They brought her to that house we found her in,
Almost by force, and with a great distrust
Of some ensuing hazard?

Val. He that hath begun so worthily,
It fits not with his resolution
To leave off thus, my lord. I know these are
But idle proofs. What says your lordship to them?

Gond. Count, I dare yet
Pronounce again, thy sister is not honest.

Val. You are yourself, my lord; I like your settledness.

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Gond. Count, thou art young, and unexperienc'd in
The dark hidden ways of women: thou dar'st affirm
With confidence, a lady of fifteen
May be a maid?

Val. Sir, if it were not so,
I have a sister would sit[p] near my heart.

Gond. Let her sit near her shame! it better fits her.
Call back the blood that made your[q] stream in nearness,
And turn the current to a better use:
'Tis too much mudded; I do grieve to know it.

Duke. Dar'st thou make up again? dar'st thou turn face,
Knowing we know thee?
Hast thou not been discover'd openly?
Did not our ears hear her deny thy courtings?
Did we not see her blush with modest anger,
To be so overtaken by a trick?
Can you deny this, lord?

Gond. Had not your grace and her kind brother been
Within level of her eye, you should have had a hotter
Volley from her, more full of blood and fire,
Ready to leap the window where she stood;
So truly sensual is her appetite.

Duke. Sir, sir,
These are but words and tricks: give me the proof!

Val. What need a better proof than your lordship? I am sure
You have lain with her, my lord.

Gond. I have confess'd it, sir.

Duke. I dare not give thee credit without witness.

Gond. Does your grace think we carry seconds with us,
To search us and see fair play? Your grace hath been
Ill-tutor'd in the business: but if you hope
To try her truly, and satisfy yourself
What frailty is, give her the test.
Do not remember, count, she is your sister;

[p] *sit*] Old eds. "set." The meaning of this speech, which Seward could not fathom, was obvious even to Weber,—"If a girl of fifteen might not be a maid, I should feel great uneasiness on account of my sister."

[q] *your*] An alteration by Seward. Old eds. "our." Qy. "one"?

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Nor let my lord the Duke believe she's fair;
But put her to it without hope or pity.
Then ye shall see that golden form fly off,
That all eyes wonder at for pure and fix'd,
And under it base blushing copper; metal
Not worth the meanest honour:
You shall behold her then, my lord, transparent, look through
Her heart, and view the spirits how they leap;
And tell me then I did belie the lady.

Duke. It shall be done.
Come, Gondarino, bear us company.
We do believe thee: she shall die, and thou
Shalt see it.

Enter LAZARILLO *bound, two* Intelligencers, *and* Guard.

How now, my friends? who have you guarded hither?

Sec. Int. So please your grace, we have discovered a villain and a traitor: the lord Lucio hath examined him, and sent him to your grace for judgment.

Val. My lord, I dare
Absolve him from all sin of treason: I know
His most ambition is but a dish of meat,
Which he hath hunted with so true a scent,
That he deserveth the collar, not the halter[r].

Duke. Why do they bring him thus bound up?
The poor man had more need have some warm meat,
To comfort his cold stomach.

Val. Your grace shall have
The cause hereafter, when you may laugh more freely.

[r] *he deserveth the collar, not the halter*] "i. e. he deserves the *steward's chain*, rather than to be *hanged*."—REED.

"Mr. R. says, that *collar* means the steward's chain; but that was not a collar. I think it rather means a collar of brawn; unless it were customary at the time to ornament with a collar the dog that had distinguished himself in the chase, which I believe was the case; for Richelet in his French Dictionary says, that '*Un chien à grand collier est un chien qui conduit les autres: ces mots se disent figurativement d'un habile homme qui a grand crédit parmi ceux de sa compagnie, et qui entraine les autres à ses opinions.*' This appears to me an explanation of the passage." MASON.

Surely, the context proves that the allusion is to the collar of a hound.

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But these are call'd informers; men that live
By treason, as rat-catchers do by poison.
Duke. Would there were
No heavier prodigies hung over us
Than this poor fellow! I durst redeem all perils,
Ready to pour themselves upon this state,
With a cold custard.
Val. Your grace
Might do it without danger to your person.
Laz. My lord, if ever I intended treason
Against your person or the state, unless
It were by wishing from your table some dish
Of meat, which I must needs confess was not
A subject's part; or coveting by stealth
Sups from those noble bottles, that no mouth,
Keeping allegiance true, should dare to taste,—
I must confess, with more than covetous eye
I have beheld those dear concealèd dishes,
That have been brought in by cunning equipage,
To wait upon your grace's palate:
I do confess, out of this present heat,
I have had stratagems and ambuscadoes;
But, God be thankèd, they have never took!
Duke. Count,
This business is your own: when you have done,
Repair to us.
Val. I will attend your grace.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, GONDARINO, *and* ARRIGO.
Lazarillo,
You are at liberty; be your own man again;
And, if you can, be master of your wishes;
I wish it may be so.
Laz. I humbly thank your lordship! I must be unmannerly: I have some present business. Once more, I heartily thank your lordship. [*Exit.*
Val. Now even a word or two to you, and so farewell.
You think you have deserv'd much of this state
By this discovery: ye're a slavish people,

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Grown subject to the common curse[s] of all men.
How much unhappy were that noble spirit,
Could work by such base engines[t]! What misery
Would not a knowing man put on with willingness,
Ere he [would] see himself grown fat and full-fed
By fall of those you rise by? I do discharge
You my attendance: our healthful state
Needs no such leeches to suck out her blood.

First Int. I do beseech your lordship——

Sec. Int. Good my lord——

Val. Go, learn to be more honest: when I see
You work your means from honest industry,
I will be willing to accept your labours;
Till then I will keep back my promis'd favours.

[*Exeunt* Intelligencers *and* Guard.

Here comes another remnant of folly: I must dispatch him too.

Enter LUCIO.

Now, lord Lucio, what business brings you hither?

Lucio. Faith, sir, I am discovering what will become of that notable piece of treason intended by that varlet Lazarillo; I have sent him to the Duke for judgment.

Val. Sir, you have performed the part of a most careful statesman; and, let me say it to your face, sir, of a father to this state: I would wish you to retire, and insconce yourself in study; for such is your daily labour and our fear, that the[u] loss of an hour may breed our overthrow.

Lucio. Sir, I will be commanded by your judgment; and though I find it a trouble scant to be waded through by these weak years, yet, for the dear care of the commonwealth, I will bruise my brains, and confine myself to much vexation.

Val. Go; and mayest thou knock down treason like an ox!

Lucio. Amen! [*Exeunt severally.*

[s] *curse*] Old eds. "course."

[t] *base engines*] Old eds. "baser gaines," (and "gains.") Corrected by Sympson.

[u] *the*] So some copies of 4to. 1607. Other copies of that 4to. and later eds. "our." The modern editors give "your."

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SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter Mercer, Pandar, *and* FRANCISSINA.

Mercer. Have I spoke thus much in the honour of learning, learned the names of the seven liberal sciences before my marriage, and since have in haste written epistles congratulatory to the nine Muses; and is she proved a whore and a beggar?

Pandar. 'Tis true. You are not now to be taught that no man can be learned of a sudden: let not your first project discourage you; what you have lost in this, you may get again in alchymy.

Fran. Fear not, husband; I hope to make as good a wife as the best of your neighbours have and as honest.

Mercer. I will go home. Good sir, do not publish this; as long as it runs amongst ourselves, 'tis good honest mirth. You'll come home to supper? I mean to have all her friends and mine, as ill as it goes.

Pandar. Do wisely, sir, and bid your own friends; your whole wealth will scarce feast all hers: neither is it for your credit to walk the streets with a woman so noted; get you home, and provide her clothes; let her come an hour hence with an hand-basket, and shift herself; she'll serve to sit at the upper end of the table, and drink to your customers.

Mercer. Art is just, and will make me amends.

Pandar. No doubt, sir.

Mercer. The chief note of a scholar, you say, is to govern his passions; wherefore I do take all patiently: in sign of which, my most dear wife, I do kiss thee. Make haste home after me; I shall be in my study.

Pandar. Go, avaunt! [*Exit* Mercer.]—My new city-dame, send me what you promised me for consideration, and mayest thou prove a lady!

Fran. Thou shalt have it; his silks shall fly for it.

[*Exeunt severally.*

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SCENE IV.—*The Street before* JULIA's *house.*

Enter LAZARILLO *and* BOY.

Laz. How sweet is a calm after a tempest! what is there now that can stand betwixt me and felicity? I have gone through all my crosses constantly, have confounded my enemies, and know where to have my longing satisfied; I have my way before me: there's the door, and I may freely walk in to my delights. Knock, boy! [Boy *knocks.*

Julia. [*Within.*] Who's there?

Laz. Madonna, my love! not guilty, not guilty! Open the door!

Enter JULIA *from the house.*

Julia. Art thou come, sweetheart?

Laz. Yes, to thy soft embraces, and the rest
Of my overflowing blisses.
Come, let us in, and swim in our delights;
A short grace as we go, and so to meat!

Julia. Nay, my dear love, you must bear with me in this; we'll to the church first.

Laz. Shall I be sure of it then?

Julia. By my love, you shall!

Laz. I am content; for I do now wish to hold off longer, to whet my appetite, and do desire to meet with more troubles, so I might conquer them:
And, as a holy lover that hath spent
The tedious night with many a sigh and tears,
Whilst he pursu'd his wench, and hath observ'd
Her[v] smiles and frowns, not daring to displease;
When [he][w] at last hath with his service won
Her yielding heart, that she begins to dote

[v] *Her*] A correction by Heath. (*MS. Notes.*) Old eds. "The."
[w] [*He*] Inserted here, and in the next line but four, by Seward.

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Upon him, and can hold no longer out,
But hangs about his neck, and woos him more
Than ever he desir'd her love before;
[He] then begins to flatter his desert,
And, growing wanton, needs will cast her off;
Try her, pick quarrels, to breed fresh delight,
And to encrease his pleasing appetite.

Julia. Come, mouse, will you walk?

Laz. I pray thee, let me be delivered of the joy I am so big with: I do feel that high heat within me, that I begin to doubt whether I be mortal.

How I contemn my fellows in the court,
With whom I did but yesterday converse,
And in a lower and an humbler key
Did walk and meditate on grosser meats!
There are they still, poor rogues, shaking their chops,
And sneaking after cheeses, and do run
Headlong in chase of every jack[x] of beer
That crosseth them, in hope of some repast
That it will bring them to; whilst I am here,
The happiest wight that ever set his tooth
To a dear novelty. Approach, my love;
Come, let us go to knit the true love's knot,
That never can be broken!

Boy. That is, to marry a whore. [*Aside.*

Laz. When that is done, then will we taste the gift
Which fates have sent, my fortunes up to lift.

Boy. When that is done, you'll begin to repent upon a full stomach: but I see, 'tis but a form in destiny, not to be altered. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*

[x] *jack*] "i. e. a kind of leathern tankard." WEBER.

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SCENE V.—*An Apartment in the Palace*[y] *with a Gallery.*

Enter ARRIGO *and* ORIANA *below;* DUKE, VALORE, *and* GONDARINO *above.*

Ori. Sir, what may be the current of your business,
That thus you single out your time and place?
Arr. Madam, the business now impos'd upon me
Concerns you nearly;
I wish some worser man might finish it.
Ori. Why are you changed so? are you not well, sir?
Arr. Yes, madam, I am well: would you were so!
Ori. Why, sir, I feel myself in perfect health.
Arr. And yet you cannot live long, madam.
Ori. Why, good Arrigo?
Arr. Why, you must die.
Ori. I know I must;
But yet my fate calls not upon me.
Arr. It does;
This hand the Duke commands shall give you death.
Ori. Heaven and the powers divine, guard well the innocent!
Arr. Lady, your prayers may do your soul some good,
But sure your body cannot merit[z] by 'em:
You must prepare to die.
Ori. What's my offence? what have these years committed,
That may be dangerous to the Duke or state?
Have I conspir'd by poison? have I given up
My honour to some loose unsettled blood,

[y] *An apartment in the Palace, &c.*] So Weber; and rightly, perhaps, as Oriana at p. 95 desires the Duke to take his "state." The poet probably left the location of the scene to the imagination of the audience: see note p. 39.

[z] *merit*] "The word *merit* is here used in a very uncommon sense, and signifies to derive profit or advantage. So in Thierry and Theodoret, Ordella says—

'And if in my poor death fair France may *merit*,
Give me a thousand blows.!'" MASON.

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That may give action to my plots? dear sir,
Let me not die ignorant of my faults!
Arr. You shall not.
Then, lady, you must know, you are held unhonest:
The Duke, your brother, and your friends in court,
With too much grief condemn you; though to me
The fault deserves not to be paid with death.
Ori. Who's my accuser?
Arr. Lord Gondarino.
Ori. Arrigo, take these words, and bear them to the Duke;
It is the last petition I shall ask thee.
Tell him, the child this present hour brought forth
To see the world has not a soul more pure,
More white, more virgin, than I have; tell him,
Lord Gondarino's plot I suffer for,
And willingly; tell him, it had been
A greater honour to have sav'd than kill'd:
But I have done: strike! I am arm'd for heaven.
Why stay you? is there any hope?
Arr. I would not strike.
Ori. Have you the power to save?
Arr. With hazard of my life, if it should be known.
Ori. You will not venture that?
Arr. I will: lady,
There is that means yet to escape your death,
If you can wisely apprehend it.
Ori. You dare not be so kind?
Arr. I dare, and will, if you dare but deserve it.
Ori. If I should slight my life, I were to blame.
Arr. Then, madam,
This is the means, or else you die: I love you—
Ori. I shall believe it, if you save my life.
Arr. And you must lie with me.
Ori. I dare not buy my life so.
Arr. Come, you must resolve; say yea or no.
Ori. Then, no! Nay, look not ruggedly upon me;
I am made up too strong to fear such looks:
Come, do your butcher's part! before

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I would win [a] life with the dear loss of honour,
I dare find means to free myself.

Arr. Speak, will you yield?

Ori. Villain, I will not! murderer, do the [b] worst
Thy base unnoble thoughts dare prompt thee to!
I am above thee, slave!

Arr. Wilt thou not be drawn
To yield by fair persuasions?

Ori. No, nor by——

Arr. Peace! know your doom then: your ladyship must remember
You are not now at home, where you dare jest
At all [c] that come about you; but you are fallen
Under my mercy, which shall be but small,
If thou refuse to yield: hear what I have sworn
Unto myself; I will enjoy thee, though it be
Between the parting of thy soul and body;
Yield yet, and live!

Ori. I'll guard the one; let Heaven guard the other!

Arr. Are you so resolute then?

Duke. Hold, hold, I say!

[*Exeunt above* DUKE, VALORE, *and* GONDARINO.

Ori. What, have I yet [d] more terror to my tragedy?

Arr. Lady, the scene of blood is done;
You are now as free from scandal as from death.

Enter DUKE, VALORE, *and* GONDARINO.

Duke. Thou woman, which wert born to teach men virtue,
Fair, sweet, and modest maid, forgive my thoughts!

[a] *win*] So some copies of 4to. 1607; other copies of that 4to., and later eds. "wish," which the modern editors give.

[b] *the*] Old eds. "thy."

[c] *jest At all*] So some copies of 4to. 1607, where the spelling is "ieast at all;" other copies "feast at all." Later eds. "feast all," which the modern editors give. Such was the progress of the corruption in this passage.

[d] *What, have I yet*] So some copies of 4to. 1607; other copies of that 4to., and later eds. "What I? yet," which Seward gives.—"As the *I* is undoubtedly an interpolation, we have discarded it," say the Editors of 1778, whom Weber follows!

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My trespass was my love.—
Seize Gondarino: let him wait our dooms.
Gond. I do begin a little to love this woman;
I could endure her already twelve miles off. [*Aside.*
Val. Sister,
I am glad you have brought your honour off so fairly,
Without loss; you have done a work above your sex:
The Duke admires it; give him fair encounter.
Duke. Best of all comforts, may I take this hand,
And call it mine?
Ori. I am your grace's handmaid.
Duke. Would you had said myself! might it not be so, lady?
Val. Sister, say ay; I know you can afford it.
Ori. My lord, I am your subject; you may command me,
Provided still your thoughts be fair and good.
Duke. Here I am yours; and when I cease to be so,
Let Heaven forget me! thus I make it good. [*Kisses her.*
Ori. My lord, I am no more mine own.
Val. So! this bargain was well driven.
Gond. Duke,
Thou hast sold away thyself to all perdition;
Thou art this present hour becoming cuckold:
Methinks I see thy gall grate through thy veins,
And jealousy seize [on [e]] thee with her talons.
I know that woman's nose must be cut off;
She cannot 'scape it.
Duke. Sir, we have punishment for you.
Ori. I do beseech your lordship, for the wrongs
This man hath done me, let me pronounce his punishment!
Duke. Lady, I give't to you; he is your own.
Gond. I do beseech your grace, let me be banish'd
With all the speed that may be!
Val. Stay still; you shall attend her sentence.
Ori. Lord Gondarino, you have wrong'd me highly;
Yet since it sprung from no peculiar hate
To me, but from a general dislike

[e] *on*] Added by Seward.

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Unto all women, you shall thus suffer for it.—
Arrigo, call in some ladies to assist us.—
[*Exit* ARRIGO, *who presently returns.*
Will your grace take your state[f]? [DUKE *seats himself.*
Gond. My lord, I do
Beseech your grace for any punishment,
Saving this woman! let me be sent upon
Discovery of some island; I do desire
But a small gondola, with ten Holland cheeses,
And I'll undertake it.
Ori. Sir, you must be content.
Will you sit down? nay, do it willingly.—
Arrigo, tie his arms close to the chair;
I dare not trust his patience. [GONDARINO *is tied to a chair.*
Gond. Mayest thou
Be quickly old and painted! may'st thou dote
Upon some sturdy yeoman of the wood-yard,
And he be honest! mayest thou be barr'd
The lawful lechery of thy couch[g] for want
Of instruments! and, last, be thy womb unopen'd!
Duke. This fellow hath a pretty gall.
Val. My lord,
I hope to see him purgèd ere he part.

Enter Ladies.

Ori. Your ladyships are welcome: I must desire
Your helps, though you are no physicians,
To do a strange cure upon this gentleman.
Ladies. In what we can assist you,
Madam, you may command us.
Gond. Now do I
Sit like a conjuror within my circle,
And these the devils that are rais'd about me:
I will pray that they may have no power upon me.
Ori. Ladies, fall off in couples;

[f] *state*] i. e. raised chair. [g] *couch*] Old eds. "coach."

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Then, with a soft still march, with low demeanours,
Charge this gentleman: I'll be your leader.

Gond. Let me be quarter'd, Duke, quickly! I can endure it.
These women long for man's flesh; let them have it!

Duke. Count, have you ever seen so strange a passion?
What would this fellow do, if he should find himself
In bed with a young lady?

Val. Faith, my lord,
If he could get a knife, sure he would cut her throat;
Or else he would do as Hercules did by Lichas,
Swing out her soul:
He has the true hate of a woman in him.

Ori. Low with your curtsies, ladies!

Gond. Come not too near me! I have a breath will poison ye;
My lungs are rotten and my stomach raw;
I am given much to belching: hold off, as you love sweet airs!
Ladies, by your first night's pleasure I conjure you,
As you would have your husbands proper men,
Strong backs and little legs; as you would have 'em hate
Your waiting-women——

Ori. Sir, we must court you, till we have obtain'd
Some little favour from those gracious eyes;
'Tis but a kiss a-piece.

Gond. I pronounce perdition to ye all!
Ye are a parcel of that damnèd crew
That fell down with Lucifer, and here ye stay'd
On earth to plague poor men. Vanish, avaunt!
I am fortified against your charms: heaven grant me
Breath and patience!

First Lady. Shall we not kiss, then?

Gond. No!
Sear my lips with hot irons first, or stitch them
Up like a ferret's! Oh, that this brunt were over!

Sec. Lady. Come, come, little rogue, thou art too maidenly; by my troth I think I must box thee till thou be'st bolder; the more bold, the more welcome: I prithee, kiss me; be not afraid. [*Sits on his knee.*

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Gond. If there be any here
That yet have so much of the fool left in them
As to love their mothers, let them look [h] on her,
And loathe them too!

Sec. Lady. What a slovenly little villain art thou! why dost thou not stroke up thy hair? I think thou ne'er combest it; I must have it lie in better order; so, so, so. Let me see thy hands; are they washed?

Gond. I would they were loose, for thy sake!

Duke. She tortures him admirably.

Val. The best that ever was.

Sec. Lady. Alas, how cold they are, poor golls! [i] why dost thee not get thee a muff?

Arr. Madam, here's an old country-gentlewoman at the door, that came nodding up for justice; she was with the lord Gondarino to-day, and would now again come to the speech of him, she says.

Ori. Let her in, for sport's sake, let her in! [*Exit* ARRIGO.

Gond. Mercy, O Duke! I do appeal to thee:
Plant cannons there, and discharge them
Against my breast rather! Nay, first
Let this she-fury sit still where she does,
And with her nimble fingers stroke my hair,
Play with my fingers' ends or any thing,
Until my panting heart have broke my breast!

Duke. You must abide her censure.

[Sec. Lady *rises from* GONDARINO'S *knee.*

Re-enter ARRIGO *with old* Gentlewoman.

Gond. I see her come!
Unbutton me, for she will speak.

Gentlew. Where is he, sir?

Gond. Save me! I hear her.

[h] *look*] So some copies of 4to. 1607: in other copies of that 4to., and in the later eds., this word is wanting. The editors of 1778, however, supplied it by conjecture.

[i] *golls*] "A cant term for hands."—WEBER. Fists, paws.

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Arr. There he is in state, to give you audience.

Gentlew. How does your good lordship?

Gond. Sick of the spleen.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. Sick.

Gentlew. Will you chew a nutmeg? you shall not refuse it; 'tis very comfortable.

Gond. Nay, now thou art come, I know it is
The devil's jubilee; hell is broke loose!—
My lord, if ever I have done you service,
Or have deserv'd a favour of your grace,
Let me be turn'd upon some present action,
Where I may sooner die than languish thus!
Your grace hath her petition; grant it her,
And ease me now at last.

Duke. No, sir; you must endure.

Gentlew. For my petition, I hope your lordship hath remembered me.

Ori. Faith, I begin to pity him. Arrigo, take her off; bear her away; say her petition is granted.

Gentlew. Whither do you draw me, sir? I know it is not my lord's pleasure I should be thus used, before my business be dispatched.

Arr. You shall know more of that without.

[*Leads off the* Old Gentlewoman.

Ori. Unbind him, ladies: but, before he go, this he shall promise.—For the love I bear to our own sex, I would have them still hated by thee; and enjoin thee, as a punishment, never hereafter willingly to come in the presence or sight of any woman, nor never to seek wrongfully the public disgrace of any.

Gond. 'Tis that I would have sworn, and do: when I meddle[j] with them, for their good or their bad, may time call back this day again! and when I come in their companies, may I catch the pox by their breath, and have no other pleasure for it!

[j] *meddle*] So 4to. 1607. Other eds. "meditate."

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Duke. You are too merciful.

Ori. My lord, I shew'd my sex the better.

Val. All is over-blown. Sister, you're like to have a fair night of it, and a prince in your arms.—Let's go, my lord.

Duke. Thus, through the doubtful streams of joy and grief
True love doth wade, and finds at last relief. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE[k],

AT A REVIVAL OF THE PLAY.

THE monuments of virtue and desert
Appear more goodly when the gloss of art
Is eaten off by time, than when at first
They were set up, not censur'd at the worst:
We have done our best, for your contents to fit
With new pains this old monument of wit.

[k] *Epilogue*] "From the quarto of 1649. It was evidently spoken when the play was revived by Sir William Davenant, who furnished the prologue." —WEBER.

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THIERRY AND THEODORET.

UofM

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The Tragedy of Thierry King of France, and his Brother Theodoret. As it was diuerse times acted at the Blacke-Friers by the Kings Maiesties Seruants. London, Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to bee sold at his shop in Britaines Burse, at the signe of the Eagle and Child. 1621, 4to.

The Tragedy of Thierry King of France, and his Brother Theodoret. As it was diverse times acted at the Blacke-Friers by the Kings Maiesties Servants. Written by John Fletcher Gent. London, Printed for Humphrey Mosely, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Princes Armes in St. Pauls Churchyard. 1648, 4to. This edition was put forth in 1649 with a new title-page, in which the play is said to be

Written by

Fra[n]cis Beamont and John Fletcher } *Gent.*

and with the addition of a leaf containing the Prologue, Epilogue, and Dram. Personæ.

Also in the folio of 1679, where a considerable portion of the last act is omitted by mistake.

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"This tragedy," says Weber, "was probably one of the earliest amongst the plays in these volumes, as the epilogue seems to intimate that it was the first furnished by Fletcher for the theatre in the Blackfriars . . . . That it was written by Fletcher alone, (perhaps previous to his partnership with Beaumont,) we have sufficient evidence. The epilogue speaks of 'the poet' throughout, and it bears intrinsic marks of having been the original one spoken at the first representation. This evidence is not weakened by the prologue[a] speaking of both our poets, as the latter was professedly written after the death of Fletcher, at which time his name was so wedded to that of Beaumont, that their names were seldom mentioned separately."

Though unable to oppose any facts to the reasoning of Weber, I am by no means satisfied either that *Thierry and Theodoret* was produced so early as he concludes, or that it was written entirely by Fletcher. The hand of Beaumont may be traced, I think, in its composition; and an acute critic has conjectured that it was one of those plays, which though "not brought out till after Beaumont's death, may have been planned, and partly or wholly written, with his co-operation, before it." (Darley's Introd. to *The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*, p. xxiv.)

"The Plot of this Play is founded on History. See the French Chronicles in the Reign of Clotaire the Second. See Fredegarius Scholasticus, Aimoinus Monachus Floriacensis, De Serres, Mezeray, Crispin, &c."—Langbaine's *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 215.

"As to the character of Brunhalt, or Brunhaud, though it may perhaps be thought too shocking to appear upon the stage, history has still represented her as a worse devil than our poets have done. Thierry and Theodoret or Theodibert were her grandchildren, whose father she had poisoned when he came of age, in order to keep the government in

[a] "The Prologue is the same as that prefixed to the Noble Gentleman. To which play it belongs cannot be decided."

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her own hands. She irritated Thierry against Theodibert, whom she caused him to slay, and then poisoned Thierry in hopes that the states would have submitted to her government; but her horrid wickednesses being laid open to the peers of France, she was accused of having been the murderess of ten kings, beside debauching her grandchild Thierry, making him put away a virtuous wife and providing him with misses. She was condemned to the rack, which she suffered three days, was then carried about the camp upon a camel's back, afterwards tied by the feet to a wild mare, and so dashed in pieces."—SEWARD.

From the memoranda of Henslowe we learn that the present tragedy was preceded by a drama on the same subject, which has not come down to our times: in "A Note of all suche bookes as belong to the Stocke, and such as I have bought since the 3d of March, 1598," he mentions "*Brunhowlle.*"—Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 316.

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PROLOGUE.[b]

Wit is become an antic, and puts on
As many shapes of variation
To court the times' applause, as the times dare
Change several fashions; nothing is thought rare
Which is not new and follow'd: yet we know
That what was worn some twenty years ago
Comes into grace again; and we pursue
That custom by presenting to your view
A play in fashion then, not doubting now
But 'twill appear the same, if you allow
Worth to their noble memories, whose names
Beyond all power of death live in their fames.

[b] *Prologue*] From 4to. 1649.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THIERRY, king of France.
THEODORET, his brother, prince of Austracia.
MARTELL [c], follower and friend to THEODORET.
DE VITRY, a disbanded officer.
PROTALDY, paramour to BRUNHALT.
LECURE, her physician.
BAWDBER, a pandar.
Huntsmen.
Soldiers.
Doctors.
Revellers.
Courtiers.
Priest.
Post.
Gentleman, Attendants.

BRUNHALT, mother to THIERRY and THEODORET.
ORDELLA, queen to THIERRY.
MEMBERGE, daughter to THEODORET.
Ladies.

SCENE, *Austracia and France.*

[c] MARTELL] "their noble kinsman" according to 4to. 1649; and at the conclusion of the play Thierry says, when dying, "Martell, the kingdom's yours:" but see the speech of Brunhalt, p. 110.

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THIERRY AND THEODORET.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace of* THEODORET.

Enter THEODORET, BRUNHALT, *and* BAWDBER.

Brun. Tax me with these hot taintures[d] !
Theod. You're too sudden ;
I do but gently tell you what becomes you,
And what may bend your honour ; how these courses
Of loose and lazy pleasures, not suspected,
But done and known ; your mind that grants no limit,
(And all your actions follow[e],) which loose people,
That see but through a mist of circumstance,
Dare term ambitious ; all your ways hide sores
Opening in the end to nothing but ulcers.
Your instruments like these may call the world,
And with a fearful clamour, to examine
Why, and to what we govern. From example,
If not for virtue's sake, you may be honest :
There have been great ones, good ones ; and 'tis necessary,
Because you are yourself, and by yourself

[d] *taintures*] The old eds. have "tainturs" and "tainters." Seward gave the latter. The Editors of 1778 rightly printed "taintures," "though they do not remember meeting with the word !" It occurs elsewhere in these plays, as well as in Shakespeare, &c. : see Richardson's *Dict.* in v.

[e] *follow*] Old eds. "follows."

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A self-piece from the touch of power and justice,
You should command yourself. You may imagine
(Which cozens all the world, but chiefly women)
The name of greatness glorifies your actions,
And strong power, like a pent-house, promises
To shade you from opinion. Take heed, mother;
And let us all take heed: these[f] most abuse us.
The sins we do, people behold through optics
Which shew[g] them ten times more than common vices,
And often multiply[h] them: then what justice
Dare we inflict upon the weak offenders,
When we are thieves ourselves?

Brun. This is Martell,
Studied and penn'd unto you; whose base person,
I charge you by the love you owe a mother,
And as you hope for blessings from her prayers,
Neither to give belief to nor allowance.
Next, I tell you, sir, you, from whom obedience
Is so far fled that you dare tax a mother,
Nay, further, brand her honour with your slanders,
And break into the treasures of her credit,
Your easiness is abused, your faith freighted
With lies, malicious lies; your merchant Mischief;
He that ne'er knew more trade than tales, and tumbling
Suspicions into honest hearts. What you, or he,
Or all the world, dare lay upon my worth,
This for your poor opinions! I am she,
And so will bear myself, whose truth and whiteness
Shall ever stand as far from these detections
As you from duty. Get you better servants,
People of honest actions, without ends,
And whip these knaves away; they eat your favours,
And turn 'em unto poisons. My known credit,
Whom all the courts o' this side Nile have envied,

[f] *These most abuse us*] "The word *these* refers to greatness and power." MASON.

[g] *shew*] Old eds. "shews."

[h] *multiply*] Old eds. "multiplys."

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And happy she could cite me, brought in question,
Now in my hours of age and reverence,
When rather superstition should be render'd!
And by a rush[i] that one day's warmth
Hath shot up to this swelling! Give me justice,
Which is his life.

Theod. This is an impudence,
(And he must tell you,[j] that till now, mother,
Brought you a son's obedience, and now breaks it)
Above the sufferance of a son.

Baw. Bless us!
For I do now begin to feel myself
Turning into a halter[k], and the ladder
Turning from me, one pulling at my legs too. [*Aside.*

Theod. These truths are no man's tales, but all men's troubles;
They are, though your strange greatness would out-stare 'em:
Witness the daily libels, almost ballads,
In every place, almost in every province,
Are[l] made upon your lust; tavern-discourses;
Crowds cramm'd with whispers; nay, the holy temples
Are not without your curses. Now you would blush;
But your black tainted blood dare not appear,
For fear I should fright that too.

Brun. Oh, ye gods!

Theod. Do not abuse their names: they see your actions;
And your conceal'd sins, though you work like moles,
Lie[m] level to their justice.

Brun. Art thou a son?

Theod. The more my shame is of so bad a mother,
And more your wretchedness you let me be so.
But, woman, (for a mother's name hath left me,

[i] *And by a rush,* &c.] An epithet either to "rush" or to "warmth" has dropt out.

[j] *you*] Seward, for the metre, printed "*you* so."

[k] *Turning into a halter*] This expression puzzled Seward: the similar phrase, *turning into bed,* is cited by Weber.

[l] *Are*] Weber prints "And"!

[m] *Lie*] Old eds. "Lies."

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Since you have left your honour,) mend these ruins,
And build again that broken fame, and fairly,
Your most intemperate fires have burnt; and quickly,
Within these ten days, take a monastery,
A most strict house; a house where none may whisper,
Where no more light is known but what may make you
Believe there is a day; where no hope dwells,
Nor comfort but in tears——

Brun. Oh, misery!

Theod. And there to cold repentance and starv'd penance
Tie your succeeding days; or, curse me Heaven,
If all your gilded knaves, brokers[n] and bedders,
Even he you built from nothing, strong Protaldy,
Be not made ambling geldings! all your maids,
If that name do not shame 'em, fed with spunges
To suck away their rankness! and yourself
Only to empty pictures and dead arras
Offer your old desires!

Brun. I will not curse you,
Nor lay a prophecy upon your pride,
Though Heaven might grant me both; unthankful, no!
I nourish'd you; 'twas I, poor I, groan'd for you;
'Twas I felt what you suffer'd; I lamented
When sickness or sad hours held back your sweetness;
'Twas I pay'd[o] for your sleeps, I watch'd your wakings;
My daily cares and fears that rid, play'd, walk'd,
Discours'd, discover'd, fed and fashion'd you
To what you are; and am I thus rewarded?

Theod. But that I know these tears, I could dote on 'em,
And kneel to catch 'em as they fall, then knit 'em
Into an armlet, ever to be honour'd:
But, woman, they are dangerous drops, deceitful,
Full of the weeper, anger and ill nature.

Brun. In my last hours despis'd!

Theod. That text should tell

[n] *brokers*] i. e. pandars.

[o] *pay'd*] "i. e. suffered." WEBER. (Seward had absurdly altered it to "pray'd.")

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How ugly it becomes you to err thus:
Your flames are spent, nothing but smoke maintains you;
And those your favour and your bounty suffers [p],
Lie not with you, they do but lay lust on you,
And then embrace you as they caught a palsy;
Your power they may love, and, like Spanish jennets,
Commit with such a gust——

Baw. I would take whipping,
And pay a fine now! [*Aside and exit.*

Theod. But were you once disgrac'd,
Or fallen in wealth, like leaves they would fly from you,
And become browse for every beast. You will'd me
To stock myself with better friends and servants:
With what face dare you see me, or any mankind,
That keep a race of such unheard-of relics,
Bawds, lechers, leeches, female fornications,
And children in their rudiments to vices,
Old men to shew examples and (lest art
Should lose herself in act) to call back custom?
Leave these, and live like Niobe; I told you how;
And when your eyes have dropt away remembrance
Of what you were, I am your son: perform it. [*Exit.*

Brun. Am I a woman, and no more power in me
To tie this tiger up? a soul to no end?
Have I got shame, and lost my will? Brunhalt,
From this accursèd hour forget thou bor'st him,
Or any part of thy blood gave him living!
Let him be to thee an antipathy,
A thing thy nature sweats at and turns backward;
Throw all the mischiefs on him that thyself,
Or women worse than thou art, have invented,
And kill him drunk or doubtful!

Re-enter BAWDBER, *with* PROTALDY, *and* LECURE.

Baw. Such a sweat
I never was in yet: clipt of my minstrels,

[p] *suffers*] Seward gave Sympson's conjecture,— "succours."

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My toys to prick up wenches withal! Uphold me;
It runs like snow-balls through me.
Brun. Now, my varlets,
My slaves, my running thoughts, my executions!
Baw. Lord, how she looks!
Brun. Hell take ye all!
Baw. We shall be gelt.
Brun. Your mistress,
Your old and honour'd mistress, you tir'd curtals[q],
Suffers for your base sins. I must be cloister'd,
Mew'd up to make me virtuous: who can help this?
Now you stand still, like statues! Come, Protaldy,
One kiss before I perish; kiss me strongly;
Another, and a third. [PROTALDY *kisses her.*
Lec. I fear not gelding,
As long as she holds this way.
Brun. The young courser,
That unlick'd lump of mine, will win[r] thy mistress:
Must I be chaste, Protaldy?
Prot. Thus, and thus, lady. [*Kisses her.*
Brun. It shall be so: let him seek fools for vestals;
Here is my cloister.
Lec. But what safety, madam,
Find you in staying here?
Brun. Thou hast hit my meaning:
I will to Thierry, son of my blessings,
And there complain me, tell my tale so subtilely,
That the cold stones shall sweat, and statues mourn;
And thou shalt weep, Protaldy, in my witness,
And there[s] forswear—
Prot.[t] Yes; any thing but gelding.
I am not yet in quiet, noble lady:
Let it be done to-night, for without doubt
To-morrow we are capons.

[q] *curtals*] i. e. nags.

[r] *win*] "i. e. will make you lose her, will separate you from her." MASON. The word scarcely requires explanation; yet it had perplexed the editors.

[s] *there*] Altered by Seward to "these:" and so his successors.

[t] *Prot.*] Both old and modern eds. "*Baw.*"

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Brun. Sleep shall not seize me,
Nor any food befriend me but thy kisses,
Ere I forsake this desert. I live honest!
He may as well bid dead men walk. I humbled
Or bent below my power! let night-dogs tear me,
And goblins ride me in my sleep to jelly,
Ere I forsake my sphere!

Lec. This place you will.

Brun. What's that to you or any?
You dose [u], you powder'd pigsbones, rhubarb-glister [v],
Must you know my designs? a college on [w] you
The proverb makes but fools.

Prot. But, noble lady——

Brun. You [are] [x] a saucy ass too. Off I will not,
If you but anger me, till a sow-gelder
Have cut you all like colts. Hold me, and kiss me,
For I am too much troubled. Make up my treasure,
And get me horses private; come, about it! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another apartment in the same.*

Enter THEODORET, MARTELL, *and* Attendants.

Theod. Though I assure myself, Martell, your counsel
Had no end [y] but allegiance and my honour,
Yet I am jealous I have pass'd the bounds
Of a son's duty: for, suppose her worse

[u] *dose*] Old eds. "dosse," and "doss." The modern editors give, with Seward, "*dross.*" In act v. sc. 2, Thierry says to the Doctors

"have I not endur'd
More than a mangy dog, among your *doses*?"

where the 4tos have "dosses:" and Brunhalt is now addressing her physician, Lecure.

[v] *glister*] Altered by the editors of 1778 to "clisters," and by Weber to "glisters."

[w] *on*] i. e. of. The editors of 1778 and Weber print "of."

[x] *are*] Inserted by Seward.

[y] *no end*] Weber prints "*no* other *end*"!

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Than your [z] report, not by bare circumstance
But evident proof confirm'd, has given her out;
Yet since all weaknesses in a kingdom are
No more to be severely punish'd than
The faults of kings are by the Thunderer,
As oft as they offend, to be reveng'd;
If not for piety, yet for policy,
Since some are of necessity to be spar'd,
I might, and now I wish I had not look'd
With such strict eyes into her follies.

Mart. Sir,
A duty well discharg'd is never follow'd
By sad repentance; nor did your highness ever
Make payment of the debt you ow'd her, better
Than in your late reproofs, not of her, but
Those crimes that made her worthy of reproof.
The most remarkable point in which kings differ
From private men, is that they not alone
Stand bound to be in themselves innocent,
But that all such as are allied to them
In nearness or dependence, by their care
Should be free from suspicion of all crime:
And you have reap'd a double benefit
From this last great act; first, in the restraint
Of her lost pleasures [a], you remove the example
From others of the like licentiousness;
Then, when 'tis known that your severity
Extended to your mother, who dares hope for
The least indulgence or connivance in
The easiest slips that may prove dangerous
To you or to the kingdom?

Theod. I must grant
Your reasons good, Martell, if, as she is
My mother, she had been my subject, or
That only here she could make challenge to

[z] *your*] A correction by Seward. Old eds. "you."

[a] *lost pleasures*] "That is, pleasures now lost to her, which she is compelled to relinquish." MASON.

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A place of being: but I know her temper,
And fear (if such a word become a king)
That, in discovering her, I have let loose
A tigress, whose rage, being shut up in darkness,
Was grievous only to herself; which, brought
Into the view of light, her cruelty,
Provok'd by her own shame, will turn on him
That foolishly presum'd to let her see
The loath'd shape of her own deformity.

Mart. Beasts of that nature, when rebellious threats
Begin to appear only in their eyes,
Or any motion that may give suspicion
Of the least violence, should be chain'd up;
Their fangs and teeth, and all their means of hurt,
Par'd off and knock'd out; and, so made unable
To do ill, they would soon begin to loathe it.
I'll apply nothing; but had your grace done,
Or would do yet, what your less-forward zeal
In words did only threaten, far less danger
Would grow from acting it on her than may
Perhaps have being from her apprehension
Of what may once be practis'd: for, believe it,
Who, confident of his own power, presumes
To spend threats on an enemy that hath means
To shun the worst they can effect, gives armour
To keep off his own strength; nay, more, disarms
Himself, and lies unguarded 'gainst all harms
Or doubt or malice may produce.

Theod. 'Tis true:
And such a desperate cure I would have us'd,
If the intemperate patient had not been
So near me as a mother; but to her,
And from me, gentle unguents only were
To be applied: and as physicians,
When they are sick of fevers, eat themselves
Such viands as by their directions are
Forbid to others, though alike diseas'd;
So she, considering what she is, may challenge

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Those cordials to restore her, by her birth
And privilege, which at no suit must be
Granted to others.

Mart. May your pious care
Effect but what it aim'd at! I am silent.

Enter DE VITRY.

Theod. What laugh'd you at, sir?

De Vit. I have some occasion,
I should not else; and the same cause perhaps
That makes me do so, may beget in you
A contrary effect.

Theod. Why, what's the matter?

De Vit. I see, and joy to see, that sometimes poor men
(And most of such are good) stand more indebted
For means to breathe to such as are held vicious,
Than those that wear, like hypocrites, on their foreheads
The ambitious titles of just men and virtuous.

Mart. Speak to the purpose.

De Vit. Who would e'er have thought
The good old queen, your highness' reverend mother,
Into whose house (which was an academe,
In which all principles of lust were practis'd)
No soldier might presume to set his foot;
At whose most blessèd intercession
All offices in the state were charitably
Conferr'd on pandars, o'er-worn chamber-wrestlers,
And such physicians as knew how to kill
With safety, under the pretence of saving,
And such-like children of a monstrous peace;
That she, I say, should at the length provide
That men of war and honest younger brothers,
That would not owe their feeding to their codpiece,
Should be esteem'd of more than moths[b], or drones,
Or idle vagabonds!

Theod. I'm glad to hear it;
Prithee, what course takes she to do this?

[b] *moths*] Seward's correction. Old eds. "mothers."

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De Vit. One
That cannot fail: she and her virtuous train,
With her jewels and all that was worthy [c] the carrying,
The last night left the court; and, as 'tis more
Than said, for 'tis confirm'd by such as met her,
She's fled unto your brother.
Theod. How!
De Vit. Nay, storm not;
For if that wicked tongue of hers hath not
Forgot its pace, and Thierry be a prince
Of such a fiery temper as report
Has given him out for, you shall have cause to use
Such poor men as myself, and thank us too
For coming to you and without petitions:
Pray Heaven reward the good old woman for't!
Mart. I foresaw this.
Theod. I hear a tempest coming,
That sings mine and my kingdom's ruin. Haste,
And cause a troop of horse to fetch her back—
Yet stay: why should I use means to bring in
A plague that of herself hath left me? Muster
Our soldiers up; we'll stand upon our guard;
For we shall be attempted—Yet forbear:
The inequality of our powers will yield me
Nothing but loss in their defeature. Something
Must be done, and done suddenly. Save your labour:
In this I'll use no counsel but mine own;
That course, though dangerous, is best. Command
Our daughter be in readiness to attend us.
Martell, your company,—and, honest Vitry,
Thou wilt along with me?
De Vit. Yes, any where;
To be worse than I am here, is past my fear. [*Exeunt.*

[c] *worthy*] Altered by Seward, for the metre, to "worth."

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before the Palace of* THIERRY.

Enter THIERRY, BRUNHALT, BAWDBER, LECURE, *and* Attendants.

Thi. You are here in a sanctuary; and that viper
(Who, since he hath forgot to be a son,
I much disdain to think of as a brother)
Had better, in despite of all the gods,
To have raz'd their temples and spurn'd down their altars,
Than, in his impious abuse of you,
To have call'd on my just anger.

Brun. Princely son,
And in this worthy of a nearer[d] name,
I have in the relation of my wrongs
Been modest, and no word my tongue deliver'd
To express my insupportable injuries
But gave my heart a wound: nor has my grief
Being from what I suffer; but that he,
Degenerate as he is, should be the actor
Of my extremes, and force me to divide
The fires of brotherly affection[e],
Which should make but one flame.

Thi. That part of his,
As it deserves, shall burn no more, if or
The tears of orphans, widows, or all such
As dare acknowledge him to be their lord,

[d] *nearer*] So Seward, and his successors. Old eds. "neere" and "near." I suspect that the right reading is "so near a name"—for what *name* could be *nearer* than that of *son*? Compare p. 117, last line but six.

[e] ——— *to divide*
The fires of brotherly affection] "Mr. Theobald has very justly put in the margin, *Eteocles and Polynices.* The metaphor is a noble allusion to the remarkable poetic fiction of the flames of their funeral pyre dividing and flying asunder." SEWARD.

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Join'd to your wrongs, with his heart-blood have power
To put it out: and you, and these your servants,
Who in our favours shall find cause to know,
In that they left not you, how dear we hold them,
Shall give Theodoret to understand
His ignorance of the priceless jewel which
He did possess in you, mother, in you;
Of which I am more proud to be the owner[f],
Than if the absolute rule of all the world
Were offer'd to this hand. Once more, you are welcome;
Which with all ceremony due to greatness
I would make known, but that our just revenge

Enter PROTALDY *with* Soldiers.

Admits not of delay.—Your hand, lord-general.

Brun. Your favour and his merit, I may[g] say,
Have made him such: but I am jealous how
Your subjects will receive it.

Thi. How! my subjects?
What do you make of me? Oh Heaven! my subjects?
How base should I esteem the name of prince,
If that poor dust were any thing before
The whirlwind of my absolute command!
Let 'em be happy, and rest so contented,
They pay the tribute of their hearts and knees
To such a prince, that not alone has power
To keep his own, but to encrease it; that,
Although he hath a body may add to
The fam'd night-labour of strong Hercules,
Yet is the master of a continence
That so can temper it, that I forbear
Their daughters and their wives; whose hands, though strong,
As yet have never drawn by unjust mean
Their proper wealth into my treasury—

[f] *owner*] Old eds. "doner" and "donor."—"*Owner* seemed at first sight self-evidently the true reading both to Mr. Sympson and myself." SEWARD.

[g] *may*] Altered by Weber to "must"!

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But I grow glorious[h]—and let them beware
That, in their least repining at my pleasures,
They change not a mild prince (for, if provok'd,
I dare and will be so) into a tyrant.

Brun. You see there's hope that we shall rule again,
[*Apart to* LECURE *and* BAWDBER.
And your fallen fortunes rise.

Baw. I hope your highness
Is pleas'd that I should still hold my place with you;
For I have been so long us'd to provide you
Fresh bits of flesh since mine grew stale, that surely,
If cashier'd now, I shall prove a bad cater[i]
In the fish-market of cold Chastity.

Lec. For me, I am your own; nor, since I first
Knew what it was to serve you, have remember'd
I had a soul, but such a one whose essence
Depended wholly on your highness' pleasure;
And therefore, madam——

Brun. Rest assur'd you are
Such instruments we must not lose.

Lec. Baw. Our service.

Thi. You have view'd them then; what's your opinion of them?
In this dull time of peace we have prepar'd 'em
Apt for the war; ha?

Prot. Sir, they have limbs
That promise strength sufficient, and rich armours,
The soldier's best-lov'd wealth: more, it appears
They have been drill'd, nay, very prettily drill'd,
For many of them can discharge their musquets
Without the danger of throwing off their heads,
Or being offensive to the standers-by
By sweating too much backwards; nay, I find
They know the right and left-hand file, and may
With some impulsion no doubt be brought

[h] *glorious*] "That is, vain-glorious." MASON.

[i] *cater*] A word of frequent occurrence,—altered by Seward to the modern form, "caterer"; and so his successors.

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To pass the *A*, *B*, *C*, of war, and come
Unto the horn-book.

Thi. Well, that care is yours;
And see that you effect it.

Prot. I am slow
To promise much; but if within ten days,
By precepts and examples, not drawn from
Worm-eaten precedents of the Roman wars,
But from mine own, I make them not transcend
All that e'er yet bore arms, let it be said,
Protaldy brags, which would be unto me
As hateful as to be esteem'd a coward:
For, sir, few captains know the way to win 'em[j],
And make the soldiers valiant. You shall see me
Lie with them in their trenches, talk, and drink,
And be together drunk; and, what seems stranger,
We'll sometimes wench together; which, once practis'd,
And with some other rare[k] and hidden arts[l],
They being all made mine, I'll breathe into them
Such fearless resolution and such fervour,
That though I brought them to besiege a fort
Whose walls were steeple-high and cannon-proof,
Not to be undermin'd, they should fly up
Like swallows; and, the parapet once won,
For proof of their obedience, if I will'd them,
They should leap down again; and, what is more,
By some directions they should have from me,
Not break their necks.

Thi. This is above belief.

Brun. Sir, on my knowledge, though he hath spoke much,
He's able to do more.

Lec. She means on her. [*Aside.*

Brun. And howsoever, in his thankfulness

[j] *'em*] The Editors of 1778, and Weber, chose to give with fol. 1679 "him;" and were consequently obliged in the next line to alter "soldiers" to "soldier."

[k] *rare*] Seward's emendation, which his successors rejected. Old eds. "care."

[l] *arts*] A correction by Sympson and Seward. Old eds. "acts:" the words are very frequently confounded by early printers.

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For some few favours done him by myself,
He left Austracia; not Theodoret,
Though he was chiefly aim'd at, could have laid,
With all his dukedom's power, that shame upon him,
Which, in his barbarous malice to my honour,
He swore with threats to effect.
Thi. I cannot but
Believe you, madam.—Thou art one degree
Grown nearer to my heart, and I am proud
To have in thee so glorious a plant
Transported hither: in thy conduct we
Go on assur'd of conquest; our remove
Shall be with the next sun.

Enter THEODORET, MEMBERGE, MARTELL, *and* DE VITRY.

Lec. Amazement leave me!
'Tis he.
Baw. We are again undone!
Prot. Our guilt
Hath no assurance nor defence.
Baw. If now
Your ever-ready wit fail to protect us,
We shall be all discover'd.
Brun. Be not so
In your amazement and your foolish fears:
I am prepar'd for't.
Theod. How! not one poor welcome,
In answer of so long a journey made
Only to see you[1], brother?
Thi. I have stood
Silent thus long, and am yet unresolv'd
Whether to entertain thee on my sword,
As fits a parricide of a mother's honour;
Or whether, being a prince, I yet stand bound
(Though thou art here condemn'd) to give thee hearing
Before I execute. What foolish hope,—
Nay, pray you, forbear,—or desperate madness rather,

[1] *you*] Old eds. "your."

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(Unless thou com'st assur'd I stand in debt
As far to all impiety as thyself,)
Has made thee bring thy neck unto the axe?
Since looking only here, it cannot but
Draw fresh blood from thy sear'd-up conscience,
To make thee sensible of that horror which
They ever bear about them, that, like Nero—
Like, said I? thou art worse, since thou dar'st strive
In her defame to murder thine[m] alive.

Theod. That she that long since had the boldness to
Be a bad woman, (though I wish some other
Should so report her,) could not want the cunning,
Since they go hand in hand, to lay fair colours
On her black crimes, I was resolv'd[n] before;
Nor make I doubt but that she hath impoison'd
Your good opinion of me, and so far
Incens'd your rage against me, that too late
I come to plead my innocence.

Brun. To excuse
Thy impious scandals rather.

Prot. Rather forc'd
With fear to be compell'd to come.

Thi. Forbear!

Theod. This moves not me; and yet, had I not been
Transported on my own integrity,
I neither am so odious to my subjects,
Nor yet so barren of defence, but that
By force I could have justified my guilt,
Had I been faulty. But since innocence
Is to itself an hundred thousand guards,
And that there is no son but though he owe
That name to an ill mother, but stands bound
Rather to take away, with his own danger,
From the number of her faults, than, for his own
Security, to add unto them; this,

[m] *thine*] "Means, thy mother." MASON.
[n] *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied, convinced.

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This hath made me, to prevent the expense
Of blood on both sides, the injuries, the rapes,
(Pages that ever wait upon the war,)
The account of all which, since you are the cause,
Believe it, would have been requir'd from you;
Rather, I say, to offer up my daughter,
Who living only could revenge my death,
With my heart-blood, a sacrifice to your anger,
Than that you should draw on your head more curses
Than yet you have deserv'd.

Thi. I do begin
To feel an alteration in my nature,
And, in his full-sail'd confidence, a shower
Of gentle rain, that, falling on the fire
Of my hot rage, hath quench'd it. Ha! I would
Once more speak roughly to him, and I will;
Yet there is something whispers to me, that
I have said too much. [*Aside.*]—How is my heart divided
Between the duty of a son and love
Due to a brother! Yet I am sway'd here,
And must ask of you, how 'tis possible
You can affect[o] me, that have learn'd to hate
Where you should pay all love?

Theod. Which, join'd with duty,
Upon my knees I should be proud to tender,
Had she not us'd herself so many swords
To cut those bonds that tied me to it.

Thi. Fie,
No more of that!

Theod. Alas, it is a theme
I take no pleasure to discourse of! would
It could as soon be buried to the world,
As it should die to me! nay, more, I wish
(Next to my part of Heaven) that she would spend
The last part of her life so here, that all
Indifferent judges might condemn me for

[o] *affect*] "i. e. love." WEBER.

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A most malicious slanderer, nay, text [p] it
Upon my forehead.—If you hate me, mother,
Put me to such a shame; pray you, do! Believe it,
There is no glory that may fall upon me,
Can equal the delight I should receive
In that disgrace; provided the repeal
Of your long-banish'd virtues and good name
Usher'd me to it.

Thi. See, she shews herself
An easy mother, which her tears confirm.

Theod. 'Tis a good sign; the comfortablest rain
I ever saw.

Thi. Embrace.—Why, this is well:

[THEODORET *embraces* BRUNHALT.

May never more but love in you, and duty
On your part, rise between you!

Baw. Do you hear, lord-general?
Does not your new-stamp'd honour on the sudden
Begin to grow sick?

Prot. Yes; I find it fit,
That, putting off my armour, I should think of
Some honest hospital to retire to.

Baw. Sure,
Although I am a bawd, yet being a lord,
They cannot whip me for't: what's your opinion?

Lec. The beadle will resolve [q] you, for I cannot:
There's something that more near concerns myself,
That calls upon me.

Mart. Note but yonder scarabs [r],
That liv'd upon the dung of her base pleasures;
How from the fear that she may yet prove honest
Hang down their wicked heads!

De Vit. What's that to me?
Though they and all the polecats of the court

[p] *text*] "i. e. "write, mark." REED,—who incorrectly states that folio 1679, has "texte:" it has, like the earlier eds., "texde."

[q] *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

[r] *scarabs*] "*i. e.* beetles." WEBER.

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Were truss'd together, I perceive not how
It can advantage me a cardecu [5],
To help to keep me honest. [*A horn sounded within.*

Enter a Post.

Thi. How! from whence?

Post. [*Giving letters to* THI.] These letters will resolve your grace.

Thi. What speak they?— [*Reads.*

How all things meet to make me this day happy!
See, mother, brother, to your reconcilement
Another blessing, almost equal to it,
Is coming towards me! my contracted wife,
Ordella, daughter of wise Datarick,
The king of Arragon, is on our confines:
Then to arrive at such a time, when you
Are happily here to honour with your presence
Our long-deferr'd but much-wish'd nuptial,
Falls out above expression! Heaven be pleas'd
That I may use these blessings pour'd on me
With moderation!

Brun. Hell and Furies aid me,
That I may have power to avert the plagues,
That press upon me! [*Aside.*

Thi. Two days' journey, say'st thou?
We will set forth to meet her. In the mean time,
See all things be prepar'd to entertain her. [*To* Attendants.
Nay, let me have your companies; there's a forest
In the midway shall yield us hunting sport,
To ease our travel. I'll not have a brow
But shall wear mirth upon it; therefore clear them:
We'll wash away all sorrow in glad feasts;
And the war we mean[t] to men, we'll make on beasts.

[*Exeunt all but* BRUNHALT, BAWDBER, PROTALDY, *and* LECURE.

Brun. Oh, that I had the magic to transform you
Into the shape of such, that your own hounds

[5] *cardecu*] A French coin—*quart d'écu*, the quarter of a crown.

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Might tear you piece-meal !—Are you so stupid ?
No word of comfort ? Have I fed you, moths [t],
From my excess of moisture with such cost,
And can you yield no other retribution
But to devour your maker ? pandar, spunge,
Impoisoner, all grown barren ?

Prot. You yourself,
That are our mover, and for whom alone
We live, have fail'd yourself in giving way
To the reconcilement of your sons.

Lec. Which if
You had prevented, or would teach us how
They might again be sever'd, we could easily
Remove all other hindrances that stop
The passage of your pleasures.

Baw. And for me,
If I fail in my office to provide you
Fresh delicates, hang me !

Brun. Oh, you are dull, and find not
The cause of my vexation ! their reconcilement
Is a mock castle built upon the sand
By children, which, when I am pleas'd to o'erthrow,
I can with ease spurn down.

Lec. If so, from whence
Grows your affliction ?

Brun. My grief comes along
With the new queen, in whose grace all my power
Must suffer shipwreck. For me now,
That hitherto have kept the first, to know
A second place, or yield the least precedence
To any other, 's death ; to have my sleeps
Less enquir'd after, or my rising up
Saluted with less reverence, or my gates

[t] *you, moths*] Old eds. "*you* mothers."—"This," says Seward, "is the second time that *mothers* has been intruded into the text. *Mouths* is here pretty evidently the true word ;" and accordingly the modern editions exhibit "your mouths" ! That the misprint to which he refers (see p. 118) should not have led Seward to the right reading in the present passage, is beyond my comprehension.

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Empty of suitors, or the King's great favours
To pass through any hand but mine, or he
Himself to be directed by another,
Would be to me—do you understand me yet?
No means to prevent this?
Prot. Fame gives her out
To be a woman of a chastity
Not to be wrought upon; and therefore, madam,
For me, though I have pleas'd you, to attempt her,
Were to no purpose.
Brun. Tush, some other way!
Baw. Faith, I know none else; all my bringing-up
Aim'd at no other learning.
Lec. Give me leave;
If my art fail me not, I have thought on
A speeding project.
Brun. What is't? but effect it,
And thou shalt be my Æsculapius;
Thy image shall be set up in pure gold,
To which I will fall down, and worship it.
Lec. The lady is fair?
Brun. Exceeding fair.
Lec. And young?
Brun. Some fifteen at the most.
Lec. And loves the King
With equal ardour?
Brun. More; she dotes on him.
Lec. Well, then; what think you if I make a drink,
Which, given unto him on the bridal-night,
Shall for five days so rob his faculties
Of all ability to pay that duty
Which new-made wives expect, that she shall swear
She is not match'd to a man?
Prot. 'Twere rare.
Lec. And then,
If she have any part of woman in her,
She'll or fly out, or at least give occasion
Of such a breach which ne'er can be made up;

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Since he that to all else did never fail
Of as much as could be perform'd by man,
Proves only ice to her.
Brun. 'Tis excellent.
Baw. The physician
Helps ever at a dead lift; a fine calling,
That can both raise and take down: out upon thee!
Brun. For this one service, I am ever thine:
Prepare it; I will give it him myself.
For you, Protaldy,
By this kiss and our promis'd sport at night,
[I] do conjure you to bear up, not minding
The opposition of Theodoret
Or any of his followers: whatsoe'er
You are, yet appear[v] valiant, and make good
The opinion that is had of you. For myself,
In the new queen's remove being made secure,
Fear not, I'll make the future building sure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Forest.—Winding of Horns within.*

Enter THEODORET *and* THIERRY.

Theod. This stag stood well and cunningly.
Thi. My horse,
I am sure, has found it, for her[w] sides are blooded
From flank to shoulder. Where's the troop?
Theod. Pass'd homeward,

Enter MARTELL.

Weary and tir'd as we are.—Now, Martell;
Have you remember'd what we thought of?
Mart. Yes, sir; I have snigled[x] him; and if there be

[v] *yet appear*] In Weber's ed. "*yet* you *appear.*"!

[w] *her*] Seward and his successors "his."

[x] *snigled*] A term for a particular method of catching eels, which Walton thus describes: "And because you that are but a young Angler know not what *snigling* is, I will now teach it to you. . . . . you observing your time in a warm day, when the water is lowest, may take a strong small hook tied to a strong line, or to a string about a yard long, and then into one of these holes, or

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Any desert in his blood beside the itch,
Or manly heat but what decoctions,
Leeches, and cullises[y] have cramm'd into him,
Your lordship shall know perfect.
Thi. What is that?
May not I know too?
Theod. Yes, sir; to that end
We cast the project.
Thi. What is't?
Mart. A desire[z], sir,
Upon the gilded flag your grace's favour
Has stuck up for a general; and to inform you
(For this hour he shall pass the test) what valour,
Staid judgment, soul, or safe discretion,
Your mother's wandering eyes and your obedience
Have flung upon us; to assure your knowledge,
He can be, dare be, shall be, must be nothing
(Load him with piles of honours, set him off
With all the cunning foils that may deceive us)
But a poor, cold, unspirited, unmanner'd,
Unhonest, unaffected[a], undone fool,
And most unheard-of coward; a mere lump
Made to load beds withal, and, like a night-mare,
Ride ladies that forget to say their prayers;
One that dares only be diseas'd and in debt;
Whose body mews[b] more plasters every month
Than women do old faces.

between any boards about a Mill, or under any great stone or plank, or any place where you think an Eel may hide or shelter herself, you may with the help of a short stick put in your bait, but leasurely, and as far as you may conveniently: and it is scarce to be doubted but that if there be an Eel within the sight of it, the Eel will bite instantly, and as certainly gorge it: and you need not doubt to have him if you pull him not out of the hole too quickly, but pull him out by degrees," &c. *The Compleat Angler*, P. i. Ch. 13. p. 202. ed. 1676. With Walton's work lying before him, Weber contrived to give a wrong explanation of the term.

[y] *cullises*] "Restorative broths, *coulis*, Fr." WEBER.

[z] *desire*] "We all three concurred in changing this to *design*." SEWARD.

[a] *unaffected*] "Means insensible of affections." MASON.

[b] *mews*] "i. e. sheds. [moults] A term in falconry." *Ed.* 1778.

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Thi. No more; I know him:
I now repent my error. Take your time,
And try him home, ever thus far reserv'd,
You tie your anger up.
Mart. I lost [c] it else, sir.
Thi. Bring me his sword fair-taken without violence,
(For that will best declare him)——
Theod. That's the thing.
Thi. And my best horse is thine.
Mart. Your grace's servant. [*Exit.*
Theod. You'll hunt no more, sir?
Thi. Not to-day; the weather
Is grown too warm; besides, the dogs are spent:
We'll take a cooler morning. Let's to horse,
And hollow [d] in the troop. [*Exeunt. Horns winded within.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter two Huntsmen.

First Hunts. Ay, marry, Twainer,
This woman gives indeed; these are the angels [e]
That are the keepers' saints.
Sec. Hunts. I like a woman
That handles the deer's dowsets [f] with discretion,
And pays us by proportion.
First Hunts. 'Tis no treason
To think this good old lady has a stump yet
That may require a coral.
Sec. Hunts. And the bells too;
She has lost a friend of me else.

Enter PROTALDY.

But here's the clerk:
No more, for fear o' the bell-ropes.

[c] *lost*] Weber prints "lose."
[d] *hollow*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "halloo"; and so Weber.
[e] *angels*] "One of the numerous quibbles upon the coin so called." WEBER. See note, p. 62.
[f] *dowsets*]—a hunting-term,—i. e. *testes*.

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Prot. How now, keepers?
Saw you the King?
First Hunts. Yes, sir; he's newly mounted,
And, as we take it, ridden home.
Prot. Farewell, then. [*Exeunt* Huntsmen.

Enter MARTELL.

Mart. My honour'd lord, fortune has made me happy
To meet with such a man of men to side me.
Prot. How, sir? I know you not,
Nor what your fortune means.
Mart. Few words shall serve:
I am betray'd, sir; innocent and honest,
Malice and violence are both against me,
Basely and foully laid for; for my life, sir;
Danger is now about me, now in my throat, sir.
Prot. Where, sir?
Mart. Nay, I fear not;
And let it now pour down in storms upon me,
I have met a noble guard.
Prot. Your meaning, sir?
For I have present business.
Mart. Oh, my lord,
Your honour cannot leave a gentleman,
At least a fair design of this brave nature,
To which your worth is wedded, your profession
Hatch'd in[g] and made one piece, in such a peril.
There are but six, my lord.
Prot. What six?
Mart. Six villains,
Sworn and in pay to kill me.
Prot. Six?
Mart. Alas, sir,
What can six do, or six score, now you are present?
Your name will blow 'em off: say they have shot too;
Who dare present a piece? your valour's proof, sir.
Prot. No, I'll assure you, sir, nor my discretion

[g] *Hatch'd in*] i. e. Inlaid: see Gifford's note on Shirley's *Works*, ii. 301.

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Against a multitude. 'Tis true, I dare fight
Enough, and well enough, and long enough;
But wisdom, sir, and weight of what is on me,
In which I am no more mine own nor your's, sir,
Nor, as I take it, any single danger
But what concerns my place, tells me directly,
Beside my person, my fair reputation,
If I thrust into crowds and seek occasions,
Suffers opinion. Six? why, Hercules
Avoided two, man[h]: yet, not to give example,
But only for your present danger's sake, sir,
Were there but four, sir, I car'd not if I kill'd 'em;
They'll serve to whet my sword.

Mart. There are but four, sir;
I did mistake them; but four such as Europe,
Excepting your great valour——

Prot. Well consider'd,
I will not meddle with 'em; four in honour
Are equal with four score: besides, they are people
Only directed by their fury.

Mart. So much nobler
Shall be your way of justice[i].

Prot. That I find not.

Mart. You will not leave me thus?

Prot. I would not leave you;
But, look you, sir, men of my place and business
Must not be question'd thus.

Mart. You cannot pass, sir,
Now they have seen me with you, without danger:
They are here, sir, within hearing. Take but two.

Prot. Let the law take 'em! Take a tree, sir—I
Will take my horse—that you may keep with safety,
If they have brought no hand-saws. Within this hour
I'll send you rescue and a toil to take 'em.

Mart. You shall not go so poorly: stay but one, sir.

Prot. I have been so hamper'd with these rescues,

[h] *two, man*] So 4to. 1621. Later eds. "*two* men".

[i] *way of justice*] i. e. justice: a common periphrasis; see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, iv. 309. ed. 1813.

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So hew'd and tortur'd, that the truth is, sir,
I have mainly vow'd against 'em: yet for your sake,
If, as you say, there be but one, I'll stay
And see fair play o' both sides.
Mart. There is no more, sir,
And, as I doubt, a base one too.
Prot. Fie on him!
Go, lug him out by the ears.
Mart. [*Seizing him by the ears.*] Yes, this is he, sir;
The basest in the kingdom.
Prot. Do you know me?
Mart. Yes, for a general fool, a knave, a coward,
An[j] upstart stallion, bawd, beast, barking puppy
That dares not bite.
Prot. The best man best knows patience.
Mart. [*Kicking him.*] Yes, this way, sir. Now draw your sword and right you,
Or render it to me; for one you shall do.
Prot. If wearing it may do you any honour,
I shall be glad to grace you; there it is, sir. [*Gives his sword.*
Mart. Now get you home, and tell your lady-mistress,
She has shot up a sweet mushroom: quit your place too,
And say you are counsell'd well; thou wilt be beaten else
By thine own lanceprisadoes[k], when they know thee,
That tuns of oil of roses will not cure thee.
Go, get you to your foining work at court,
And learn to sweat again and eat dry mutton;
An armour like a frost will search your bones
And make you roar, you rogue. Not a reply,
For, if you do, your ears go off.
Prot. Still patience! [*Exeunt severally.*

[j] *An*] Old eds. "and."

[k] *lanceprisadoes*] *Lanceprisado*,—written variously by our early authors, *lancepersado, lancepesado, lancepesade, lancepesata, &c.*—(Ital. *lancia spezzata*), —was the meanest officer of foot, one under the corporal. "He is a gentleman of no ancient standing in the militia, for he draws his pedigree from the time of the wars between Francis I. and his son Henry II., kings of France, on the one part; and the Emperor Charles V. and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Savoy, on the other part. In those wars, when a gentleman of a troop of horse in any skirmish, battle, or rencounter, had broke his lance on the enemy,

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SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the Palace of* THIERRY.—*A Banquet set out. Loud Music within.*

Enter THIERRY, ORDELLA, BRUNHALT, THEODORET, LECURE, BAWDBER, *and* Attendants.

Thi. It is your place; and though in all things else
You may and ever shall command me, yet
In this I'll be obey'd.
Ord. Sir, the consent
That made me yours shall never teach me to
Repent I am so; yet, be you but pleas'd
To give me leave to say so much, the honour
You offer me were better given to her,
To whom you owe the power of giving.
Thi. Mother,
You hear this, and rejoice in such a blessing
That pays to you so large a share of duty.—
But, fie, no more! for as you hold a place
Nearer my heart than she, you must sit nearest
To all those graces that are in the power
Of majesty to bestow.
Brun. Which I'll provide
Shall be short-liv'd. [*Aside.*]—Lecure.
Lec. I have it ready.
Brun. 'Tis well; wait on our cup.
Lec. You honour me.
Thi. We are dull; no object to provoke mirth?
Theod. Martell,
If you remember, sir, will grace your feast

and lost his horse in the scuffle, he was entertain'd (under the name of a broken lance) by a captain of a foot company as his comerade, till he was again mounted. But as all good orders fall soon from their primitive institution, so in a short time our *Monsieur Lancespesata* (for so he was called) was forced to descend from being the captain's comerade, and become the caporal's companion, and assisted him in the exercise of his charge, and therefore was sometimes called by the French, *aide caporal.* But when the caporal grew weary of the comeradeship of his lancespesata, he made him officiate under him, and for that [he] had some allowance of pay more than the common souldier." Grose, (from Turner's *Pallas Armata*), *Milit. Antiq.* i. 262. ed. 1801.

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With something that will yield matter of mirth,
Fit for no common view.
Thi. Touching Protaldy?
Theod. You have it.
Brun. What of him? I fear his baseness,
In spite of all the titles that my favours
Have cloth'd him with [l], will make discovery
Of what is yet conceal'd. [*Aside.*

Enter MARTELL *with* PROTALDY'S *sword.*

Theod. Look, sir, he has it:
Nay, we shall have peace, when so great a soldier
As the renown'd Protaldy will give up
His sword rather than use it.
Brun. 'Twas thy plot,
Which I will turn on thine own head. [*Aside.*
Thi. Pray you, speak;
How won you him to part from't?
Mart. Won him, sir?
He would have yielded it upon his knees,
Before he would have hazarded the exchange
Of a fillip of the forehead. Had you will'd me,
I durst have undertook he should have sent you
His nose, provided that the loss of it
Might have sav'd the rest of his face. He is, sir,
The most unutterable coward that e'er nature
Bless'd with hard shoulders; which were only given him
To the ruin of bastinadoes.
Thi. Possible?
Theod. Observe but how she frets!
Mart. Why, believe it,
But that I know the shame of this disgrace
Will make the beast to live with such, and never
Presume to come more among men, I'll hazard
My life upon it, that a boy of twelve
Should scourge him hither like a parish-top [m],
And make him dance before you.

[l] *with*] A correction by Seward. Old eds. "which."

[m] *a parish-top*] i. e. a large top kept by the parish for the exercise and amusement of the peasantry: see Steevens's note on Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, act i. sc. 3.

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Brun. Slave, thou liest!
Thou dar'st as well speak treason in the hearing
Of those that have the power to punish it,
As the least syllable of this before him:
But 'tis thy hate to me.
Mart. Nay, pray you, madam;
I have no ears to hear you, though a foot
To let you understand what he is.
Brun. Villain!
Theod. You are too violent.

Enter PROTALDY.

Prot. The worst that can come
Is blanketing; for beating and such virtues
I have been long acquainted with. [*Aside.*
Mart. Oh, strange!
Baw. Behold the man you talk of!
Brun. Give me leave.—
Or free thyself—think in what place you are—
From the foul imputation that is laid
Upon thy valour—be bold, I'll protect you—
Or here I vow—deny it or forswear it—
These honours which thou wear'st unworthily—
Which, be but impudent enough and keep them—
Shall be torn from thee with thy eyes.
Prot. I have it.—
My valour? is there any here, beneath
The style of king, dares question it?
Thi. This is rare!
Prot. Which of my actions, which have still been noble,
Has render'd me suspected?
Thi. Nay, Martell,
You must not fall off.
Mart. Oh, sir, fear it not.—
Do you know this sword?
Prot. Yes.
Mart. Pray you, on what terms
Did you part with it?
Prot. Part with it, say you?

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Mart. So.

Thi. Nay, study not an answer; confess freely.

Prot. Oh, I remember't now. At the stag's fall[n],
As we to-day were hunting, a poor fellow,
(And, now I view you better, I may say
Much of your pitch,) this silly wretch I spoke of,
With his[o] petition falling at my feet,
(Which much against my will he kiss'd,) desir'd
That, as a special means for his preferment,
I would vouchsafe to let him use my sword
To cut off the stag's head.

Brun. Will you hear that?

Baw. This lie bears a similitude of truth.

Prot. I, ever courteous (a great weakness in me),
Granted his humble suit.

Mart. Oh, impudence!

Thi. This change is excellent.

Mart. A word with you.
Deny it not: I was that man disguis'd;
You know my temper, and, as you respect
A daily cudgelling for one whole year,
Without a second pulling by the ears,
Or tweaks by the nose, or the most precious balm
You us'd of patience, (patience, do you mark me?)
Confess before these kings with what base fear
Thou didst deliver it.

Prot. Oh, I shall burst!
And, if I have not instant liberty
To tear this fellow limb by limb, the wrong
Will break my heart, although Herculean
And somewhat bigger! There's my gage: pray you here
Let me redeem my credit!

Thi. Ha, ha!—Forbear!

Mart. Pray you, let me take it up; and if I do not,
Against all odds of armour and of weapons,
With this make him confess it on his knees,
Cut off my head.

[n] *fall*] Old eds. "falls."
[o] *his*] Weber chooses to print "this."

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Prot. No, that's my office.
Baw. Fie,
You take the hangman's place!
Ord. Nay, good my lord,
Let me atone [p] this difference: do not suffer
Our bridal night to be the Centaurs' feast.—
You are a knight, and bound by oath to grant
All just suits unto ladies: for my sake
Forget your suppos'd wrong.
Prot. Well, let him thank you:
For your sake he shall live, perhaps a day;
And may be, on submission, longer.
Theod. Nay,
Martell, you must be patient.
Mart. I am yours;
And this slave shall be once more mine.
Thi. Sit all:
One health, and so to bed; for I too long
Defer my choicest delicates.
Brun. Which, if poison
Have any power, thou shalt, like Tantalus,
Behold, and never taste. [*Aside.*]—Be careful.
Lec. Fear not.
Brun. Though it be rare in our sex, yet for once
I will begin a health.
Thi. Let it come freely!
Brun. Lecure, the cup! Here, to the son we hope
This night shall be an embrion! [*Drinks.*
Thi. You have nam'd
A blessing that I most desir'd: I pledge you.—
Give me a larger cup; that is too little
Unto so great a good [q].
Brun. Nay, then you wrong me;
Follow as I began.
Thi. Well, as you please. [*Drinks.*
Brun. Is't done?

[p] *atone*] i. e. reconcile.
[q] *good*] Seward's correction. Old eds. "god."

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Lec. Unto your wish, I warrant you;
For this night I durst trust him with my mother.
Thi. So, 'tis gone round. Lights! [*They rise.*
Brun. Pray you, use my service.
Ord. 'Tis that which I shall ever owe you, madam,
And must have none from you: pray, pardon[r] me.
Thi. Good rest to all!
Theod. And to you pleasant labour!—
Martell, your company.—Madam, good night.
[*Exeunt all but* BRUNHALT, PROTALDY, LECURE, and BAWDBER.
Brun. Nay, you have cause to blush; but I will hide it,
And, what's more, I forgive you. Is't not pity,
That thou, that art the first to enter combat
With any woman, and what's more, o'ercome her,
(In which she is best pleas'd,) should be so fearful
To meet a man?
Prot. Why, would you have me lose
That blood that's dedicated to your service,
In any other quarrel?
Brun. No, reserve it;
As I will study to preserve thy credit.—
You, sirrah, be't your care to find out one
That's poor, though valiant, that at any rate
Will, to redeem my servant's reputation,
Receive a public baffling[s].
Baw. Would your highness
Were pleas'd to inform me better of your purpose!
Brun. Why, one, sir, that would thus be box'd or kick'd;
[*Strikes and kicks him.*
Do you apprehend me now?
Baw. I feel you, madam.
The man that shall receive this from my lord,
Shall have a thousand crowns?
Prot. [t]He shall.

[r] *pray, pardon*] So fol. 1679. The Editors of 1778, and Weber, give the reading of the 4tos. "*pray* you, *pardon*."

[s] *baffling*] i. e. affront, insult: see note on *A King and No King*, act iii. sc. 2.

[t] *Prot.*] Altered by Seward (rightly, perhaps) to "*Brun.*"

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Baw. Besides,
His day of bastinadoing past o'er,
He shall not lose your grace nor your good favour?
Brun. That shall make way to it.
Baw. It must be a man
Of credit in the court, that is to be
The foil unto your valour?
Prot. True, it should.
Baw. And if he have place there, 'tis not the worse?
Brun. 'Tis much the better.
Baw. If he be a lord,
'Twill be the greater grace?
Brun. Thou'rt in the right.
Baw. Why, then, behold that valiant man and lord,
That for your sake will take a cudgelling!
For be assur'd, when it is spread abroad
That you have dealt with me, they'll give you out
For one of the Nine Worthies [u].
Brun. Out, you pandar!
Why, to beat thee is only exercise
For such as do affect it: lose not [v] time
In vain replies, but do it.—Come, my solace,
Let us to bed; and, our desires once quench'd,
We'll there determine of Theodoret's death,
For he's the engine us'd to ruin us.—
Yet one word [w] more; Lecure, art thou assur'd
The potion will work?
Lec. My life upon it!
Brun. Come, my Protaldy, then [x], glut me with
Those best delights of man, that are denied
To her that does expect them, being a bride! [*Exeunt.*

[u] *the Nine Worthies*] Perhaps the reader may require to be informed that these were Joshua, Judas Maccabæus, David, Alexander the Great, Hector, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon, and King Arthur: see, for instance, Middleton's *World Tost at Tennis*,—*Works*, V. 177. ed. Dyce.

[v] *not*] Weber prints "no."

[w] *word*] Old eds. "work."

[x] *then*] Seward, for the metre, gave "thou *then*"; and so the Editors of 1778.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the palace of* THIERRY.

Enter THIERRY *and* ORDELLA, *as from bed* [y].

Thi. Sure, I have drunk the blood of elephants [z];
The tears of mandrake[s], and the marble-dew,
Mix'd in my draught, have quench'd my natural heat,
And left no spark of fire but in mine eyes,
With which I may behold my miseries.
Ye wretched flames which play upon my sight,
Turn inward! make me all one piece, though earth [a]!
My tears shall overwhelm you else too.

Ord. What moves my lord to this strange sadness?
If any late-discernèd want in me
Give cause to your repentance, care and duty
Shall find a painful way to recompense.

Thi. Are you yet frozen, veins? feel you a breath,
Whose temperate [b] heat would make the north star reel,
Her icy pillars thaw'd, and do you not melt?
Draw nearer, yet nearer,

[y] *as from bed*] A stage direction of the old eds.

[z] *the blood of elephants*] "Both Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson observed that this property of elephants' blood is mentioned by Pliny." SEWARD.

[a] *make me all one piece, though earth*] "The last editors [of 1778] say, that they cannot conceive why Thierry's being composed of earth should prevent his being all one piece. This observation shews that they have totally mistaken the meaning of the passage. Thierry complains that he has lost his natural heat in every part of him, except his eyes, which enable him to behold his miseries; he wishes, therefore, either to be entirely himself again, or to become totally insensible: to be all one piece, though that piece should be cold clay only." MASON.

[b] *temperate*] The Editors of 1778 think that this is "an oddly-chosen word;" and Weber "believes we should read *intemperate*, as Thierry is speaking of his hot desires"! The meaning is plain enough: Thierry is speaking of *Ordella's* breath,—the heat of which *even when* temperate would make, &c.

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That from thy barren kiss thou may'st confess
I have not heat enough to make a blush.
Ord. Speak nearer to my understanding, like a husband.
Thi. How should he speak the language of a husband,
Who wants the tongue and organs of his voice?
Ord. It is a phrase will part with the same ease
From you with that you now deliver.
Thi. Bind not
His ears up with so dull a charm, who hath
No other sense left open: why should thy words
Find more restraint than thy free-speaking actions,
Thy close embraces, and thy midnight sighs,
The silent orators to slow desire?
Ord. Strive not to win content from ignorance [c],
Which must be lost in knowledge. Heaven can witness,
My farthest hope of good reach'd at your pleasure,
Which seeing alone may in your look be read:
Add not a doubtful comment to a text,
That in itself is direct and easy.
Thi. Oh, thou hast drunk the juice of hemlock too!
Or did upbraided Nature make this pair,
To shew she had not quite forgot her first
Justly-prais'd workmanship, the first chaste couple,
Before the want of joy taught guilty sight
A way, through shame and sorrow, to delight?
Say, may we mix, as in their innocence
When turtles kiss'd to confirm happiness,
Not to beget it?
Ord. I know no bar.
Thi. Should I believe thee, yet thy pulse beats woman,
And says, the name of wife did promise thee
The blest reward of duty to thy mother;
Who gave so often witness of her joy,
When she did boast thy likeness to her husband.

[c] *Strive not to win content from ignorance,* &c.] Here, I think, Weber [qy. Sir Walter Scott?] is right in his explanation—"Do not endeavour to deprive me of that contentment, which I now feel in my ignorance of the cause of your unhappiness, by a disclosure which would deprive me of that content."

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Ord. 'Tis true,
That to bring forth a second to yourself,
Was only worthy of my virgin-loss;
And should I prize you less unpattern'd, sir,
Than being exemplified? Is't not more honour
To be possessor of unequall'd virtue
Than what is parallel'd? Give me belief;
The name of mother knows no way of good
More than the end in me: who weds for lust
Is oft a widow: when I married you,
I lost the name of maid to gain a title
Above the wish of change, which that part can
Only maintain is still the same in man,
His virtue and his calm society;
Which no grey hairs can threaten to dissolve,
Nor wrinkles bury.

Thi. Confine thyself to silence, lest thou take
That part of reason from me is only left
To give persuasion to me I am a man;
Or say, thou hast never seen the rivers haste
With gladsome speed to meet the amorous sea.

Ord. Ne'er[d] but to praise the coolness of their streams.

Thi. Nor view'd the kids, taught by their lustful fires,
Pursue each other through the wanton lawns,
And lik'd the sport.

Ord. As it made way unto their envied rest,
With weary knots binding their harmless eyes.

Thi. Nor do you know the reason why the dove,
One of the pair your hands wont hourly feed,
So often clipt[e] and kiss'd her happy mate?

Ord. Unless it were to welcome his wish'd sight,
Whose absence only gave her mourning voice.

Thi. And you could, dove-like, to a single object
Bind your loose spirits? to one? nay, such a one

[d] *Ne'er*] Old eds. "We are;" and so the modern editors. Mason proposed "'Twere." I give the conjecture of Heath (*MS. Notes*), which is confirmed by the preceding line but one, "Or say, thou hast *never* seen," &c.

[e] *clipt*] i. e. embraced.

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Whom only eyes and ears must flatter good,
Your surer sense made useless? nay, myself[f],
As in my all of good, already known?
Ord. Let proof plead for me: let me be mew'd up
Where never eye may reach me but your own;
And when I shall repent but in my looks;
If sigh—
Thi. Or shed a tear that's warm?
Ord. But in your sadness——
Thi. Or when you hear the birds call for their mates,
Ask if it be Saint Valentine, their coupling day?
Ord. If any thing may make a thought suspected
Of knowing any happiness but you,
Divorce me by the title of Most Falsehood!
Thi. Oh, who would know a wife,
That might have such a friend! Posterity,
Henceforth lose the name of blessing, and leave
The earth inhabited[g] to people heaven!

Enter THEODORET, BRUNHALT, MARTELL, *and* PROTALDY.

Mart. All happiness to Thierry and Ordella!
Thi. 'Tis a desire but borrow'd from me; my happiness
Shall be the period of all good men's wishes,
Which friends, nay, dying fathers shall bequeathe,
And in my one give all. Is there a duty
Belongs to any power of mine, or love
To any virtue I have right to? Here, place it here;
Ordella's name shall only bear command,
Rule, title, sovereignty.
Brun. What passion sways my son?
Thi. Oh, mother, she has doubled every good
The travail of your blood made possible
To my glad being!

[f] *nay, myself*] Seward's alteration. Old eds. "myself, nay."

[g] *inhabited*] "Which Seward changes [and so the Editors of 1778] for '*uninhabited*.' He ought to have recollected that *inhabited* and *inhabitable* frequently mean, in the old dramatic writings, uninhabited and uninhabitable; having also in French the same meaning." MASON.

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Prot. He should have done
Little to [h] her, he is so light-hearted. [*Aside.*
Thi. Brother, friends, if honour unto shame,
If wealth to want [i], enlarge the present sense,
My joys are unbounded. Instead of question,
Let it be envy not [to] [j] bring a present
To the high offering of our mirth! banquets and masques
Keep waking our delights, mocking night's malice,
Whose dark brow would fright pleasure from us! our court
Be but one stage of revels, and each eye
The scene where our content moves!
Theod. There shall want
Nothing to express our shares in your delight, sir.
Mart. Till now I ne'er repented the estate
Of widower.
Thi. Music, why art thou so
Slow-voic'd? It stays thy presence, my Ordella;
This chamber is a sphere too narrow for
Thy all-moving virtue. Make way, free way, I say!
Who must alone her sex's want supply,
Had need to have a room both large and high.
Mart. This passion's above utterance.
Theod. Nay, credulity.
[*Exeunt all but* THIERRY *and* BRUNHALT.
Brun. Why, son, what mean you?
Are you a man?
Thi. No, mother, I am no man:
Were I a man, how could I be thus happy?

[h] *to*] Seward gives "unto;" and so his successors. Perhaps this speech of Protaldy was meant to form a single line of verse.

[i] *if honour unto shame,*

If wealth to want, &c.] "I see no difficulty in this passage, the meaning being clearly this: If the accession of honour to a person condemned to shame; if the accession of wealth to one in want, enlarge their feelings, their joys are unbounded. He considers himself as relieved both from a sense of his own inability, or poverty, as he calls it, and a sense of shame also, by Ordella's temperance. *Instead of question*, means instead of questioning whether I am happy or not; let it be considered as malice not to congratulate me on it." MASON.

[j] [*to*] Inserted by Seward.

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Brun. How can a wife be author of this joy then?
Thi. That, being no man, I am married to no woman:
The best of men in full ability
Can only hope to satisfy a wife;
And, for that hope ridiculous, I in my want,
And such defective poverty, that to her bed
From my first cradle[k] brought no strength but thought,
Have met a temperance beyond her's that rock'd me,
Necessity being her bar; where[l] this
Is so much senseless of my depriv'd fire,
She knows it not a loss by her desire.
Brun. It is beyond my admiration.
Thi. Beyond your sex's faith:
The unripe virgins of our age, to hear it,
Will dream themselves to women, and convert
The example to a miracle.
Brun. Alas, 'tis your defect moves my amazement!
But what ill can be separate from ambition?
Cruel Theodoret!
Thi. What of my brother?
Brun. That to his name your barrenness adds rule;
Who, loving the effect, would not be strange[m]
In favouring the cause: look on the profit,
And gain will quickly point the mischief out.
Thi. The name of father, to what I possess,
Is shame and care.
Brun. Were we begot to single happiness,
I grant you; but from such a wife, such virtue,
To get an heir, what hermit would not find
Deserving argument to break his vow,
Even in his age, of chastity?

[k] *From my first cradle*] Mason proposed to read "As *my first cradle*," i. e. "*as to my first cradle*, the particle *to* referring to *cradle* as well as to *bed* in the preceding line: with this amendment the passage requires no explanation. *That rocked* here means that nursed me." This conjecture was adopted by Weber, who, however, allows that "the word *from* was not easily corrupted into *as*."

[l] *where*] i. e. whereas. Seward printed "whereas."

[m] *strange*] i. e. backward.

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Thi. You teach a deaf man language.

Brun. The cause found out, the malady may cease.
Have you heard of one Leforte[n]?

Thi. A learn'd astronomer[o], great[p] magician,
Who lives hard-by retir'd.

Brun. Repair to him with the just hour and place
Of your nativity: fools are amaz'd at fate;
Griefs, but[q] conceal'd, are never desperate.

Thi. You have timely waken'd me; nor shall I sleep
Without the satisfaction of his art.

Brun. Wisdom prepares you to't. [*Exit* THIERRY.

Enter LECURE.

Lecure, met happily!

Lec. The ground answers your purpose, the conveyance
Being secure and easy, falling just
Behind the state set for Theodoret[r].

Brun. 'Tis well:
Your trust invites you to a second charge;
You know Leforte's cell?

Lec. Who constellated your fair birth.

Brun. Enough; I see thou know'st him. Where is Bawdber?

Lec. I left him careful of the project cast
To raise Protaldy's credit.

Brun. A sore that must be plaster'd; in whose wound
Others shall find their graves think themselves sound.
Your ear and quickest apprehension! [*Exeunt.*

[n] *Leforte*] Old eds. "Forts."

[o] *astronomer*] i. e. astrologer.

[p] *great*] Seward gave "and *great*;" his successors, "a *great*."

[q] *but*] "i. e. unless." MASON.

[r] —— *the conveyance*
Being secure and easy, falling just
Behind the state set for Theodoret] "The *conveyance* here refers to a private *trap-door* behind the *state*, that is, chair of state, throne. [See the next scene]." WEBER.

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SCENE II.—*The Presence Chamber in the Palace of* THIERRY.

Enter BAWDBER *and* Servant.

Baw. This man of war will advance?

Serv. His hour's[s] upon the stroke.

Baw. Wind him back, as you favour my ears: I love no noise in my head; my brains have hitherto been employed in silent businesses.

Serv. The gentleman is within your reach, sir.

Enter DE VITRY.

Baw. Give ground, whilst I drill my wits to the encounter. [*Exit* Servant.

De Vitry, I take it.

De Vit. All that's left of him[t].

Baw. Is there another parcel of you? If it be at pawn, I will gladly redeem it, to make you wholly mine.

De Vit. You seek too hard a pennyworth.

Baw. You do[u] ill to keep such distance; your parts have been long known to me, howsoever you please to forget acquaintance.

De Vit. I must confess, I have been subject to lewd company.

Baw. Thanks for your good remembrance! You have been a soldier, De Vitry, and borne arms.

[s] *His hour's*, &c.] This and the next speech but one are given in the old eds. to "Lecure"—an absurdity which the modern editors have overlooked. "They belong," says Heath, "to Bawdber's Servant who comes upon the stage with him. Lecure has just before gone out with Brunhalt. Bawdber's threatening treatment of him proves the same thing." *MS. Note.* He might have added, that a new scene evidently commences after the exit of Brunhalt and Lecure.

[t] *All that's left of him*] "A phrase from Hamlet, which had probably become proverbial." WEBER. A sort of cant expression. The passage in *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 1, from which Weber chooses to say that it is taken, is "A piece of him."

[u] *do*] Old eds. "to" and "too." Corrected by Seward,—who observes, that "You *too* ill"—i. e. you too ill a pennyworth to keep such distance, is scarcely sense.

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De Vit. A couple of unprofitable ones, that have only served to get me a stomach to my dinner.

Baw. Much good may it do you, sir!

De Vit. You should have heard me say, I had dined first: I have built on an unwholesome ground, raised up a house before I knew a tenant, marched to meet weariness, fought to find want and hunger.

Baw. 'Tis time you put up your sword, and run away
For meat, sir: nay, if I had not withdrawn,
Ere now I might have kept the fast with you;
But since the way to thrive is never late,
What is the nearest course to profit, think you?

De Vit. It may be your worship will say bawdry.

Baw. True sense, bawdry.

De Vit. Why, is there five kinds of 'em? I never knew but one.

Baw. I'll shew you a new way of prostitution. Fall back! further yet! further! There is fifty crowns; do but as much to Protaldy, the queen's favourite, they are doubled.

[*Gives money.*

De Vit. But thus much?

Baw. Give him but an affront as he comes to the presence, and in his drawing make way, like a true bawd, to his valour, the sum's[v] thy own; if you take a scratch in the arm or so, every drop of blood weighs down a ducat.

De Vit. After that rate, I and my friends would beggar the kingdom.
Sir, you have made me blush to see my want,
Whose cure is such a cheap and easy purchase:
This is male-bawdry, belike.

Enter PROTALDY *and a* Lady[w].

Baw. See! you shall not be long earning your wages; your work's before your eyes.

[v] *sum's*] Old eds. "son's."

[w] *a Lady*] Old eds. add "*and Revellers,*" which the modern editors retain. But that portion of this stage-direction was merely intended to warn the actors who played the Revellers to be ready for their entrance, when Thierry (see what follows) should command them in.

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De Vit. Leave it to my handling; I'll fall upon 't instantly.

Baw. What opinion[x] will the managing of this affair bring to my wisdom! my invention tickles with apprehension on't. [*Aside.*

Prot. These are the joys of marriage, lady,
Whose sights are able to dissolve virginity.
Speak freely;
Do you not envy the bride's felicity?

Lady. How should I, being partner of't?

Prot. What you
Enjoy is but the banquet's view; the taste
Stands from your palate: if he impart by day
So much of his content, think what night gave!

De Vit. Will you have a relish of wit, lady?

Baw. This is the man.

Lady. If it be not dear, sir.

De Vit. If you affect cheapness, how can you prize this sullied ware so much? Mine is fresh, my own, not retailed.

Prot. You are saucy, sirrah!

De Vitry. The fitter to be in the dish with such dry stock-fish as you are. [PROTALDY *strikes him.*] How! strike?

Baw. Remember the condition, as you look for payment!

De Vit. That box was left out of the bargain. [*Strikes* PROTALDY.

Prot. Help, help, help!

Baw. Plague of the scrivener's running hand[y]! what a blow is this to my reputation!

Enter THIERRY, THEODORET, BRUNHALT, ORDELLA, MEMBERGE, MARTELL, Attendants, *and* Guards.

Thi. What villain dares this outrage?

De Vit. Hear me, sir. This creature hired me with fifty crowns in hand to let Protaldy have the better of me at single rapier on a made quarrel: he, mistaking the weapon,

[x] *opinion*] "i. e. reputation." WEBER.

[y] *Plague of the scrivener's running hand*] "That is 'Plague on the scrivener for leaving out, in his hurry, the blow.'" MASON.

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lays me over the chaps with his club-fist, for which I was bold to teach him the art of memory.

Thi. Theod. Martell, &c. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Theod. Your general, mother, will display himself,
Spite of our peace, I see.

Thi. Forbear these civil jars. Fie, Protaldy,
So open in your projects?—Avoid our presence, sirrah!

De Vit. Willingly.—If you have any more wages to earn, you see I can take pains.

Theod. There's somewhat for thy labour
More than was promis'd. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit* DE VITRY.

Baw. Where could I wish myself now? in the Isle of Dogs[z], so I might scape scratching; for I see by her cat's eyes I shall be clawed fearfully. [*Aside.*

Thi. We'll hear no more on't. Music, drown all sadness! [*Soft music.*
Command the revellers in. [*Exit an* Attendant.
At what a rate I'd purchase[a]
My mother's absence, to give my spleen[b] full liberty!
[*Seats himself in the state*[c].

Enter several Revellers.

Brun. Speak not a thought's delay! it names thy ruin. [*Apart to* PROTALDY.

Prot. I had thought my[d] life had borne more value with you.

Brun. Thy loss carries mine with't; let that secure thee.
The vault is ready, and the door conveys to't
Falls just behind his chair; the blow once given,
Thou art unseen.

Prot. I cannot feel more than I fear, I'm sure.

Brun. Be gone, and let them laugh their own destruction! [PROTALDY *withdraws.*

[z] *the Isle of Dogs*] Opposite Greenwich.

[a] *I'd purchase*] Mason's correction. Old eds. "*I* do *purchase.*" Seward gave "*I purchase.*" The editors of 1778 followed the old eds. Weber printed "*I* would *purchase.*"—In this passage, I prefer the metrical arrangement of the old eds. to that of the modern editors.

[b] *spleen*] i. e. mirth,—of which the spleen was supposed to be the seat.

[c] *state*] See note, p. 150.

[d] *my*] Omitted by Weber!

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Thi. You'll add unto her rage.
Theod. 'Foot, I shall burst,
Unless I vent myself: ha, ha, ha!
Brun. Me, sir? [*To one of the* Revellers.
You never could have found a time to invite
More willingness in my dispose to pleasure.
Memb. Would you would please to make some other choice!
[*To another of the* Revellers.
Rev. 'Tis a disgrace would dwell upon me, lady,
Should you refuse.
Memb. Your reason conquers.—My grandmother's looks
Have turn'd all air to earth in me; they sit
Upon my heart, like night-charms, black and heavy.
[*Aside.—They dance.*
Thi. You are too much libertine.
Theod. The fortune of the fool persuades my laughter
More than his cowardice: was ever rat
Ta'en by the tail thus? ha, ha, ha!
Thi. Forbear, I say!
Prot. [*Rising from the trap-door behind the state.*] No eye
looks this way; I will wink and strike,
Lest I betray myself. [*Stabs* THEODORET, *and disappears.*
Theod. Ha! did you not see one near me?
Thi. How! near you? why do you look so pale, brother?—
Treason, treason! [THEODORET *dies.*
Memb. Oh, my presage!—Father!
Ord. Brother!
Mart. Prince, noble prince!
Thi. Make the gates sure! search into every angle[c]
And corner of the court! Oh, my shame!—Mother,
Your son is slain, Theodoret, noble Theodoret!
Here in my arms, too weak a sanctuary
'Gainst treachery and murder!—Say, is the traitor taken?
First Guard. No man hath pass'd the chamber, on my life, sir.
Thi. Set present fire unto the place, that all
Unseen may perish in this mischief! who
Moves slow to it shall add unto the flame.

[c] *angle And corner*] Words nearly, if not altogether, synonymous.

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Brun. What mean you? give me your private hearing.
Thi. Persuasion is a partner in the crime;
I will renounce my claim unto a mother,
If you make offer on't.
Brun. Ere a torch can take flame, I will produce
The author of the fact[f].
Thi. Withdraw but for your lights[g].
Memb. Oh, my too-true suspicion!
[*Exeunt all except* THIERRY *and* BRUNHALT.
Thi. Speak! where's the engine to this horrid act?
Brun. Here you do[h] behold her; upon whom
Make good your causeless rage! The deed was done
By my incitement, [and][i] not yet repented.
Thi. Whither did nature start when you conceiv'd
A birth so unlike woman? say, what part
Did not consent to make a son of him,
Reserv'd itself within you to his ruin?
Brun. Ha, ha! a son of mine! do not dissever
Thy father's dust, shaking his quiet urn,
To which thy breath would send so foul an issue:
My son! thy brother!
Thi. Was not Theodoret my brother?
Or is thy tongue confederate with thy heart
To speak and do only things monstrous?
Brun. Hear me, and thou shalt make thine own belief.
Thy still-with-sorrow-mention'd father liv'd
Three careful[j] years in hope of wishèd heirs,

[f] *Ere a torch, &c.*] So arranged in old eds.—By Seward, and his successors, thus:

"Ere a torch can take flame
I will produce the author of the fact."—

But compare many other passages in this play.

[g] *Withdraw but for your lights.*] The meaning of these words (Withdraw but to procure the torches) I should have thought no one could mistake; yet the Editors of 1778, and Weber, exhibit them thus:

"Withdraw! But for your lights—"

[h] *do*] Omitted by Seward for the sake of his metrical arrangement, and by Weber through carelessness.

[i] [*and*] Inserted by Seward.

[j] *careful.*] "That is, full of care." WEBER.

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When I conceiv'd, being from his jealous fear
Enjoin'd to quiet home. One fatal day,
Transported with my pleasure to the chase,
I forc'd command, and in pursuit of game
Fell from my horse, lost both my child and hopes.
Despair, which only in his love saw life
Worthy of being, from a gardener's arms
Snatch'd this unlucky brat, and call'd it mine;
When the next year repaid my loss with thee,
But in thy wrongs preserv'd my misery;
Which that I might diminish though not end,
My sighs and wet eyes from thy father's will
Bequeath['d] [k] this largest part of his dominions
Of France unto thee; and only left Austracia
Unto that changëling, whose life affords
Too much of ill 'gainst me to prove my words,
And call him stranger.

Thi. Come, do not weep: I must, nay, do believe you;
And, in my father's satisfaction, count it
Merit, not wrong or loss.

Brun. You do but flatter; there is anger yet
Flames in your eyes.

Thi. See, I will quench it, and confess that you
Have suffer'd double travail for me.

Brun. You will not fire the house then?

Thi. Rather reward the author who gave cause
Of knowing such a secret; my oath and duty
Shall be assurance on't.

Brun. Protaldy, rise,
Good faithful servant! Heaven knows how hardly
He was drawn to this attempt.

PROTALDY *rises from the trap-door.*

Thi. Protaldy? He had
A gardener's fate, I'll swear, fell [l] by thy hand:
Sir, we do owe unto you for this service.

[k] *Bequeath['d]* Corrected by Mason.

[l] *fell]* So 4to. 1621. Other eds. "Tell."—There is, as Weber remarks, an ellipsis of *who* before "fell."

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Brun. Why look'st thou so dejected?
Prot. I want a little
Shift, lady; nothing else.

Re-enter MARTELL *and* Attendants.

Mart. The fires are ready;
Please it your grace withdraw, whilst we perform
Your pleasure.
Thi. Reserve them for the body: since
He had the fate to live and die a prince,
He shall not lose the title in his funeral.
[*Exit with* BRUNHALT *and* PROTALDY.
Mart. His fate to live a prince?—Thou old impiety,
Made up by lust and mischief!—Take up the body.
[*Exeunt with the body of* THEODORET.

SCENE III.—*A room in the dwelling of* LE FORTE.

Enter LECURE *disguised as* LE FORTE, *and* Servant.

Lec. Dost think Leforte's sure enough?
Serv. As bonds can make him. I have turned his eyes to the east, and left him gaping after the morning-star: his head is a mere astrolabe; his eyes stand for the poles; the gag in his mouth being the coachman, his five teeth have the nearest resemblance to Charles' Wain.
Lec. Thou hast cast a figure
Which shall raise thee. Direct my hair a little;
And in my likeness to him read a fortune
Suiting thy largest hopes.
Serv. You are so far 'bove likeness, you are the same:
If you love mirth, persuade him from himself;
'Tis but an astronomer[m] out of the way,
And lying will bear the better place for't.
Lec. I
Have profitabler use in hand. Haste to
The queen, and tell her how you left me chang'd.
[*Exit* Servant.

[m] *astronomer*] i. e. astrologer.

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Who would not serve this virtuous active queen?
She that loves mischief 'bove the man that does it,
And him above her pleasure, yet knows no heaven else.

Enter THIERRY.

Thi. How well this loneness suits the art I seek,
Discovering secret and succeeding fate,
Knowledge that puts all lower happiness on
With a remiss and careless hand!— [*Aside.*
Fair peace unto your meditations, father!

Lec. The same to you you bring, sir!

Thi. Drawn by your much-fam'd skill, I come to know
Whether the man who owes this character [n]
Shall e'er have issue. [*Gives scroll.*

Lec. A resolution falling with most ease
Of any doubt you could have nam'd. He is a prince
Whose fortune you inquire.

Thi. He is nobly born.

Lec. He had a dukedom lately fallen unto him
By one call'd brother, who has left a daughter.

Thi. The question is of heirs, not lands.

Lec. Heirs? yes;
He shall have heirs.

Thi. Begotten of his body? Why look'st thou pale?
Thou canst not suffer in his want.

Lec. Nor thou;
I neither can nor will give farther knowledge
To thee.

Thi. Thou must: I am the man myself,
Thy sovereign; who must owe unto thy wisdom
In the concealing of my barren shame.

Lec. Your grace doth wrong your stars: if this be yours,
You may have children.

Thi. Speak it again.

Lec. You may have fruitful issue.

[n] *who owes this character.*] "*i. e.* who owns..... The *character* is the calculation of his nativity, which his mother advised him to lay before Leforte. The word *resolution*, in Lecure's answer to this, signifies the same with *solution*." SEWARD.

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Thi. By whom? when? how?
Lec. It was the fatal means first struck my blood
With the cold hand of wonder, when I read it
Printed upon your birth.
Thi. Can there be any way unsmooth, has end
So fair and good?
Lec. We, that behold the sad aspècts of heaven
Leading sense-blinded men, feel grief enough
To know, though not to speak, their miseries.
Thi. Sorrow must lose a name, where mine finds life [o]:
If not in thee, at least ease pain with speed,
Which must know no cure else [p].
Lec. Then thus:
The first of females which your eye [q] shall meet,
Before the sun next rise, coming from out
The temple of Diana [r], being slain, you live
Father of many sons.
Thi. Call'st thou this sadness? can I beget a son
Deserving less than to give recompense
Unto so poor a loss? Whate'er thou art,
Rest peaceable, blest creature, born to be
Mother of princes, whose grave shall be more fruitful
[*Exit* LECURE.
Than others' marriage-beds! Methinks his art
Should give her form and happy figure to me;
I long to see my happiness. He's gone.
As I remember, he nam'd my brother's daughter:
Were it my mother, 'twere a gainful death
Could give Ordella's virtue living breath. [*Exit.*

[o] *lose a name, where mine finds life*] "i. e. lose its being where mine, i. e. my *name* finds life by my gaining heirs to it." SEWARD,—who makes sad work with the next line.

[p] *If not in thee, at least ease pain with speed,*
Which must know no cure else.] "The meaning," says Mason, "appears to me to be this: If it be not in your power to point out a remedy to my calamity, put me out of pain by telling me so speedily, as you are my only resource." According to Weber (qy. Sir Walter Scott?), if we suppose the construction to be affectedly latinised, the sense is clearly—"At least ease pain with speed, which must know no cure else, if not in thee."

[q] *eye*] Weber chooses to print "eyes."

[r] *Diana*] Seward "Dian;"—and so, probably, the poet wrote.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the Temple of* DIANA.

Enter THIERRY *and* MARTELL.

Mart. Your grace is early stirring.
Thi. How can he sleep,
Whose happiness is laid up in an hour
He knows comes stealing toward him? Oh, Martell,
Is't possible the longing bride, whose wishes
Out-run[s] her fears, can, on that day she's married,
Consume in slumbers? or his arms rust in ease,
That hears the charge, and sees the honour'd purchase[t]
Ready to gild his valour? Mine is more,
A power above these passions: this day France
(France, that in want of issue withers with us,
And, like an agèd river, runs his head
Into forgotten ways) again I ransom,
And his fair course turn right; this day Thierry,
The son of France, whose manly powers like prisoners
Have been tied up and fetter'd, by one death,
Gives life to thousand ages; this day beauty,
The envy of the world, the pleasure[u], glory,
Content above the world, desire beyond it,
Are made mine own and useful.
Mart. Happy woman
That dies to do these things!
Thi. But ten times happier
That lives to do the greater! Oh, Martell,

[s] *Out-run*] Old eds. "Outruns."

[t] *purchase*] "Meant [in cant language] property acquired, generally by unlawful means, but the phrase is here applied to the object for which the soldier fights." WEBER.

[u] *the pleasure*] Old eds. "pleasure the."

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The gods have heard me now! and those that scorn'd me,
Mothers of many children, and blest fathers,
That see their issues like the stars unnumber'd,
Their comfort[s] more than them, shall in my praises
Now teach their infants songs; and tell their ages
From such a son of mine, or such a queen,
That chaste Ordella brings me. Blessèd marriage,
The chain that links two holy loves together!
And in the marriage more than blest Ordella,
That comes so near the sacrament itself,
The priests doubt whether purer!

Mart. Sir, you are lost.

Thi. I prithee, let me be so.

Mart. The day wears;
And those that have been offering early prayers
Are now retiring homeward.

Thi. Stand, and mark then.

Mart. Is it the first must suffer?

Thi. The first woman.

Mart. What hand shall do it, sir?

Thi. This hand, Martell;
For who less dare presume to give the gods
An incense of this offering?

Mart. Would I were she!
For such a way to die, and such a blessing,
Can never crown my parting.

Two men from the Temple pass over the stage.

Thi. What are those?

Mart. Men, men, sir, men.

Thi. The plagues of men light on 'em!
They cross my hopes like hares!

A priest from the Temple passes over the stage.

Who's that?

Mart. A priest, sir.

Thi. Would he were gelt!

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Mart. May not these rascals serve, sir,
Well hang'd and quarter'd?

Thi. No.

Mart. Here comes a woman.

Enter from the Temple ORDELLA *veiled.*

Thi. Stand, and behold her then.

Mart. I think, a fair one.

Thi. Move not, whilst I prepare her. May her peace,
(Like his whose innocence the gods are pleas'd with,
And offering at their altars gives his soul
Far purer than those fires,) pull Heaven upon her!
You holy powers, no human spot dwell in her!
No love of any thing but you and goodness
Tie her to earth! fear be a stranger to her,
And all weak blood's affections but thy hope
Let her bequeathe to women! Hear me, Heaven!
Give her a spirit masculine and noble,
Fit for yourselves to ask and me to offer!
Oh, let her meet my blow, dote on her death;
And, as a wanton vine bows to the pruner,
That by his cutting off more may encrease,
So let her fall to raise me fruit!—Hail, woman,
The happiest and the best (if thy dull will
Do not abuse thy fortune) France e'er found yet!

Ord. She 's more than dull, sir, less and worse than woman,
That may inherit such an infinite
As you propound, a greatness so near goodness,
And brings a will to rob her.

Thi. Tell me this, then;
Was there e'er woman yet, or may be found,
That for fair fame, unspotted memory,
For virtue's sake, and only for itself-sake,
Has or dare make a story?

Ord. Many dead, sir;
Living, I think, as many.

Thi. Say, the kingdom
May from a woman's will receive a blessing,

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The king and kingdom, not a private safety,
A general blessing, lady?
Ord. A general curse
Light on her heart denies it!
Thi. Full of honour,
And such examples as the former ages
Were but dim shadows of and empty figures?
Ord. You strangely stir me, sir; and were my weakness
In any other flesh but modest woman's,
You should not ask more questions. May I do it?
Thi. You may; and, which is more, you must.
Ord. I joy in't
Above a moderate gladness. Sir, you promise
It shall be honest?
Thi. As ever time discover'd.
Ord. Let it be what it may then, what it dare,
I have a mind will hazard it.
Thi. But, hark you;
What may that woman merit makes this blessing?
Ord. Only her duty, sir.
Thi. 'Tis terrible.
Ord. 'Tis so much the more noble.
Thi. 'Tis full of fearful shadows.
Ord. So is sleep, sir,
Or any thing that's merely ours and mortal;
We were begotten gods else: but those fears,
Feeling but once the fires of nobler thoughts,
Fly, like the shapes of clouds we form, to nothing.
Thi. Suppose it death?
Ord. I do.
Thi. And endless parting
With all we can call ours, with all our sweetness,
With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time, nay, reason?
For in the silent grave, no conversation[v],
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,

[v] *For in the silent grave no conversation,* &c.] Lamb (*Spec. of Engl. Dram. Poets,* p. 402) cites "There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."—*Eccles.* [ix. 10.]

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No careful father's counsel; nothing's heard
Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust and an endless darkness: and dare you, woman,
Desire this place?

Ord. 'Tis of all sleeps the sweetest:
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And kings from height of all their painted glories
Fall like spent exhalations to this centre:
And those are fools that fear it, or imagine
A few unhandsome pleasures or life's profits
Can recompense this place; and mad that stay[w] it,
Till age blow out their lights, or rotten humours
Bring them dispers'd to the earth.

Thi. Then you can suffer?

Ord. As willingly as say it.

Thi. Martell, a wonder!
Here is a woman that dares die.—Yet, tell me,
Are you a wife?

Ord. I am, sir.

Thi. And have children?—
She sighs and weeps.

Ord. Oh, none, sir!

Thi. Dare you venture,
For a poor barren praise you ne'er shall hear,
To part with these sweet hopes?

Ord. With all but Heaven,
And yet die full of children: he that reads me,
When I am ashes, is my son in wishes,
And those chaste dames that keep my memory,
Singing my yearly requiems, are my daughters.

Thi. Then, there is nothing wanting but my knowledge,
And what I must do, lady.

Ord. You are the King, sir,
And what you do I'll suffer; and that blessing
That you desire, the gods shower on the kingdom!

Thi. Thus much before I strike, then; for I must kill you,

[w] *stay*] Old eds. "staies".

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The gods have will'd it so: they've [x] made the blessing
Must make France young again and me a man.
Keep up your strength still nobly.

Ord. Fear me not.

Thi. And meet death like a measure [y].

Ord. I am steadfast.

Thi. Thou shalt be sainted, woman; and thy tomb
Cut out in crystal, pure and good as thou art;
And on it shall be graven, every age,
Succeeding peers of France that rise by thy fall,
Till [z] thou liest there like old and fruitful Nature.
Dar'st thou behold thy happiness?

Ord. I dare, sir. [*Pulls off her veil.*

Thi. Ha! [*Lets fall his sword.*

Mart. Oh, sir, you must not do it!

Thi. No, I dare not!
There is an angel keeps that paradise,
A fiery angel, friend. Oh, virtue [a], virtue,
Ever and endless virtue!

Ord. Strike, sir, strike! [*Kneels.*
And if in my poor death fair France may merit [b],
Give me a thousand blows! be killing me
A thousand days!

[x] *they've*] Old eds. "they'r" and "they're." Seward printed "thou'rt;" and so his successors: he conjectured, however, in a note "they've," which is nearer to the *ductus literarum*, and which Lamb gives in *Spec. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 403. Qy. "they've made *thee* the blessing?" The preceding line is over-measure.

[y] *a measure*] i. e. a solemn, stately dance, with slow and measured steps.

[z] *Till*] Old eds. "Tell." The correction is by Seward, who thus explains the passage: "On thy tomb shall be engraved from age to age the succeeding Kings of France as acknowledging their being all derived from thee, till thou liest there like Nature, the fruitful mother of all things." The Editors of 1778 endeavoured to defend the old reading; but it is certainly a misprint for "Till": so, in an earlier passage of this play, "*till* a sowgelder," &c. (p. 115), the 4tos. have "tell."

[a] *angel, friend. Oh, virtue*] As 4to. 1621 has "angell friend;o vertue," it has been suggested to me that the right reading of the line is, "A fiery angel, friend *to* virtue," &c.; but compare p. 193, where Thierry addresses Martell, "I know it, *friend*."

[b] *merit*] See note, p. 91.

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Thi. First, let the earth be barren,
And man no more remember'd! Rise, Ordella, [*Raises her.*
The nearest to thy Maker, and the purest
That ever dull flesh shew'd us!—Oh, my heart-strings! [*Exit.*

Mart. I see you full of wonder; therefore, noblest
And truest amongst women, I will tell you
The end of this strange accident.

Ord. Amazement
Has so much won [c] upon my heart, that truly
I feel myself unfit to hear. Oh, sir,
My lord has slighted me!

Mart. Oh, no, sweet lady!

Ord. Robb'd me of such a glory by his pity
And most unprovident respect——

Mart. Dear lady,
It was not meant to you.

Ord. Else where the day is,
And hours distinguish time, time runs to ages,
And ages end the world, I had been spoken.

Mart. I'll tell you what it was, if but your patience
Will give me hearing.

Ord. If I have transgress'd,
Forgive me, sir!

Mart. Your noble lord was counsell'd
(Grieving the barrenness between you both,
And all the kingdom [d] with him) to seek out
A man that knew the secrets of the gods:
He went, found such an one, and had this answer;
That, if he would have issue, on this morning,
(For this hour was prefix'd him,) he should kill
The first he met, being female, from the temple,
And then he should have children. The mistake
Is now too perfect, lady.

Ord. Still 'tis I, sir;
For may this work be done by common women?

[c] *won*] Corrected by the Editors of 1778. So too Heath, *MS. Notes.*—Old eds. "woue" and "wove."

[d] *kingdom*] "Refers to *grieving* not to *counselled* [as Seward thought, who printed 'kingdoms']." *Ed.* 1778.

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Durst any but myself, that knew the blessing
And felt the benefit, assume this dying?
In any other 't had been lost and nothing,
A curse and not a blessing: I was figur'd;
And shall a little fondness bar my purchase [d]?
Mart. Where should he then seek children?
Ord. Where they are;
In wombs ordain'd for issues; in those beauties
That bless a marriage-bed, and make [e] it proud [f]
With kisses that conceive and fruitful pleasures:
Mine, like a grave, buries those loyal hopes,
And to [g] a grave it covets.
Mart. You are too good,
Too excellent, too honest. Rob not us,
And those that shall hereafter seek example,
Of such inestimable worths [h] in woman,
Your lord of such obedience, all of honour,
In coveting a cruelty is not yours,
A will short of your wisdom! make not error
A tombstone of your virtues, whose fair life
Deserves a constellation! Your lord dare not,
He cannot, ought not, must not run this hazard;
He makes a separation Nature shakes at,
The gods deny, and everlasting Justice
Shrinks back and sheaths her sword at.
Ord. All's but talk, sir;
I find to what I am reserv'd and needful:
And though my lord's compassion makes me poor,
And leaves me in my best use [i], yet a strength

[d] *purchase*] i. e. acquisition: see note, p. 161.

[e] *make*] Old eds. "makes."

[f] *proud*] Theobald's conjecture. Old eds. "proceede" and "proceed,"—(a transcriber probably having written by mistake "procede"). Seward printed "procreant;" and so his successors. The Editors of 1778 proposed "breed"!

[g] *to*] Was altered by the Editors of 1778, and Weber, to "too." Heath proposes "'tis." *MS. Notes.*—But is not "covets *to*" equivalent to "covets *after*?"

[h] *worths*] Old eds. "worthies."

[i] *leaves me in my best use*] "i. e. neglects putting me to the use I am most fit for, the best use I can be employed in." *Ed.* 1778.

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Above mine own, or his dull fondness, finds me ;
The gods have given it to me. [*Draws a dagger.*
Mart. Self-destruction ? [*Holds her.*
Now all good angels bless thee ! Oh, sweet lady,
You are abus'd[j] ! this is a way to shame you,
And with you all that know you, all that love[k] you ;
To ruin all you build ! Would you be famous ?
Is that your end ?
Ord. I would be what I should be.
Mart. Live, and confirm the gods then ! live, and be loaden
With more than olives bear or fruitful autumn !
This way you kill your merit, kill your cause,
And him you would raise life to. Where or how
Got you these bloody thoughts ? what devil durst
Look on that angel-face and tempt ? do you know
What 'tis to die thus ? how you strike the stars
And all good things above[l] ? do you feel
What follows a self-blood ? whither you venture,
And to what punishment ? Excellent lady,
Be not thus cozen'd, do not fool yourself !
The priest was never his own sacrifice,
But he that thought his hell here.
Ord. I am counsell'd.
Mart. And I am glad on't ; lie, I know, you dare not.
Ord. I never have done yet.
Mart. Pray, take my comfort.
Was this a soul to lose ? two more such women
Would save their sex. See, she repents and prays !
Oh, hear her, hear her ! if there be a faith
Able to reach your mercies, she hath sent it.
Ord. Now, good Martell, confirm me.
Mart. I will, lady,
And every hour advise you ; for I doubt
Whether this plot be heaven's, or hell's your mother,
And I will find it, if it be in mankind

[j] *abused*] i. e. deceived, mistaken.
[k] *know . . . . love*] Old eds. "knows . . . . loves."
[l] *above*] The Editors of 1778, for the metre, "*above* us."

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To search the centre of it. In the mean time,
I'll give you out for dead, and by yourself,
And shew the instrument; so shall I find
A joy that will betray her.
Ord. Do what's fittest,
And I will follow you.
Mart. Then ever live
Both able to engross all love and give! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace of* THIERRY.

Enter BRUNHALT *and* PROTALDY.

Brun. I am in labour
To be deliver'd of that burthenous project
I have so long gone with. Ha, here's the midwife!

Enter LECURE.

Or life, or death?
Lec. If in the supposition
Of her death in whose life you die, you ask me,
I think you are safe.
Brun. Is she dead?
Lec. I have us'd
All means to make her so: I saw him waiting
At the temple-door, and us'd such art within,
That only she of all her sex was first
Given up unto his fury.
Brun. Which if love
Or fear made him forbear to execute,
The vengeance he determin'd, his fond pity
Shall draw it on himself; for were there left
Not any man but he, to serve my pleasures,
Or from me to receive commands, (which are
The joys for which I love life,) he should be

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Remov'd, and I alone left to be queen
O'er any part of goodness that's left in me.
Lec. If you are so resolv'd, I have provided
A means to ship him hence. Look upon this,
[*Shewing a handkerchief.*
But touch it sparingly; for this once us'd,
Say but to dry a tear, will keep the eye-lid
From closing until death perform that office.
Brun. Give 't me, I may have use of 't; and on you
[*Taking the handkerchief.*
I'll make the first experiment, if one sigh
Or heavy look beget the least suspicion,
Childish compassion can thaw the ice
Of your so-long-congeal'd and flinty hardness:
'Slight, go on constant, or I shall!
Prot. Best lady,
We have no faculties which are not yours.
Lec. Nor will be any thing without you.
Brun. Be so,
And we will stand or fall together; for
Since we have gone so far that death must stay
The journey, which we wish should never end,
And innocent or guilty we must die,
When we do so, let's know the reason why.

Enter THIERRY *and* Courtiers.

Lec. The King.
Thi. We'll be alone. [*Exeunt* Courtiers.
Prot. I would I had
A convoy too, to bring me safe[m] off!
For rage, although it be allay'd with sorrow,
Appears so dreadful in him, that I shake
To look upon it.
Brun. Coward, I will meet it,
And know from whence 'thas birth.—Son, kingly Thierry!
Thi. Is cheating grown so common among men,

[m] *safe*] Qy. "safely"?

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And thrives so well here, that the gods endeavour
To practise it above?
Brun. Your mother!
Thi. Ha!—
Or are they only careful to revenge,
Not to reward? or when for our[n] offences
We study satisfaction, must the cure
Be worse than the disease?
Brun. Will you not hear me?
Thi. To lose the ability to perform those duties
For which I entertain'd the name of husband,
Ask'd more than common sorrow; but to impose,
For the redress of that defect, a torture,
In marking her to death for whom alone
I felt that weakness as a want, requires
More than the making the head bald, or falling
[*Tears his hair, and throws himself on the ground.*
Thus flat upon the earth, or cursing that way,
Or praying this. Oh, such a scene of grief,
And so set down, (the world the stage to act on,)
May challenge a tragedian better practis'd
Than I am to express it! for my cause
Of passion is so strong, and my performance
So weak, that though the part be good, I fear
The ill acting of it will defraud it of
The poor reward it may deserve, men's pity.
Brun. I have given you way thus long: a king, and, what
Is more, my son, and yet a slave to that
Which only triumphs over cowards, sorrow?
For shame, look up!
Thi. Is't you? look down on me!
And if that you are capable to receive it,
Let that return to you that have brought forth
One mark'd out only for it! What are these?
Come they, upon your privilege, to tread on
The tomb of my afflictions?

[n] *our*] An alteration by Seward. Old eds. "your."

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Prot. No, not we, sir.
Thi. How dare you then omit the ceremony
Due to the funeral of all my hopes?
Or come unto the marriage of my sorrows,
But in such colours as may sort with them?
Prot. Alas, we will wear any thing!
Brun. This is madness:
Take but my counsel.
Thi. Yours? dare you again,
Though arm'd with the authority of a mother,
Attempt the danger that will fall on you,
If such another syllable awake it?
Go, and with yours be safe; I have such cause
Of grief, (nay, more, to love it,) that I will not
Have such as these be sharers in it.
Lec. Madam—
Prot. Another time were better.
Brun. Do not stir,
For I must be resolv'd, and will: be statues!

Enter MARTELL.

Thi. Ay, thou art welcome; and upon my soul
Thou art an honest man.—Do you see? he has tears
To lend to him whom prodigal expence
Of sorrow has made bankrupt of such treasure.—
Nay, thou dost well.
Mart. I would it might excuse
The ill I bring along!
Thi. Thou mak'st me smile
I' the height of my calamities; as if
There could be the addition of an atom
To the giant body of my miseries!
But try; for I will hear thee.—All sit down: 'tis death
[*They seat themselves.*
To any that shall dare to interrupt him
In look, gesture, or word.
Mart. And such attention
As is due to the last and the best story

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That ever was deliver'd, will become you.
The griev'd Ordella (for all other titles
But take away from that) having from me,
Prompted by your last parting groan, inquir'd
What drew it from you, and the cause soon learn'd,—
For she, whom barbarism could deny nothing,
With such prevailing earnestness desir'd it,
'Twas not in me, though it had been my death,
To hide it from her;—she, I say, in whom
All was that Athens, Rome, or warlike Sparta,
Have register'd for good in their best women,
But nothing of their ill; knowing herself
Mark'd out (I know not by what power, but sure
A cruel one) to die to give you children;
Having first with a settled countenance
Look'd up to heaven, and then upon herself,
(It being the next best object,) and then smil'd,
As if her joy in death to do you service
Would break forth in despite of the much sorrow
She shew'd she had to leave you; and then taking
Me by the hand, (this hand which I must ever
Love better than I have done, since she touch'd it,)
"Go," said she, "to my lord, (and to go to him
Is such a happiness I must not hope for,)
And tell him that he too much priz'd a trifle
Made only worthy in his love and her
Thankful acceptance, for her sake to rob
The orphan kingdom of such guardians as
Must of necessity descend from him;
And therefore in some part of recompense
Of his much love, and to shew to the world
That 'twas not her fault only, but her fate,
That did deny to let her be the mother
Of such most certain blessings; yet, for proof
She did not envy her, that happy her
That is appointed to them, her quick end
Should make way for her." Which no sooner spoke,
But in a moment this too-ready engine [*Shews a dagger.*

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Made such a battery in the choicest castle
That ever Nature made to defend life,
That straight it shook and sunk.
Thi. Stay! dares any
Presume to shed a tear before me? or
Ascribe that worth unto themselves, to merit
To do so for her? I have done; now on!
Mart. Fallen thus, once more she smil'd, as if that death
For her had studied a new way to sever
The soul and body without sense of pain;
And then, "Tell him," quoth she, "what you have seen,
And with what willingness 'twas done; for which
My last request unto him is, that he
Would instantly make choice of one (most happy
In being so chosen) to supply my place;
By whom if Heaven bless him with a daughter,
In my remembrance let it bear my name."
Which said, she died.
Thi. I hear this, and yet live!
Heart, art thou thunder-proof? will nothing break thee?
She's dead; and what her entertainment may be
In the other world without me is uncertain;
And dare I stay here unresolv'd[p]? [*Draws his sword. They hold him.*
Mart. Oh, sir!
Brun. Dear son!
Prot. Great King!
Thi. Unhand me! am I fallen
So low that I have lost the power to be
Disposer of my own life?
Mart. Be but pleas'd
To borrow so much time of sorrow as
To call to mind her last request, for whom
(I must confess a loss beyond expression)
You turn your hand upon yourself: 'twas hers,
And dying hers, that you should live, and happy

[p] *unresolv'd*] i. e. unsatisfied, uninformed.

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In seeing little models of yourself,
By matching with another; and will you
Leave any thing that she desir'd ungranted?
And suffer such a life, that was laid down
For your sake only, to be fruitless?

Thi. Oh,
Thou dost throw charms upon me, against which
I cannot stop my ears!—Bear witness, Heaven,
That not desire of life, nor love of pleasures,
Nor any future comforts, but to give
Peace to her blessèd spirit in satisfying
Her last demand, makes me defer our meeting!
Which in my choice, and sudden choice, shall be
To all apparent.

Brun. How! do I remove one mischief,
To draw upon my head a greater? [*Aside.*

Thi. Go,
Thou only good man, to whom for herself
Goodness is dear, and prepare to inter it
In her that was—Oh, my heart!—my Ordella;
A monument worthy to be the[q] casket
Of such a jewel.

Mart. Your command, that makes way
Unto my absence, is a welcome one;
For, but yourself, there's nothing here Martell
Can take delight to look on: yet some comfort
Goes back with me to her, who, though she want it,
Deserves all blessings. [*Exit.*

Brun. So soon to forget
The loss of such a wife, believe it, will
Be censur'd in the world.

Thi. Pray you, no more!
There is no argument you can use to cross it,
But does increase in me such a suspicion
I would not cherish.—Who's that?

[q] *the*] In Weber's ed. "a."

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Enter MEMBERGE.

Memb. One no guard
Can put back from access, whose tongue no threats
Nor prayers can silence; a bold suitor, and
For that which, if you are yourself, a king,
You were made so to grant it,—justice, justice!

Thi. With what assurance dare you hope for that
Which is denied to me? or how can I
Stand bound to be just unto such as are
Beneath me, that find none from those that are
Above me?

Memb. There is justice: 'twere unfit
That any thing but vengeance should fall on him,
That, by his giving way to more than murder,
(For my dear father's death was parricide,)
Makes it his own.

Brun. I charge you, hear her not!

Memb. Hell cannot stop just prayers from entering heaven;
I must and will be heard.—Sir, but remember
That he that by her plot fell was your brother;
And the place where, your palace, against all
The inviolable rights of hospitality;
Your word, a king's word, given up [r] for his safety;
His innocence, his protection; and the gods
Bound to revenge the impious breach of such
So great and sacred bonds: and can you wonder
(That, in not punishing [s] such a horrid murder,
You did it) that Heaven's favour is gone from you?
Which never will return until his blood
Be wash'd away in hers.

Brun. Drag hence the wretch!

Thi. Forbear.—With what variety
Of torments do I meet! Oh, thou hast open'd

[r] *up*] Omitted by the Editors of 1778, and Weber.

[s] *That in not punishing*] "Mason says that we must read,—'*For* in not punishing;' but there is no necessity for variation. *That* here, and [in] many other places, means *because*." WEBER.

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A book, in which, writ down in bloody letters,
My conscience finds that I am worthy of
More than I undergo! but I'll begin,
For my Ordella's sake, and for thine own,
To make less Heaven's great anger. Thou hast lost
A father,—I to thee am so; the hope
Of a good husband,—in me have one; nor
Be fearful I am still no man; already
That weakness is gone from me.

Brun. That it might
Have ever grown inseparably upon thee!— [*Aside.*
What will you do? Is such a thing as this
Worthy the lov'd Ordella's place? the daughter
Of a poor gardener?

Memb. Your son!

Thi. The power
To take away that lowness is in me.

Brun. Stay yet; for rather than that thou shalt add
Incest unto thy other sins, I will,
With hazard of my own life, utter all:
Theodoret was thy brother.

Thi. You denied it
Upon your oath; nor will I now believe you:
Your Protean turnings cannot change my purpose.

Memb. And for me, be assur'd the means to be
Reveng'd on thee, vile hag, admits no thought
But what tends to it. [*Exit.*

Brun. Is it come to that?
Then have at the last refuge! [*Aside.*]—Art thou grown
Insensible in ill, that thou goest on
Without the least compunction? There, take that;
[*Gives him the handkerchief.*
To witness that thou hadst a mother, which
Foresaw thy cause of grief and sad repentance,
That, so soon after blest Ordella's death,
Without a tear, thou canst embrace another,
Forgetful man!

Thi. Mine eyes, when she is nam'd,

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Cannot forget their tribute, and your gift
Is not unuseful now.
Lec. He's past all cure;
That only touch is death.
Thi. This night I'll keep it;
To morrow I will send it you and full
Of my affliction. [*Exit.*
Brun. Is the poison mortal?
Lec. Above the help of physic.
Brun. To my wish.
Now for our own security. You, Protaldy,
Shall this night post towards Austracia
With letters to Theodoret's bastard son,
In which we will make known what for his rising
We have done to Thierry: no denial
Nor no excuse in such acts must be thought of,
Which all dislike, and all again commend
When they are brought unto a happy end. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Forest.*

Enter DE VITRY *and four* Soldiers.

De Vit. No war, no money, no master! banished the court, not trusted in the city, whipt out of the country,—in what a triangle runs our misery! Let me hear which of you has the best voice to beg in, for other hopes or fortunes I see you have not. Be not nice; nature provided you with tones for the purpose; the people's charity was your heritage, and I would see which of you deserves his birthright.

All. We understand you not, captain.

De Vit. You see this cardecu[t], the last and the only quin-

[t] *cardecu*] See note, p. 128.

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tessence of fifty crowns, distilled in the limbeck of your guardage; of which happy piece thou shalt be treasurer. [*Gives it to* First Soldier.] Now, he that can soonest persuade him to part with 't, enjoys it, possesses it, and with it me and my future countenance.

First Sold. If they want art to persuade it, I'll keep it myself.

De Vit. So you be not a partial judge in your own cause, you shall.

All. A match!

Sec. Sold. I'll begin to you. Brave sir, be proud to make him happy by your liberality, whose tongue vouchsafes now to petition, was never heard before less than to command. I am a soldier by profession, a gentleman by birth, and an officer by place; whose poverty blushes to be the cause that so high a virtue should descend to the pity of your charity.

First Sold. In any case keep your high style: it is not charity to shame any man, much less a virtue of your eminence; wherefore, preserve your worth, and I'll preserve my money.

Third Sold. You persuade! you are shallow: give way to merit.—Ah, by the bread of God, man[u], thou hast a bonny countenance and a blithe, promising mickle good to a sicker womb[v] that has trod a long and a sore ground to meet with friends, that will owe much to thy reverence when they shall hear of thy courtesy to their wandering countryman[w].

First Sold. You that will use your friends so hardly to bring them in debt, sir, will deserve worse of a stranger; wherefore, pead on[x], pead on, I say.

Fourth Sold. It is the Welsh must do't, I see.—Comrade, man of urship, St. Tavy be her patron, the gods of the mountains keep her cow and her cupboard; may she never

[u] *bread of God, man*] The 4tos. "*bread of* good *man.*" Fol. 1679, "*bread of* a good *man.*" The repetition of these words by De Vitry shews the true reading: see next page.

[v] *sicker womb*] Seward altered "sicker" to "siking" (sighing, groaning); and his successors print "siking wemb."—When our early dramatists introduce a provincial dialect, they are seldom accurate or consistent.

[w] *countryman*] In Weber's ed. "countrymen"!

[x] *pead on*] "i. e. pad on, foot it on." SEWARD.

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want the green of the leek nor the fat of the onion, if she part with her bounties to him that is a great deal away from her cousins and has two big suits in law to recover her heritage!

First Sold. Pardon me, sir; I will have nothing to do with your suits; it comes within the statute of maintenance. Home to your cousins, and sow garlick and hempseed; the one will stop your hunger, the other end your suits. *Gammawash*, comrade, *gammawash*[y].

Fourth Sold. 'Foot, he'll hoard all for himself.

De Vit. Yes, let him. Now comes my turn; I'll see if he can answer me.—Save you, sir! they say you have that I want, money.

First Sold. And that you are like to want, for aught I perceive yet.

De Vit. Stand, deliver!

First Sold. 'Foot, what mean you? you will not rob the exchequer?

De Vit. Do you prate?

First Sold. Hold, hold! here, captain. [*Gives the cardecu.*

Sec. Sold. Why, I could have done this before you.

Third Sold. And I.

Fourth Sold. And I.

De Vit. You have done this! "Brave man, be proud to make him happy!" "By the bread of God, man, thou hast a bonny countenance!" "Comrade, man of urship, St. Tavy be her patron!" Out upon you, you uncurried colts! walking cans[z], that have no souls in you, but a little rosin to keep your ribs sweet and hold in liquor!

All. Why, what would you have us to do, captain?

De Vit. Beg, beg, and keep constables waking, wear out stocks and whipcord, maunder[a] for butter-milk, die of the

[y] *Gammawash*] A corruption, I suppose, of some Welsh word or words.

[z] *walking cans, &c.*] "The metaphor is here taken from the old English *black jacks*, made almost in the shape of a boot, (the name Erasmus gave them;) they were stiffened leather lined with rosin, from whence a stiffened boot is called a *jack-boot*." SEWARD.

[a] *maunder*] i. e. beg (mutter, whine): a cant term.

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jaundice, yet have the cure about you, lice[b], large lice, begot of your own dust and the heat of the brick-kilns! May you starve, and fear of the gallows (which is a gentle consumption to't[c]) only prevent it[d]! or may you fall upon your fear, and be hanged for selling those purses to keep you from famine, whose monies my valour empties, and be cast without other evidence! Here is my fort, my castle of defence: who comes by shall pay me toll; the first purse is your mittimus, slaves.

Sec. Sold. The purse! 'foot, we'll share in the money, captain, if any come within a furlong of our fingers.

Fourth Sold. Did you doubt but we could steal as well as yourself? did not I speak Welsh?

Third Sold. We are thieves from our cradles, and will die so.

De Vit. Then you will not beg again?

All. Yes, as you did; "Stand and deliver!"

Sec. Sold. Hark! here comes handsel: 'tis a trade quickly set up, and as soon cast down.

De Vit. Have goodness in your minds, varlets, and to't like men! He that has more money than we, cannot be our friend, and I hope there is no law[e] for spoiling the enemy.

Third Sold. You need not instruct us farther; your example pleads enough.

De Vit. Disperse yourselves; and, as their company is, fall on!

Sec. Sold. Come there a band[f] of 'em, I'll charge single.

[*Exeunt* Soldiers.

[b] *the cure about you, lice*] "They are swallowed of Countrey people against the Jaundise." Schroder's *Hist. of Animals as they are useful in Physick, &c.* 1659, p. 154.

[c] *to't*] "i. e. compared to it." MASON.

[d] *prevent it*] Old eds. "preferre (—and "preferr"—) it."—Seward printed "preserve you from *it*," and proposed in a note "defer *it*." The Editors of 1778 followed Seward's text. Weber gave the emendation of Mason, which, though not quite satisfied with it, I also have adopted.

[e] *there is no law*] "i. e. that there is no punishment by law." MASON.

[f] *Come there a band*] Heath's correction, *MS. Notes*. Old eds. "*Come, there* are *a band*,"—which the modern editors give.

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Enter PROTALDY.

Prot. 'Tis wonderful dark. I have lost my man, and dare not call for him, lest I should have more followers than I would pay wages to. What throes am I in, in this travel! these be honourable adventures! Had I that honest blood in my veins again, queen, that your feats and these frights have drained from me, honour should pull hard ere it drew me into these brakes.

De Vit. Who goes there?

Prot. Heigh-ho! here's a pang of preferment.

De Vit. 'Heart, who goes there?

Prot. He that has no heart to your acquaintance. What shall I do with my jewels and my letter[s]? My codpiece? that's too loose; good, my boots. [*Aside, and puts jewels and letters into his boots.*]—Who is't that spoke to me? here's a friend.

De Vit. We shall find that presently. Stand, as you love your safety, stand!

Prot. That unlucky word of standing has brought me to all this. [*Aside.*]—Hold, or I shall never stand you.

Re-enter Soldiers.

De Vit. I should know that voice. Deliver!

Prot. All that I have is at your service, gentlemen; and much good may it do you!

De Vit. Zowns, down with him!—Do you prate?

Prot. Keep your first word, as you are gentlemen, and let me stand! Alas, what do you mean?

Sec. Sold. To tie you to us, sir, bind you in the knot of friendship. [*They bind*[g] PROTALDY.

Prot. Alas, sir, all the physic in Europe cannot bind me!

De Vit. You should have jewels about you, stones, precious stones.

First Sold. Captain, away! there's company within hearing; if you stay longer, we are surprised.

[g] *They bind, &c.*] Weber gives here "*They tie him to a tree,*" and presently, "*He* [*De Vitry*] *is tied to a tree.*"

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De Vit. Let the devil come, I'll pillage this frigate a little better yet.

Sec. Sold. 'Foot, we are lost! they are upon us.

De Vit. Ha! upon us?—Make the least noise, 'tis thy parting gasp!

Third Sold. Which way shall we make, sir?

De Vit. Every man his own: do you hear? only bind me before you go, and when the company's past, make to this place again. This carvel[h] should have better lading in him. You are slow; why do you not tie harder?

[*They bind* DE VITRY.

First Sold. You are sure enough, I warrant you, sir.

De Vit. Darkness befriend you! away! [*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Prot. What tyrants have I met with! they leave me alone in the dark, yet would not have me cry. I shall grow wondrous melancholy, if I stay long here without company. I was wont to get a nap with saying my prayers; I'll see if they will work upon me now: but then if I should talk in my sleep, and they hear me, they would make a recorder[i] of my windpipe,—slit my throat. Heaven be praised! I hear some noise; it may be new purchase[j], and then I shall have fellows.

De Vit. They are gone past hearing: now to task, De Vitry. [*Aside.*]—Help, help, as you are men, help! some charitable hand relieve a poor distressed miserable wretch! Thieves, wicked thieves, have robbed me, bound me.

Prot. 'Foot, would they had gagged you too! your noise will betray us, and fetch them again.

De Vit. What blessed tongue spake to me? where, where are you, sir?

[h] *carvel*] "Caravel or Carvel, a kind of light round Ship with a square Poop, rigg'd and fitted out like a Galley, holding about six score or seven score Tun." Kersey's *Dict.*

[i] *recorder*] "i. e. a flageolet." WEBER.

[j] *purchase*] i. e. booty. "*Purchase*, in the cant language of the times, always means anything acquired by robbery or cozening: thus Gadshill says, in first part of Henry IV. act ii. sc. 1. 'Give me thy hand; thou shalt have a share in our *purchase*; I am a true man.' See Mr. Steevens's note on this passage." REED.

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Prot. A plague of your bawling throat! we are well enough, if you have the grace to be thankful for't. Do but snore to me, and 'tis as much as I desire, to pass away time with till morning; then talk as loud as you please, sir: I am bound not to stir; wherefore, lie still and snore, I say.

De Vit. Then you have met with thieves too, I see.

Prot. And desire to meet with no more of them.

De Vit. Alas, what can we suffer more? they are far enough by this time; have they not all, all that we have, sir?

Prot. No, by my faith, have they not, sir. I gave them one trick to boot for their learning: my boots, sir, my boots! I have saved my stock and my jewels in them, and therefore desire to hear no more of them.

De Vit. Now, blessing on your wit, sir! what a dull slave was I, dreamed not of your conveyance! Help to unbind me, sir, and I'll undo you; my life for yours, no worse thief than myself meets you again this night!

Prot. Reach me thy hands.

De Vit. Here, sir, here. [PROTALDY *unbinds* DE VITRY'S *hands.*] I could beat my brains out, that could not think of boots, boots, sir, wide-topt boots; I shall love them the better whilst I live. But are you sure your jewels are here, sir?

Prot. Sure, sayst thou? ha, ha, ha!

De Vit. So ho, illo ho!

Soldiers. [*Within.*] Here, captain, here!

Prot. 'Foot, what do you mean, sir?

Re-enter Soldiers.

De Vit. A trick to boot, say you? [*Takes out jewels from* PROTALDY'S *boots.*]—Here, you dull slaves, purchase, purchase! the soul of the rock, diamonds, sparkling diamonds!

Prot. I am betray'd, lost, past recovery lost!— [*Aside.*
As you are men——

De Vit. Nay, rook, since you will be prating, we'll share your carrion with you. Have you any other conveyance now, sir?

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First Sold. [*Taking out letters from* PROTALDY'S *boots.*] 'Foot, here are letters, epistles, familiar epistles: we'll see what treasure is in them; they are sealed sure.

Prot. Gentlemen, as you are gentlemen, spare my letters, and take all willingly, all! I'll give you a release, a general release, and meet you here to-morrow with as much more.

De Vit. Nay, since you have your tricks and your conveyances, we will not leave a wrinkle of you unsearched.

Prot. Hark! there comes company; you will be betrayed. As you love your safeties, beat out my brains; I shall betray you else.

De Vit. [*Reading the letters.*] Treason, unheard-of treason! monstrous, monstrous villainies!

Prot. I confess myself a traitor; shew yourselves good subjects, and hang me up for't.

First Sold. If it be treason, the discovery will get our pardon, captain.

De Vit. Would we were all lost, hang'd,
Quarter'd, to save this one, one innocent prince!
Thierry's poison'd, by his mother poison'd,
The mistress to this stallion;
Who, by that poison, ne'er shall sleep again!

Sec. Sold. 'Foot, let us mince him by piece-meal till he eat himself up.

Third Sold. Let us dig out his heart with needles, and half broil him like a muscle.

Prot. Such another, and I prevent you; my blood's settled already.

De Vit. Here is that shall remove it! Toad, viper!—
Drag him unto Martell!—
Unnatural parricide! cruel, bloody woman!

Soldiers. On, you dog-fish, leech, caterpillar!

De Vit. A longer sight of him will make my rage
Turn pity, and with his sudden end prevent
Revenge and torture!—Wicked, wicked Brunhalt! [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace of* THIERRY.

Enter BAWDBER *and three* Courtiers.

First Cour. Not sleep at all? no means?

Sec. Cour. No art can do it?

Baw. I will assure you, he can sleep no more
Than a hooded hawk; a centinel to him,
Or one of the city-constables, are tops.

Third Cour. How came he so?

Baw. They are too wise that dare know:
Something's amiss; Heaven help all!

First Cour. What cures [m] has he?

Baw. Armies of those we call physicians;
Some with glisters, some with lettice-caps [n],
Some posset-drinks, some pills; twenty consulting here
About a drench, as many here to blood him.
Then comes a don of Spain, and he prescribes
More cooling opium than would kill a Turk,
Or quench a whore i' the dog-days; after him,
A wise Italian, and he cries, "Tie unto him
A woman of fourscore, whose bones are marble,
Whose blood snow-water, not so much heat about her
As may conceive a prayer!" after him,

[m] *cures*] So 4tos. Fol. 1679, "cure"; and so the modern editors.

[n] *lettice-caps*] "These are somehow connected with old medical practice, for they are twice mentioned in connection with physicians [in the present passage, and in our authors' *Monsieur Thomas*, act iii. sc. 1]. We find from Minshew's Spanish Dictionary that a *lettice-cap* was originally a *lattice-cap*, that is, a net cap, which resembles *lattice* work, often spelt *lettice*. See him in '*Lettise* bonnet, or cap for gentlewomen,' and the Spanish *Albanega* there referred to." Nares's *Gloss.* in v.—That the *lettice-caps* in our text mean certain applications of the plant *lettuce*, as a soporific, to the head of the patient, is, I think, evident. In Parkinson's *Theat. Botan.*, 1640, we are told; "Galen sheweth that the eating of boyled *Lettice* at night when hee went to bed procured him rest and sleepe . . . . the same is found effectuall also with divers, or the juice thereof mixed or boyled with oyle of Roses and applied to the forehead and temples, both to procure rest and sleepe and to ease the headach of any hot cause." p. 812.

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An English doctor with a bunch of pot-herbs,
And he cries out, "Endive and succory,
With a few mallow-roots and butter-milk!"
And talks of oil made of a churchman's charity.
Yet still he wakes.

First Cour. But your good honour has a prayer in store,
If all should fail?

Baw. I could have pray'd and handsomely, but age
And an ill memory——

Third Cour. Has spoil'd your primmer.

Baw. Yet if there be a man of faith i' the court,
And can pray for a pension——

THIERRY *is brought in on a couch, with* Doctors *and* Attendants.

Sec. Cour. Here's the King, sir;
And those that will pray without pay.

Baw. Then pray for me too.

First Doctor. How does your grace now feel yourself?

Thi. What's that?

First Doctor. Nothing at all, sir, but your fancy.

Thi. Tell me,
Can ever these eyes more, shut up in slumbers,
Assure my soul there is sleep? is there night
And rest for human labours? do not you
And all the world, as I do, out-stare Time,
And live, like funeral lamps, never extinguish'd?
Is there a grave? (and do not flatter me,
Nor fear to tell me truth,) and in that grave
Is there a hope I shall sleep? can I die?
Are not my miseries immortal? Oh,
The happiness of him that drinks his water,
After his weary day, and sleeps for ever!
Why do you crucify me thus with faces,
And gaping strangely upon one another?
When shall I rest?

Sec. Doctor. Oh, sir, be patient!

Thi. Am I not patient? have I not endur'd

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More than a mangy dog, among your doses [o] ?
Am I not now your patient? Ye can make
Unwholesome fools sleep for a garded footcloth [p],
Whores for a hot sin-offering ; yet I must crave,
That feed ye and protect ye and proclaim ye.
Because my power is far above [q] your searching,
Are my diseases so ? can ye cure none
But those of equal ignorance ? dare ye kill me ?

First Doctor. We do beseech your grace be more reclaim'd [r] !
This talk doth but distemper you.

Thi. Well, I will die,
In spite of all your potions. One of you sleep ;
Lie down and sleep here, that I may behold
What blessèd rest it is my eyes are robb'd of.

[*An* Attendant *lies down.*

See, he can sleep, sleep any where, sleep now,
When he that wakes for him can never slumber !
Is't not a dainty ease ?

Sec. Doctor. Your grace shall feel it.

Thi. Oh, never I, never [s] ! The eyes of Heaven
See but their certain motions, and then sleep ;
The rages of the ocean have their slumbers
And quiet silver calms ; each violence
Crowns in his end a peace ; but my fix'd fires
Shall never, never set !—Who's that ?

Enter MARTELL, BRUNHALT, DE VITRY, *and* Guards.

Mart. No, woman,
Mother of mischief, no ! the day shall die first,

[o] *doses*] Qto's. "dosses" (see note p. 115.). Here fol. 1679 is deficient.

[p] *for a garded footcloth*] i. e. on condition of receiving as a reward a set of laced housings (see note p. 15),—a decoration, which was particularly affected by the physicians of the poets' time.

[q] *above*] In Weber's ed. "from" !

[r] *reclaim'd*] "The expression is taken from falconry. To *reclaim* a hawk is to make him tame." MASON.

[s] *never I, never !*] Altered by the Editors of 1778, and Weber, to "Never, never, I !"

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And all good things live in a worse than thou art [t],
Ere thou shalt sleep! Dost thou see him?
Brun. Yes, and curse him;
And all that love him, fool, and all live by him.
Mart. Why art thou such a monster?
Brun. Why art thou
So tame a knave to ask me?
Mart. Hope of hell,
By this fair holy light, and all his wrongs,
Which are above thy years, almost thy vices,
Thou shalt not rest, not feel more what is pity,
Know nothing necessary, meet no society
But what shall curse and crucify thee, feel in thyself
Nothing but what thou art, bane and bad conscience,
Till this man rest; but for whose reverence,
Because thou art his mother, I would say,
Whore, this shall be! Do you nod? I'll waken you
With my sword's point.
Brun. I wish no more of Heaven,
Nor hope no more, but a sufficient anger
To torture thee!
Mart. See, she that makes you see, sir!
And, to your misery, still see your mother,
The mother of your woes, sir, of your waking,
The mother of your people's cries and curses,
Your murdering mother, your malicious mother!
Thi. Physicians, half my state to sleep an hour now!—
Is it so, mother?
Brun. Yes, it is so, son;
And, were it yet again to do, it should be.
Mart. She nods again; swinge her!
Thi. But, mother,
(For yet I love that reverence, and to death
Dare not forget you have been so,) was this,
This endless misery, this cureless malice,

[t] *And all good things live in a worse than thou art*] "The meaning seems to be, '*And all good* things *live in a worse* [thing] *than thou art.*'" *Ed.* 1778. So too Heath explains the line. *MS. Notes.*

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This snatching from me all my youth together,
All that you made me for, and happy mothers
Crown'd with eternal time are proud to finish,
Done by your will?

Brun. It was, and by that will——

Thi. Oh, mother, do not lose your name! forget not
The touch of nature in you, tenderness!
'Tis all the soul of woman, all the sweetness:
Forget not, I beseech you, what are children,
Nor how you have groan'd for them; to what love
They are born inheritors, with what care kept;
And, as they rise to ripeness, still remember
How they imp out [u] your age! and when time calls you,
That as an autumn-flower you fall, forget not
How round about your hearse they hang like pennons!

Brun. Holy fool,
Whose patience to prevent my wrongs has kill'd thee,
Preach not to me of punishments or fears,
Or what I ought to be; but what I am,
A woman in her liberal [v] will defeated,
In all her greatness cross'd, in pleasure blasted!
My angers have been laugh'd at, my ends slighted,
And all those glories that had crown'd my fortunes,
Suffer'd by blasted virtue to be scatter'd:
I am the fruitful mother of these angers,
And what such have done read, and know thy ruin!

Thi. Heaven forgive you!

Mart. She tells you true; for millions of her mischiefs
Are now apparent. Protaldy we have taken,
An equal agent with her, to whose care,
After the damn'd defeat [w] on you, she trusted
The bringing-in of Leonor the bastard,

[u] *imp out*] A metaphor frequent in our old writers. "It often falls out, that a Hawk breaks her Wing and Train-Feathers, so that others must be set in their steads, which is termed *Vmping* them." *The Gentleman's Recreation, Part Sec., Hawking,* p. 59, ed. 1686.

[v] *liberal*] i. e. licentiously free.

[w] *defeat*] i. e. act of destruction. So in Shakespeare's *Hamlet;*

"Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A *damn'd defeat* was made." act ii. sc. 2.

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Enter a Gentleman.

Son to your murder'd brother: her physician
By this time is attach'd too, that [w] damn'd devil!

Gent. 'Tis like he will be so; for ere we came,
Fearing an equal justice for his mischiefs,
He drench'd himself.

Brun. He did like one of mine then!

Thi. Must I still see these miseries? no night
To hide me from their horrors? That Protaldy
See justice fall upon!

Brun. Now I could sleep too.

Mart. I'll give you yet more poppy.—Bring the lady,
And Heaven in her embraces give him quiet!

An Attendant *brings in* ORDELLA *veiled.*

Madam, unveil yourself.

Ord. [*Unveiling herself.*] I do forgive you;
And though you sought my blood, yet I'll pray for you.

Brun. Art thou alive?

Mart. Now could you sleep?

Brun. For ever.

Mart. Go carry her without wink of sleep or quiet
Where her strong knave Protaldy's broke o' the wheel,
And let his cries and roars be music to her!
I mean to waken her.

Thi. Do her no wrong!

Mart. No, right [x], as you love justice!

Brun. I will think;
And if there be new curses in old nature,
I have a soul dare send them!

Mart. Keep her waking!

[*Exit* BRUNHALT *with* Gentleman *and* Guards.

[w] *too, that*] Till Mason made this correction, the text was "to *that*."

[x] *No right*] Old eds. "Nor *right*." "The slight alteration in the text is absolutely requisite. Martell, upon Thierry's exclamation, 'Do her no wrong!' naturally says, 'No, do her right, inflict the justice due to her.' WEBER (qy. Sir W. Scott?).

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Thi. What's that appears so sweetly? there's that face[y]——
Mart. Be moderate, lady!
Thi. That angel's face——
Mart. Go nearer.
Thi. Martell, I cannot last long. See, the soul
(I see it perfectly) of my Ordella,
The heavenly figure of her sweetness, there!
Forgive me, gods! It comes!—Divinest substance!—
Kneel, kneel, kneel, every one!—Saint of thy sex,
If it be for my cruelty thou comest—
Do ye see her, ho?
Mart. Yes, sir; and you shall know her.
Thi. Down, down again!—to be reveng'd for blood,
Sweet spirit, I am ready.—She smiles on me:
Oh, blessèd sign of peace!
Mart. Go nearer, lady.
Ord. I come to make you happy.
Thi. Hear you that, sirs?
She comes to crown my soul. Away, get sacrifice!
Whilst I with holy honours——
Mart. She's alive, sir.
Thi. In everlasting life; I know it, friend:
Oh, happy, happy soul!
Ord. Alas, I live, sir!
A mortal woman still.
Thi. Can spirits weep too?
Mart. She is no spirit, sir; pray, kiss her.—Lady,
Be very gentle to him!
Thi. Stay!—She is warm;
And, by my life, the same lips!—Tell me, brightness,
Are you the same Ordella still?
Ord.[z] The same, sir,
Whom Heavens and my good angel stay'd from ruin.
Thi. Kiss me again!
Ord. The same still, still your servant.
Thi. 'Tis she! I know her now, Martell.—Sit down, sweet.

[y] *so sweetly? there's that face*—] Heath (*MS. Notes*) would read, and rightly perhaps—"*so sweetly* there? *that face*—"

[z] *Ord.*] Old eds. "Mart.;" and so the modern editors.

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Oh, blest and happiest woman!—A dead slumber
Begins to creep upon me.—Oh, my jewel!
Ord. Oh, sleep, my lord!
Thi. My joys are too much for me.

Re-enter Gentleman *with* MEMBERGE.

Gent. Brunhalt, impatient of her constraint to see
Protaldy tortur'd, has chok'd herself.
Mart. No more:
Her sins go with her!
Thi. Love, I must die; I faint:
Close up my glasses!
First Doctor. The queen faints too, and deadly.
Thi. One dying kiss!
Ord. My last, sir, and my dearest:
And now close my eyes too!
Thi. Thou perfect woman!—
Martell, the kingdom's yours: take Memberge to you,
And keep my line alive.—Nay, weep not, lady.—
Take me! I go. [*Dies.*
Ord. Take me too! Farewell, honour! [*Dies.*
Sec. Doctor. They are gone for ever.
Mart. The peace of happy souls go after them!
Bear them unto their last beds, whilst I study
A tomb to speak their loves whilst old Time lasteth.
I am your king in sorrows.
All. We your subjects!
Mart. De Vitry, for your service[s] be near us.
Whip out these instruments of this mad [a] mother
From court and all good people; and, because
She was born noble, let that title find her
A private grave, but neither tongue nor honour [b].
And now lead on. They that shall read this story
Shall find that virtue lives in good, not glory. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *mad*] May, perhaps, be right: but qy. "bad?" as at p. 111., "The more my shame is of so *bad a mother*."

[b] *But neither tongue nor honour*] "Both Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson would reject *tongue* here, and read *tomb*, but surely without sufficient reason: for *tongue* signifies the *funeral oration*, *honour* the escutcheons and other ceremonies of the funeral, together with the monument, or whatever may shew respect to the deceased." SEWARD.

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EPILOGUE[e].

Our poet knows you will be just, but we
Appeal to mercy; he desires that ye
Would not distaste his Muse, because of late
Transplanted, which would grow here, if no fate
Have an unlucky bode. Opinion
Comes hither but on crutches yet, the sun
Hath lent no beam to warm us; if this play
Proceed more fortunate, we'll crown the day
And love that brought you hither. 'Tis in you
To make a little sprig of laurel grow
And spread into a grove, where you may sit
And hear soft stories, when by blasting it
You gain no honour, though our ruins lie
To tell the spoils of your offended eye.
If not for what we are, (for, alas, here
No Roscius moves to charm your eyes or ear!)
Yet as you hope hereafter to see plays,
Encourage us, and give our poet bays.

[e] *Epilogue*] From 4to. 1649.

At p. 154, the stage-direction

"[*Seats himself in the state.*"

ought to be

"[*Thierry and Theodoret seat themselves, each in his state.*"

And at p. 155, instead of

"*Prot.* [*Rising from the trap-door behind the state*]"

read

"*Prot.* [*Rising from the trap-door behind Theodoret's state.*]"

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PHILASTER,

OR

LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING.

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Philaster. Or, Loue lyes a Bleeding. Acted at the Globe by his Maiesties Seruants.

Written by { *Francis Baymont* / *and* / *John Fletcher* } *Gent.*

Printed at London for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child, in Brittaines Bursse. 1620, 4to. On the title-page is a wood-cut representing "The Princes," "A Cuntrie Gentellman", and "Phielaster": vide act iv. sc. 3.

This impression has not been used by any of the editors. Both at the commencement and at the end of the play, the text is so utterly and absurdly different from that of the authors, as to leave no doubt that those portions must have been supplied "for the nonce" by some hireling writer; and throughout all the other scenes very gross mistakes occur. Yet, notwithstanding its imperfections, this edition is of considerable value, and has enabled me in several places to restore the true readings.

Philaster. Or, Loue lies a Bleeding. As it hath beene diuerse times Acted, at the Globe, and Blacke-Friers, by his Maiesties Seruants.

Written by { *Francis Beaumont* / *and* / *John Fletcher.* } *Gent.*

The second Impression, corrected, and amended. London, Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to be solde at his shoppe, at the signe of the Eagle and Childe, in Brittaines Bursse. 1622. 4to.

Philaster, &c. &c. *The third Impression. London, Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins, and are to be sold at his Shop in Chancery-lane, adioyning to Sarjeants Inne gate.* 1628. 4to.

Philaster, &c. &c. *The fourth Impression. London, Printed by W. I. for Richard Hawkins*, &c. 1634, 4to.

Philaster, &c. &c. *The fourth Impression. London, Printed by E. Griffin for William Leak*, &c. 1639, 4to. An edition distinct from that last mentioned.

Philaster, &c. &c. *The fifth Impression.* London: Printed for William Leake, &c. 1652. 4to.

Another Impression, also called *The fifth*, 1652, 4to, and a Sixth edition, n. d. 4to., are mentioned in some dramatic catalogues, but I have not seen them.

Philaster is in the folio of 1679.

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"PHILASTER," says Malone, "had appeared on the stage before 1611, being mentioned by John Davies of Hereford, in his Epigrams [a], which have no date, but were published according to Oldys in or about that year. Dryden mentions a tradition (which he might have received from Sir William D'Avenant), that Philaster was the first play by which Beaumont and Fletcher acquired reputation, and that they had written two or three less successful pieces, before Philaster appeared. From a prologue [b] of D'Avenant's their first production should seem to have been exhibited about the year 1605. Philaster, therefore, it may be presumed, was represented in 1608 or 1609." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 453, ed. 1821. Perhaps, so; but in conjectures of this kind little confidence can be placed.

Philaster was undoubtedly the joint-essay of Beaumont and Fletcher: concerning their respective shares in its composition there is, I think, much uncertainty, though modern critics seem to agree in assigning the greater portion of it to Beaumont's pen.

"The principal incident in the play," Weber [c] observes, "the disguise of Euphrasia, was perhaps suggested to the poets by a tale in the Diana

[a] "Additions to Langbaine's Account of Dramatick Poets, M.S."—Oldy's note is this—[Philaster] "Written ab[t] the year 1610. See in Davis his Scourge of Folly an Epigram on it."—The miserable epigram to which he alludes, is as follows:

"TO THE WELL DESERVING MR. JOHN FLETCHER.
EPIG. 206.

Loue lies ableeding, if it should not proue
Her vtmost art to shew why it doth loue,
Thou being the Subiect (now) it raignes vpon;
Raign'st in Arte, Judgement, and Inuention:
For this I loue thee; and can doe no lesse
For thine as faire, as faithfull Sheepheardesse."

Scourge of Folly, n. d. p. 98.

[b] To *The Woman-Hater*: see p. viii. of the present volume. Davenant, however, as Weber remarks, speaks of Fletcher singly.

[c] He also observes that "the disguise of Viola in the Twelfth Night of Shakespeare may possibly have been suggested by Philaster," &c.: but, since Weber wrote, evidence has been adduced to prove that the former play was acted before 1602. See Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* i. 327.

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of Montemayor, a work which had been translated by Bartholomew Young, in 1583, and which was very popular in those days. One of the heroines, Fellisarda, follows her lover, Don Felix, to the capital, where, discovering his passion for Celia, one of the court-ladies, she engages herself to him as a page, and in this capacity she is employed in carrying on the love intrigues of Celia and her master. The rest of the story, however, bears no resemblance to the remainder of the plot of Philaster."

"The character of Bellario," says Lamb, "must have been extremely popular in its day. For many years after the date of Philaster's first exhibition on the stage, *scarce a play can be found* without one of these women-pages in it, following in the train of some pre-engaged lover," &c. *Spec. of Dram. Poets*, p. 363. A remark thrown out somewhat at random.

Philaster continued to be received with great applause till puritanism had silenced the stage.

The 4th scene of the 5th act, under the title of *The Club-men*, was one of the drolls (comic portions of various favourite plays), which, during the suppression of the theatres, were performed at the Red Bull, at Bartholomew-fair, at country-fairs, &c., being "allowed, and that but by stealth too, and under the pretence of rope-dancing or the like." Robert Cox, a celebrated comedian, "was not only the principal actor, but also the contriver and author of most of these farces." See the collection by Kirkman, entitled *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport, Part First*, 1672, (Preface, and p. 83.) [d].

The following ballad, founded on the present drama, is one of the "Songs" [e] in *A Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie*, &c. by Thomas Jordan, 1664. It was doubtless written several years anterior to that date, and while theatrical entertainments were prohibited.

"LOVE IN LANGUISHMENT.

TUNE—*Have I not lov'd thee much and long.*

1.

You to whom melting hearts belong,
That Lovers woes bewail,
And would not have true love take wrong,
Attend unto my tale.
The like to this is seldom known;
'Twill make your very souls to groan,
As if the case were all your own.

[d] Kirkman, by an oversight, states in the Catalogue at the end of the vol., that *The Club-men* is taken from *Cupid's Revenge*, and that the droll, which is derived from the latter play, is a portion of *Philaster*.

[e] These "Songs" are, I believe, appended only to some copies of the work.

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2.

A great man late a Daughter had,
Which now may not be nam'd :
She had two Suitors, good and bad,
Both by her eyes inflam'd ;
But young Philaster was his Name,
A Gentleman of noble fame,
That her affections overcame.

3.

The tother was her fathers choice,
Antonio he was call'd,
Who with her feature, youth and voice
Was very much inthrall'd ;
And though her Father bid her she
Should to Antonio's suit agree,
She cries, Philaster is for me.

4.

One day Philaster having walkt
Close by a River side,
He found a pretty boy that talkt
Unto himself, and cry'd,
Could I but now a master view,
To give my tender youth its due,
I would appear a Servant true.

5.

Philaster entertain'd him straight,
And sent him to his Love,
That he with her might live and wait,
And 'twixt each other move :
His pretty face did so engage,
She lookt upon his tender age
More like a brother then a Page.

6.

Betwixt them he so often went
With letters to and fro,
That it gave cause of discontent
To young Antonio ;
Who 'cause he could not have his swinge,
But all his love was off the hinge,
He secretly doth vow revenge.

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7.

Phylaster and the Lady now,
By Cupids great command,
Are by the Priest with holy vow
United hand in hand ;
But when the bonds of love were seal'd,
And that their fears were quite expell'd,
Their marriage joyes were all reveal'd.

8.

Her father apprehends him strait
For stealing of his Heir ;
He's hurried to the prison-gate,
And she left in despair :
Antonio makes false witness swear
That fornication did appear
One day betwixt the boy and her.

9.

For which they both by course of law
Are to the prison sent ;
Her father which did thither draw
Her love doth now lament :
Phylaster hearing this, quoth he,
Must I thus lose my life for she
That's taken in Adultery ?

10.

The Ladies tears not guilty prove,
Each eye so overflows,
To think her Honour and her Love
She in one hour should lose :
Justice against them doth proceed,
Two must be punisht, tother bleed :
Love lies a bleeding now indeed.

11.

The Boy cryes out, you do amiss,
For you do all mistake,
I am a Virgin and did this
For young Antonio's sake ;
This Suit which now you see me wear,
And all the course which I did steer,
Was 'cause he should not marry her.

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12.

Antonio knows her, and doth vow
He'l marry none but she ;
Phylaster takes his Love, and now
The Father doth agree :
Their lives were near the push of pike,
But now embrace and soft hands strike :
May all true Lovers do the like !"

After the Restoration, *Philaster* again enjoyed the highest popularity : "and this Play was One of those that were represented at the old Theatre in Lincolns-Inn-Fields, when the Women acted alone." Langbaine's *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 213 [f].

In 1695, *Philaster* "Revis'd, and the Two last Acts new Written" by Elkanah Settle, was produced at the Theatre Royal : "the alterations," says the *Biog. Dram.*, "were not improvements, and the piece had no success."

The Restauration ; or, Right will take Place. A Tragicomedy. Written by George Villiers, late Duke of Buckingham. From the Original Copy, never before Printed, 1714, forms part of the first volume of that nobleman's *Works*, and is nothing more than an alteration of *Philaster*, the names of the dramatis personæ being entirely changed. The title seems intended as a sort of compliment to Charles the Second ; but the play itself, as far as I can discover, contains no political allusions. In all probability it was not written by the Duke, and appears never to have been brought upon the stage.

In 1763, *Philaster* "with alterations" by the elder Colman was performed with much applause at Drury-lane theatre. A portion of his Prologue, (which, according to the *Biog. Dram.*, "has been both greatly admired and criticised,") is as follows :

"While modern tragedy, by rule exact,
Spins out a thin-wrought fable, act by act,
We dare to bring you one of those bold plays
Wrote by rough English wits in former days,
Beaumont and Fletcher ; those twin stars that run
Their glorious course round Shakespeare's golden sun,
Or when Philaster Hamlet's place supplied,
Or Bessus walk'd the stage by Falstaff's side.

[f] He adds "The Prologue and Epilogue were spoken by Mrs. Marshal, and printed in *Covent-garden Drollery*, p. 18."—The Editors of 1778 are mistaken in saying that the Prologue for this occasion was written by Dryden.

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Their souls, well pair'd, shot fire in mingled rays,
Their hands together twin'd the social bays,
Till fashion drove, in a refining age,
Virtue from court, and nature from the stage.
Then nonsense, in heroics, seem'd sublime ;
Kings rav'd in couplets, and maids sigh'd in rhyme.
Next, prim, and trim, and delicate, and chaste,
A hash from Greece and France, came modern taste:
Cold are her sons, and so afraid of dealing
In rant and fustian, they ne'er rise to feeling.
O say, ye bards of phlegm, say, where's the name
That can with Fletcher urge a rival claim ?
Say, where's the poet, train'd in pedant schools,
Equal to Shakespeare, who o'erleapt all rules ?"

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TO THE READER [g].

COURTEOUS READER,—Philaster and Arethusa, his love, have lain so long a-bleeding, by reason of some dangerous and gaping wounds which they received in the first impression, that it is wondered how they could go abroad so long, or travel so far, as they have done. Although they were hurt neither by me nor the printer, yet I knowing and finding by experience how many well-wishers they have abroad, have adventured to bind up their wounds, and to enable them to visit, upon better terms, such friends of theirs as were pleased to take knowledge of them so maimed and deformed as they at the first were; and if they were then gracious in your sight, assuredly they will now find double favour, being reformed, and set forth suitable to their birth and breeding, by your serviceable friend,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

[g] Prefixed to 4to. 1622.

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THE STATIONER[h] TO THE UNDERSTANDING GENTRY.

This play, so affectionately taken and approved by the seeing auditors or hearing spectators (of which sort I take or conceive you to be the greatest part), hath received (as appears by the copious vent of two editions) no less acceptance with improvement of you likewise the readers, albeit the first impression swarmed with errors, proving itself like pure gold, which, the more it hath been tried and refined, the better is esteemed. The best poems of this kind in the first presentation resemble that all-tempting mineral newly digged up, the actors being only the labouring miners, but you the skiful triers and refiners: now, considering how current this hath passed under the infallible stamp of your judicious censure and applause, and (like a gainful office in this age) eagerly sought for, not only by those that have heard and seen it, but by others that have merely heard thereof; here you behold me acting the merchant-adventurer's part, yet as well for their satisfaction as mine own benefit; and if my hopes (which, I hope, shall never lie like this Love a-bleeding) do fairly arrive at their intended haven, I shall then be ready to lade a new bottom, and set forth again, to gain the good will both of you and them. To whom respectively I convey this hearty greeting: Adieu.

[h] Prefixed to 4to. 1628.

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SCENE IV.—*Before* PHARAMOND'S *lodging in the Court of the Palace.*

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, MEGRA, *and* GALATEA.

Dion. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As men
Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour
After supper; 'tis their exercise.
Gal. 'Tis late.
Meg. 'Tis all
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.
Gal. I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce find
The way to your own [r] lodging with 'em to-night.

Enter PHARAMOND.

Thra. The prince!
Pha. Not a-bed, ladies? you're good sitters-up:
What think you of a pleasant dream, to last
Till morning?
Meg. I should chuse, my lord, a pleasing wake before it.

Enter ARETHUSA *and* BELLARIO.

Are. 'Tis well, my lord; you're courting of these ladies.—
Is't not late, gentlemen?
Cle. Yes, madam.
Are. Wait you there. [*Exit.*
Meg. She's jealous, as I live. [*Aside.*]—Look you, my lord,
The princess has a Hylas, an Adonis.
Pha. His form is angel-like.
Meg. Why, this is he that [s] must, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with
His hand and voice binding your thoughts in sleep;
The princess does provide him for you and for herself.
Pha. I find no music in these boys.

[r] *own*] Found only in 4to. 1620. Not in modern eds.
[s] *that*] Found only in 4to. 1620. Not in modern eds. Theobald, for the metre, printed "—when you *once* are wed."

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Are. Thou canst sing and play?
Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.
Are. Alas, what kind of grief can thy years know?
Hadst thou a curst [p] master when thou went'st to school?
Thou art not capable of other grief;
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them: believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves, to abide in them.
Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?
Bel. Love, madam! I know not what it is.
Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?
Thou art deceiv'd, boy. Does he speak of me
As if he wish'd me well?
Bel. If it be love
To forget all respect of his own friends
In thinking of your face; if it be love
To sit cross-arm'd and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily as men i' the streets do fire;
If it be love to weep himself away
When he but hears of any lady dead
Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;
If, when he goes to rest (which will not be),
'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once,
As others drop a bead, be to be in love,
Then, madam [q], I dare swear he loves you.
Are. Oh you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie
For your lord's credit! but thou know'st a lie
That bears this sound is welcomer to me
Than any truth that says he loves me not.
Lead the way, boy.—Do you attend me too.—
'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away! [*Exeunt.*

[p] *curst*] "i. e. cross." WEBER.

[q] *Then, madam,* &c.] Arranged thus by Theobald:

"Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.
Are. Oh,
You are a cunning boy," &c.

He may have been right; but "swear" is repeatedly used as a dissyllable by our early poets.

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Enter GALATEA.

Are. Oh, you are welcome. What good news?
Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace,
That says, she has done that you would have wish'd.
Are. Hast thou discover'd?
Gal. I have strain'd a point
Of modesty for you.
Are. I prithee, how?
Gal. In listening after bawdry. I see, let a lady
Live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find
A lawful time to hearken after bawdry.
Your prince, brave Pharamond, was so hot on't!
Are. With whom?
Gal. Why, with the lady I suspected:
I can tell the time and place.
Are. Oh, when, and where?
Gal. To-night, his lodging.
Are. Run thyself into the presence; mingle there again
With other ladies; leave the rest to me. [*Exit* GALATEA.
If Destiny (to whom we dare not say,
Why thou didst[n] this,) have not decreed it so,
In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters
Were never alter'd yet), this match shall break. [*Aside.*
Where's the boy?
Lady. Here, madam.

Enter BELLARIO, *richly dressed.*

Are. Sir,
You are sad to change your service; is't not so?
Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait on you,
To do him service.
Are. Thou disclaim'st in me[o].
Tell me thy name.
Bel. Bellario.

[n] *thou didst*] Altered unnecessarily by Theobald to "*didst thou;*" and so Weber, though the Editors of 1778 had restored the old reading.

[o] *disclaim'st in me*] i. e. disclaimest me. The expression is common in our early writers.

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Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your bed. If you mistrust my faith, you do me the unnoblest wrong.

Meg. I dare not, prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal 'em; and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withal: give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful;
Speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this,
And with it me: soon I will visit you. [*Gives her a ring*[k].

Meg. My lord,
My chamber's most unsafe; but when 'tis night,
I'll find some means to slip into your lodging:
Till when——

Pha. Till when, this and my heart go with thee!

[*Exeunt severally.*

Re-enter GALATEA.

Gal. Oh, thou pernicious petticoat-prince! are these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman: and, lady Towsabel[l], I'll fit you for't.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—ARETHUSA'S *Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARETHUSA *and a* Lady.

Are. Where's the boy?

Lady. Within, madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him[m] clothes?

Lady. I did.

Are. And has he done't?

Lady. Yes, madam.

Are. 'Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not?
Ask'd you his name?

Lady. No, madam.

[k] *Gives her a ring*] This stage-direction was added by Weber.

[l] *Towsabel*] A jocular alteration of *Dowsabel*, which is a name common in our early pastoral poetry. Qto. 1620 erroneously gives the latter word.

[m] *him*] Omitted by Weber.

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Pha. By my life, but [g] you shall not;
I'll prompt you [h] first. [*Kisses her.*] Can you do it now?

Meg. Methinks 'tis easy, now you ha' done't before me [i];
But yet I should stick at it.

Pha. Stick till to-morrow;
I'll never part you, sweetest. But we lose time:
Can you love me?

Meg. Love you, my lord! how would you have me love you?

Pha. I'll teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I will not load your memory: this is all; love me, and lie with me.

Meg. Was it lie with you, that you said? 'tis impossible.

Pha. Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour: if I do not teach you to do it as easily in one night as you'll go to bed, I'll lose my royal blood for't.

Meg. Why, prince, you have a lady of your own
That yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'll sooner teach a mare the old measures [j] than teach her any thing belonging to the function. She's afraid to lie with herself, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her. I know, when we are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By my honour, that is a foul fault indeed;
But time and your good help will wear it out, sir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest lady, I had rather be Sir Tim the schoolmaster, and leap a dairy-maid.

Meg. Has your grace seen the court-star, Galatea?

Pha. Out upon her! she's as cold of her favour as an apoplex: she sailed by but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her wit, sir?

Pha. I hold her wit! The strength of all the guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; she would blow 'em out of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter; he's but a squib-cracker to her: look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet lady, shall I be freely welcome?

[g] *but*] Found only in 4to. 1620. Not in modern eds.

[h] *you*] Omitted by Weber!

[i] *you ha' done't before me*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "I *ha' don't before*"; and so the modern editors.

[j] *measures*] See note p. 166.

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husband to get his own children; and what a mischief that would [d] breed, let all consider.

Enter MEGRA.

Here's another: if she be of the same last, the devil shall pluck her on. [*Aside.*]—Many fair mornings, lady!

Meg. As many mornings bring as many days,
Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your grace!

Pha. She gives good words yet; sure, this wench is free.—
[*Aside.*

If your more serious business do not call you,
Let me hold quarter with you; we will talk
An hour out quickly.

Meg. What would your grace talk of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as yourself:
I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;
There's theme enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even smooth,
Young enough, ripe enough, and [e] red enough,
Or my glass wrongs me.

Pha. Oh, they are two twinn'd cherries dy'd in blushes
Which those fair suns above with their bright beams
Reflect upon and ripen! Sweetest beauty,
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste
Of the faint looker-on may meet those blessings,
And taste and live.

Meg. Oh, delicate sweet prince!
She that hath snow enough about her heart
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,
May be a nun without probation. [*Aside.*]—Sir,
You have in such neat poetry gather'd a kiss,
That if I had but five lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blanks [f], I should commend
Your forehead or your cheeks, and kiss you too.

Pha. Do it in prose; you cannot miss it, madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall.

[d] *would*] So. 4to. 1620. Other eds. "will;" and so the modern editors.

[e] *and*] So most of the 4tos. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors.

[f] *blanks*] i. e. blank verses.

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Gal. No, sir, I do not mean to purge you, though
I mean to purge a little time on you.

Pha. Do ladies of this country use to give
No more respect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full being! I understand you not, unless your grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white wine brewed with carduus; then fast till supper; about eight you may eat: use exercise, and keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a tiller[a]: but, of all, your grace must fly phlebotomy, fresh pork, conger, and clarified whey; they are all dullers of the vital spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true, sir; I talk of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench; I like her wit well; 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden appetite: she's a Danae, and must be courted in a shower of gold. [*Aside.*]—Madam, look here; all these, and more than—— [*Offers gold.*

Gal. What have you there, my lord? gold! now, as I live, 'tis fair gold! You would have silver for it, to play with the pages: you could not have taken me in a worse time; but, if you have present use, my lord, I'll send my man with silver, and keep your gold for you. [*Takes gold.*

Pha. Lady, lady!

Gal. She's coming, sir, behind, will take white money[b].—
Yet for all this I'll match ye.

[*Aside. Exit behind the hangings.*

Pha. If there be but two such more in this kingdom, and near the court, we may even hang up our harps. Ten such camphire-constitutions[c] as this would call the golden age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill-faced

[a] *tiller*] i. e. a steel bow, or cross bow. "Arcus cornu, præsertim arcus brachio chalybeo instructus, nescio an q. d. *steeler*, quasi arcus chalybeatus." Skinner's *Etymol.* in v. A very forced derivation.

[b] *white money*] A cant name for silver specie.

[c] *camphire-constitutions*] "Camphire was anciently classed among those articles of the materia medica, which were *cold* in an eminent degree." WEBER. See Sir T. Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, B. ii. c. vii. p. 111. ed. 1672.

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To answer all the weighty apothegms
Your royal blood shall manage[w].

Pha. Dear lady, can you love?

Gal. Dear, prince! how dear? I ne'er cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, sir, to blush the sin out it was given for. This wire[x] mine own hair covers; and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it ne'er cost penny painting; and, for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand[y] behind it, to make the jealous mercer's wife curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me, lady.

Gal. Lord, I do so: would you or I could help it!

Pha. You're very dangerous[z] bitter, like a potion.

[w] *manage*] "This word is used as the French do their *mesnager*, and the Italians, *maneggiare*. So we likewise have adopted it, and say, *manage* (or handle) a dispute or argument." THEOBALD.

[x] *wire*] In Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Mistress Otter says "it dropt all my *wire* and my ruff with wax candle," *Works*, iii. 398, ed. Gifford, who has no note on the passage. In the Prologue to that play we find

"Some for your waiting-wench, and *city-wires*";

where the same editor remarks, "This term, which seems to designate the matrons of the city in opposition to the 'White-friars nation,' is new to me. In the stiff and formal dresses of those days, wire indeed was much used; but I know not that it was peculiar to the city dames. Perhaps, I have missed the sense." p. 342. In S. Marmyon's *Hollands Leaguer*, 1632, the term is again employed as peculiar to city-ladies;

"And haue thy seuerall Gownes and Tires take place,
It is thy owne, from all the *City wires*,
And Summer birds in Towne, that once a yeare
Come up to moulter." Sig. E.

In Daniel's *Queenes Arcadia* mention is made of

"Deuisors of new fashions and strange *wyers*."
Workes, p. 337. ed. 1623.

In Middleton's *Michaelmas Term*, Mistress Comings, a fashionable cap-maker, while she assists in dressing the Country-Wench, exclaims, "Excellent, exceeding, i'faith! a narrow-eared *wire* sets out a cheek so fat and so full: and if you be ruled by me, you shall wear your hair still like a mock-face behind." *Works* i. 461. ed. Dyce.

[y] *hand*] "Perhaps," says Mason, "we should read '*handle*;'" which Weber unnecessarily adopted.

[z] *Pha. You're very dangerous*, &c.] This speech and the next are found only in 4to. 1620. Not in modern eds.

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May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And Heaven hate those you curse, though I be one! [*Exit.*

Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is strange;
I have read wonders of it: yet this boy
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would out-do story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter PHARAMOND.

Pha. Why should these ladies stay so long? They must come this way: I know the queen employs 'em not; for the reverend mother[s] sent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they should all prove honest[t] now, I were in a fair taking; I was never so long without sport in my life, and, in my conscience, 'tis not my fault. Oh, for our country ladies!

Enter GALATEA.

Here's one bolted; I'll hound at her. [*Aside.*]—Madam[u]!

Gal. Your grace!

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?

Gal. Not to me, sir.

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick. By this sweet hand——

Gal. You'll be forsworn, sir; 'tis but an old glove.
If you will talk at distance[v], I am for you:
But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag;
These two I bar;
And then, I think, I shall have sense enough

[s] *the reverend mother*] i. e. the Mother of the Maids: compare *The Woman-hater*, p. 58 of this vol.

[t] *honest*] i. e. chaste.

[u] *Madam*] This necessary word is found only in 4to. 1620. Not in modern eds.

[v] *distance*] Altered by Weber to "a *distance*."

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Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee to.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part with
A servant he thought trusty: I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he; but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth:
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge; and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off; and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas, I do not turn thee off! thou know'st
It is my business that doth call thee hence;
And when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me.
Think so, and 'tis so: and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will!
Nay, weep not, gentle boy. 'Tis more than time
Thou didst attend the princess.

Bel. I am gone.
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer:
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs!

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter PHILASTER *and* BELLARIO.

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and, for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.

Bel. Sir, you did take me up
When I was nothing; and only yet am something
By being yours. You trusted me unknown;
And that which you were apt to conster [r]
A simple innocence in me, perhaps
Might have been craft, the cunning of a boy
Harden'd in lies and theft: yet ventur'd you
To part my miseries and me; for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks and speak thee fair yet;
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,

[r] *were apt to conster*] Theobald printed "are *apt to* construe now,"—"are" being the reading of fol. 1679, "construe" (which his successors retained) a wanton alteration of the old and common form, and "now" an insertion of his own to support the metre. A word, perhaps, has dropt out; but (among other passages of this kind which might be cited) compare—

> "Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin
> *I have committed; let it not fall*
> Upon this understanding child of mine!" p. 242.

In the present speech I have adopted Theobald's arrangement of the verse: the Editors of 1778 and Weber followed that of the old eds., which is certainly wrong.

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I owe a reverence ; but were't the church,
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee :
And for your greatness, know, sir, I can grasp
You and your greatness thus, thus into nothing.
Give not a word, not a word back ! Farewell. [*Exit.*

Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow, madam ; we must stop
His mouth with some office when we are married.

Are. You were best make him your controller.

Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But, madam,
I hope our hearts are knit ; and yet so slow
The ceremonies of state are, that 'twill be long
Before our hands be so. If then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming form, but take a little stolen
Delights, and so prevent [p] our joys to come.

Are. If you dare speak [q] such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honour. [*Exit.*

Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out till the wedding ; I must seek elsewhere. [*Exit.*

[p] *prevent*] i. e. anticipate.

[q] *Are. If you dare speak,* &c.] So arranged in old eds. Perhaps, the author intended the passage to stand thus :

"*Are.* If you dare speak such thoughts, I must withdraw
In honour. [*Exit.*
Pha. The constitution of my body
Will ne'er hold out till the wedding ; I must seek elsewhere."

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Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way
In what he says; for he is apt to speak
What you are loath to hear: for my sake, do.
Phi. I will.

Re-enter Lady *with* PHARAMOND.

Pha. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands, and to shew, [*Exit* Lady.
In outward ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart.
Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.
Pha. To what would he have answer?
Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.
Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the King—
Phi. Good sir, do so still; I would not talk with you.
Pha. But now the time is fitter: do but offer
To make mention of right° to any kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable——
Phi. Good sir, let me go.
Pha. And by my sword—
Phi. Peace, Pharamond! if thou——
Are. Leave us, Philaster.
Phi. I have done. [*Going.*
Pha. You are gone! by heaven, I'll fetch you back.
Phi. You shall not need. [*Returning.*
Pha. What now?
Phi. Know, Pharamond,
I loathe to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice; but if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say,
"Thou wert," and not lament it.
Pha. Do you slight
My greatness so, and in the chamber of
The princess?
Phi. It is a place to which I must confess

° *right*] Theobald printed "your *right*"; and so his successors.

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Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did shew
What every flower, as country-people hold,
Did signify, and how all, order'd thus,
Express'd his grief; and, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country-art
That could be wish'd; so that methought I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd[1]
Him, who was glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Re-enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well; no more.

Lady. Madam, the prince is come to do his service.

Are. What will you do, Philaster, with yourself?

Phi. Why, that which all the gods have pointed[m] out for me.

Are. Dear, hide thyself.—
Bring in the prince. [*Exit* Lady.

Phi. Hide me from Pharamond!
When thunder speaks, which is the voice of Jove,
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;
And shall a stranger-prince have leave to brag
Unto a foreign nation, that he made
Philaster hide himself?

Are. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the world,
It is a simple sin to hide myself,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

[1] *I gladly entertain'd*, &c.] The old eds. (excepting 4to. 1620, where this speech is printed as prose) give the passage thus;

" I gladly entertain'd him
Who was glad to follow "—

and Theobald, to complete the second line, inserted " as " before " glad,"—a reading adopted by his successors!

[m] *pointed*] A correction by Mason. Old eds. " appointed."

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On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?
Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers bred in the vale [k],
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me; but ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story:
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,

[k] *vale*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "bay;" and so the modern editors.—"These words, *bred in the bay*, have not been noticed by any of the commentators, yet require explanation; for, if taken in their usual acceptation, they would be nonsense here. It appears to me that by *bred in the bay* Philaster means, woven in the garland. A *bay* means a garland, and to *brede*, or *braid*, as it is now spelt, means to weave together. *Bred* is the participle of the verb to *brede*, not of to *breed*." MASON. The play-wright who made an alteration of *Philaster* under the title of *The Restauration* (which has been attributed to the Duke of Buckingham, see p. 203), puzzled perhaps by the common reading, seems to have been forced, like Mason, to understand "bay" in the sense of garland; for he gives

"Of many several flowers *he'd* in the bay
Stuck," &c.

The first portion of Weber's remarks on this passage is sensible enough; the latter part absurd: "it were to be wished," he says, "that Mason had furnished us with instances which would bear out these interpretations. I believe that the words in question simply mean, bred in the bay, or *on the shallow edge of the fountain*"! That 4to. 1620 exhibits the true text in several places of this drama, where all the other eds. are corrupted, is beyond a doubt; and here too, I apprehend, it preserves the right reading. I ought to add that it has the spelling "vayle"; whence, perhaps, by a typographical error, the other lection, "bay."

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Why, I will give it you; for 'tis of me
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price:
If you entreat, I will unmovedly hear.

Are. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.

Phi. I do.

Are. Then know, I must have them and thee.

Phi. And me?

Are. Thy love; without which, all the land
Discover'd yet will serve me for no use
But to be buried in.

Phi. Is't possible?

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike me dead,
(Which, know, it may,) I have unript my breast.

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts
To lay a train for this contemnèd life,
Which you may have for asking: to suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you!
By all my hopes, I do, above my life!
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.

Are. Another soul into my body shot
Could not have fill'd me with more strength and spirit
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time
In seeking how I came thus: 'tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so; and, sure, our love
Will be the nobler and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss;
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it.

Phi. 'Twill be ill
I should abide here long.

Are. 'Tis true; and worse
You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,

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Are. Why, then, should you, in such a public place,
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, fam'd to be so great,
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?
Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak will be
Foolish: but, for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To any thing you wish'd.
Are. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these kingdoms.
Phi. Madam, both?
Are. Both, or I die; by fate, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.
Phi. I would do much to save that noble life;
Yet would be loath to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre and a crown
To save a lady's longing.
Are. Nay then, hear:
I must and will have them, and more——
Phi. What more?
Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepar'd
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.
Phi. Madam, what more?
Are. Turn, then, away thy face.
Phi. No.
Are. Do.
Phi. I can[j] endure it. Turn away my face!
I never yet saw enemy that look'd
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he; or spake
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;
Nor beast that I could turn from: shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds? a lady's voice,
Whom I do love? Say, you would have my life;

[j] *can*] So 4tos. 1620, 1622. Other eds. "cannot"; which the modern editors give!

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Lady. Fear, madam! methought, his looks hid more
Of love than fear.
Are. Of love! to whom? to you?
Did you deliver those plain words I sent,
With such a winning gesture and quick[i] look
That you have caught him?
Lady. Madam, I mean to you.
Are. Of love to me! alas, thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births!
Nature, that loves not to be questionèd
Why she did this or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am: if a bowl of blood,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me!
Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.
Are. Bring him in. [*Exit* Lady.
You gods, that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,
To make the passion of a feeble maid
The way unto your justice, I obey.

Re-enter Lady *with* PHILASTER.

Lady. Here is my lord Philaster.
Are. Oh, 'tis well.
Withdraw yourself. [*Exit* Lady.
Phi. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wish'd to speak with me.
Are. 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loath to speak them. Have you known
That I have aught detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wrong'd you? or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues?
Phi. Never, madam, you.

[i] *quick*] i. e. lively.

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Phi. Danger in a sweet face!
By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman!
Thra. But are you sure it was the princess sent?
It may be some foul train to catch your life.
Phi. I do not think it, gentlemen; she's noble.
Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her cheeks[h] may steal my soul out;
There's all the danger in't: but, be what may,
Her single name hath armèd me. [*Exit.*
Dion. Go on,
And be as truly happy as thou'rt fearless!—
Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,
Lest the King prove false. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ARETHUSA'S *Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARETHUSA *and a* Lady.

Are. Comes he not?
Lady. Madam?
Are. Will Philaster come?
Lady. Dear madam, you were wont to credit me
At first.
Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
Is so o'ercharg'd with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under-things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.
How look'd he when he told thee he would come?
Lady. Why, well.
Are. And not a little fearful?
Lady. Fear, madam! sure, he knows not what it is.
Are. You all are of his faction; the whole court
Is bold in praise of him; whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drown'd in the doing. But, I know he fears.

[h] *cheeks*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "face"; and so the modern editors: but Philaster has just used that word.

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Your wrongs and virtues [f]. Shrink not, worthy sir,
But add your father to you; in whose name
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abusèd people,
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these male-dragons [g],
That, through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your sword's point.

Phi. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted: 'tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me?

Thra. Do we love heaven and honour?

Phi. My lord Dion, you had
A virtuous gentlewoman call'd you father;
Is she yet alive?

Dion. Most honour'd sir, she is;
And, for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me,
Or any of these gentlemen, you come?

Lady. To you, brave lord; the princess would entreat
Your present company.

Phi. The princess send for me! you are mistaken.

Lady. If you be call'd Philaster, 'tis to you.

Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say I will attend her.

[*Exit* Lady.

Dion. Do you know what you do?

Phi. Yes; go to see a woman.

Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in?

[f] *virtues*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "injuries;" and so the modern editors. I may just notice that the author of *The Restauration*, an alteration of *Philaster* (attributed to the Duke of Buckingham, see p. 203), substituted "merits" for "injuries."

[g] *male-dragons*] So all the old eds., with a hyphen. Richardson (*Dict.* in *v.*) cites the present passage as an example of *male* in the sense of masculine; rightly, perhaps: "male-griffin" is an heraldic term; and see Spenser's *Works*, vi. 277. ed. Todd. A friend suggests that *male* here means evil.

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Dion. I thank you, sir! you dare not for the people.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand. But eye yon stranger; is he not a fine complete gentleman? Oh, these strangers, I do affect them strangely! they do the rarest home-things, and please the fullest! As I live, I could love all the nation over and over for his sake.

Gal. Pride[d] comfort your poor head-piece, lady! 'tis a weak one, and had need of a night-cap.

[*Exeunt* GALATEA, MEGRA, *and* Lady.

Dion. See, how his fancy labours! Has he not
Spoke home and bravely? what a dangerous train
Did he give fire to! how he shook the King,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whey! it stood upon his brow
Like a cold winter-dew.

Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no minion:
You stand, methinks, like men that would be courtiers,
If I[e] could well be flatter'd at a price,
Not to undo your children. You're all honest:
Go, get you home again, and make your country
A virtuous court, to which your great ones may,
In their diseas'd age, retire and live recluse.

Cle. How do you, worthy sir?

Phi. Well, very well;
And so well that, if the King please, I find
I may live many years.

Dion. The King must please,
Whilst we know what you are and who you are,

[d] *Pride*] Theobald gave from the earlier 4tos. "Gods."

[e] *I*] Old eds. "you."—"I cannot discover any sense in this passage as it stands, but believe we should read, 'If *I* could well be flatter'd,' instead of, 'If *you*,' and then the meaning will be, 'You look as if you could be willing to pay your court to me, if you could do so without hazarding the fortunes of your families by offending the king.'" MASON. The error probably arose from the eye of the original compositor having caught the initial word of the two preceding lines.

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not back his crown again upon the report of an elder-gun, I have no augury.

King. Go to;
Be more yourself, as you respect our favour;
You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know,
That you are, and shall be, at our pleasure, what
Fashion we will put upon you. Smooth your brow,
Or by the gods——

Phi. I am dead, sir; you're my fate. It was not I
Said, I was wrong'd: I carry all about me
My weak stars lead me to, all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence speak, (that is
But man of flesh, and may be mortal,) tell me,
I do not most entirely love this prince,
And honour his full virtues!

King. Sure, he's possess'd.

Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit. It's here, O King,
A dangerous spirit! now he tells me, King,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king,
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.
'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
That kneel and do me service, cry me king:
But I'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,
And will undo me. Noble sir, your hand;
I am your servant.

King. Away! I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of your [d] life and spirit. For this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment.

[*Exeunt* KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, *and* Attendants.

"tenant" is the right reading; but I am far from thinking with Theobald that it "is as arrant nonsense as ever the press was guilty of:" see what immediately follows: "if he [shaking like a true tenant,—like one who has only temporary possession] *give not back* his crown," &c. The Rev. J. Mitford conjectures "*true* tyrant."

[d] *your*] Found only in 4to. 1620. Inserted by Theobald from conjecture.

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King. Sir,
You wrong the prince; I gave you not this freedom
To brave our best friends: you deserve our frown.
Go to; be better temper'd.
Phi. It must be, sir, when I am nobler us'd.
Gal. Ladies,
This would have been a pattern of succession [a],
Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.
Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge;
But the other is the man set in mine eye:
Oh, 'tis a prince of wax [b]!
Gal. A dog it is.
King. Philaster, tell me
The injuries you aim at in your riddles.
Phi. If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh'd at.
Dare you be still my king, and right me not?
King. Give me your wrongs in private.
Phi. Take them,
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.
[*They talk apart.*
Cle. He dares not stand the shock.
Dion. I cannot blame him; there's danger in't. Every man in this age has not a soul of crystal, for all men to read their actions through: men's hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon stranger well, and you shall see a fever through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true tenant [c]: if he give

[a] *a pattern of succession*] "i. e. a pattern to succeeding kings." THEOBALD.

[b] *of wax*] i. e. well made, as if he had been modelled in wax: see Steevens's note on "a man of wax," Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 3. In the words of Galatea, "A dog it is," there is some allusion which I do not understand: "You'll clap *a dog of wax* as soon, old Blurt," occurs in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*—*Works* vi. 158, ed. Gifford, who has no note on the expression.

[c] *true tenant*] So all the old eds., except 4to. 1620, which has "*true* truant." Theobald printed "*true* recreant"; and so his successors. I am not satisfied that

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Phi. Sir prince of popinjays[x], I'll make it well
Appear to you I am not mad.
King. You displease us:
You are too bold.
Phi. No, sir, I am too tame,
Too much a turtle, a thing born without passion,
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud
Sails over, and makes nothing.
King. I do not fancy this.
Call our physicians: sure, he's somewhat tainted.
Thra. I do not think 'twill prove so.
Dion. H'as given him a general purge already,
For all the right he has; and now he means
To let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen:
By these hilts, I'll run his hazard,
Although I run my name out of the kingdom!
Cle. Peace, we are all one soul.
Pha. What you have seen in me to stir offence,
I cannot find, unless it be this lady,
Offer'd into mine arms with the succession;
Which I must keep, (though it hath pleas'd your fury
To mutiny within you,) without disputing
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are: the King will leave it me,
And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.
Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him
That made the world his[y], and couldst see no sun
Shine upon any thing but thine; were Pharamond
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,
And ring'd among the choicest of his friends
(Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied commendations),
And from this presence, spite of all these bugs[z],
You should hear further from me.

[x] *popinjays*] i. e. parrots.

[y] *That made the world his*] "i. e. Alexander the Great." THEOBALD.

[z] *bugs*] i. e. terrors, (goblins). Settle, in his alteration of the play (see p. 203), substituted "boasts," conceiving that "bugs" was here equivalent to "bugs-words."

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Phi. Shall I speak 'em freely?
Be still my royal sovereign.
King. As a subject,
We give you freedom.
Dion. Now it heats.
Phi. Then thus I turn
My language to you, prince; you, foreign man!
Ne'er stare nor put on wonder, for you must
Endure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon [w]
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess),
By my dead father (oh, I had a father,
Whose memory I bow to!) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living—
Having myself about me and my sword,
The souls of all my name and memories,
These arms and some few friends beside the gods—
To part so calmly with it, and sit still
And say, "I might have been." I tell thee, Pharamond,
When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes: for, hear me, Pharamond!
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels; prince, it shall;
By Nemesis, it shall!
Pha. He's mad; beyond cure, mad.
Dion. Here is a fellow has some fire in's veins:
The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-drawer.

[w] *This earth you tread upon, &c.*] Old eds. thus:

"This earth you tread upon
(A dowry as you hope with this fair [sweet, 4to. 1620] princess,
Whose memory I bow to) was not left
By my dead father (Oh, I had a father)
To your inheritance," &c.

The transposition was made by Seward, who confirms it by citing the following passage from the commencement of *The False One;*

"She being by her *father's* testament
(*Whose memory I bow to*)," &c.

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That every man shall be his prince himself
And his own law—yet I his prince and law.
And, dearest lady, to your dearest self
(Dear in the choice of him whose name and lustre
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet princess,
You shall enjoy a man of men to be
Your servant; you shall make him yours, for whom
Great queens must die.

Thra. Miraculous!

Cle. This speech[s] calls him Spaniard, being nothing but a large inventory of his own commendations.

Dion. I wonder what's his price; for certainly
He'll sell himself, he has so prais'd his shape.
But here comes one more worthy those large speeches,

Enter PHILASTER.

Than the large speaker of them.
Let me be swallow'd quick[t], if I can find,
In all the anatomy of yon man's virtues,
One sinew sound enough to promise for him,
He shall be constable. By this sun, he'll ne'er make king
Unless it be for[u] trifles, in my poor judgment.

Phi. [*kneeling.*] Right noble sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favour.

King. Rise; you have it, sir. [PHILASTER *rises.*

Dion. Mark but the King, how pale he looks with fear!
Oh, this same whorson conscience[v], how it jades us!

King. Speak your intents, sir.

[s] *Cle. This speech, &c.*] Perhaps intended for loose metre:

"This speech
Calls him Spaniard, being nothing but a large
Inventory of his own commendations."

[t] *quick*] i. e. alive.

[u] *for*] Qtos. 1620, 1622, 1628 "of"; which Theobald gave.

[v] *Oh, this same whorson conscience, how it jades us!*] "This sentiment Shakespeare has finely, and as concisely, expressed in his Hamlet;

'Tis conscience that makes cowards of us all.'"

THEOBALD.

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To you or me, but all; and to confirm
The nobles and the gentry of these kingdoms
By oath to your succession, which shall be
Within this month at most.

Thra. This will be hardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Dion. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done, whilst
So brave a gentleman is wrong'd and flung off.

Thra. I fear.

Cle. Who does not?

Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear too:
Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take leave
To thank your royal father; and thus far
To be my own free trumpet. Understand,
Great King, and these your subjects, mine that must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,
And so deserving I dare speak myself,)
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and virtues, you would wed your kingdoms;
You in me have your wishes. Oh, this country!
By more than all my hopes, I hold it happy;
Happy in their dear memories that have been
Kings great and good; happy in yours that is;
And from you (as a chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age) do I
Opine myself[r] most happy. Gentlemen,
Believe me in a word, a prince's word,
There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, feared,
Equal to be commanded and obey'd,
But through the travails of my life I'll find it,
And tie it to this country. And I vow
My reign shall be so easy to the subject,

[r] *Opine myself*] Theobald gave, from Seward's conjecture, "*Opine* it in *myself*." The Editors of 1778 adopted *the misprint of the 4tos.*, "Open *myself*"! Mason proposes, strangely enough, "Hope in *myself*."

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To make your fair endearments to our daughter,
And worthy services known to our subjects,
Now lov'd and wonder'd at; next, our intent
To plant you deeply our immediate heir
Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady,
(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,
And I believe,) though her few years and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse [q] and knowledge
Only of what herself is to herself,
Make her feel moderate health; and when she sleeps,
In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams:
Think not, dear sir, these undivided parts,
That must mould up a virgin, are put on
To shew her so, as borrow'd ornaments,
To speak her perfect love to you, or add
An artificial shadow to her nature—
No, sir;
I boldly dare proclaim her yet no woman.
But woo her still, and think her modesty
A sweeter mistress than the offer'd language
Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye
Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants [r].
Last, noble son (for so I now must call you),
What I have done thus public, is not only
To add a comfort in particular

[q] *discourse*] "It is very difficult to determine the precise meaning which our ancestors gave to *discourse*; or to distinguish the line which separated it from *reason*. Perhaps, it indicated a *more rapid* deduction of consequences from premises, than was supposed to be effected by reason:—but I speak with hesitation. The acute Glanville says, 'The act of the mind which connects propositions, and deduceth conclusions from them, the schools call *discourse*, and we shall not miscall it, if we name it *reason*.' Whatever be the sense, it frequently appears in our old writers, by whom it is usually coupled with *reason* or *judgment*, which last should seem to be the more proper word." Note on Massinger's *Works* i. 148. ed. 1813. When Gifford added that in the well-known passage of *Hamlet*, "a beast, that wants discourse *of* reason," we must read "discourse *and* reason," he was certainly mistaken: see Boswell's note, Malone's *Shakespeare*, vii. 206.

[r] *servants*] i. e. lovers (the title which ladies formerly bestowed on their professed and authorised admirers).

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Cle. The last?

Dion. Marry, I think she is one whom the state keeps for the agents of our confederate princes: she'll cog[o] and lie with a whole army, before the league shall break. Her name is common through the kingdom, and the trophies of her dishonour advanced beyond Hercules' Pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of men's bodies; and, indeed, has destroyed the worth of her own body by making experiment upon it for the good of the commonwealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

Meg. Peace, if you love me: you shall see these gentlemen stand their ground and not court us.

Gal. What if they should?

La. What if they should!

Meg. Nay, [illegible]her alone.—What if they should! why, if they should, [illegible] they were never abroad: what foreigner would do so? it writes them directly untravelled.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

La. What if they be!

Meg. Good madam, let her go on.—What if they be! why, if they be, I will justify, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg[p], nor say "excuse me."

Gal. Ha, ha, ha!

Meg. Do you laugh, madam?

Dion. Your desires upon you, ladies!

Meg. Then you must sit beside us.

Dion. I shall sit near you then, lady.

Meg. Near me, perhaps: but there's a lady endures no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

La. Methinks he's not so strange; he would quickly be acquainted.

Thra. Peace, the King!

Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, *and* Attendants.

King. To give a stronger testimony of love
Than sickly promises (which commonly
In princes find both birth and burial
In one breath) we have drawn you, worthy sir,

[o] *cog*] i. e. cheat, falsify, cajole.

[p] *leg*] i. e. bow.

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Cle. The second?

Dion. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill-favouredly dance her measure[n]; simper when she is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

has been unjustly deprived of them. It is not the custom of any good writer to give a long and distinguishing character of, and to make a person the chief speaker in any scene, who is a meer cipher in the whole play besides; particularly, when there is another in the same scene, to whom both the character and the speeches exactly correspond. I should guess it to have been some jumble of the players; she, who acted Megra, having given up so much of her part to initiate some younger actress. The entrance should have been thus regulated:

Enter GALATEA, *a* Lady, *and* MEGRA,

and all the speeches of the two latter transposed." SEWARD.

"Had Mr. Seward been altering this play for representation, his right to make this transposition would certainly be allowable, but is not as an editor. It was, however, necessary to mention his conjecture. The person here speaking is doubtless the *old wanton lady*, or *crony* [*crone*], whose character is left out of the drama in Mr. Theobald's edition." EDITORS OF 1778. They accordingly followed the old eds. So did Weber, except that he changed the stage-direction to "*Enter Galatea, Megra, and* an old *Lady.*"

Seward was not the first to discover the error of the old editions in the present scene. When Settle altered *Philaster* in 1695 (see p. 203), he omitted the character of the "anonymous Lady," and *assigned what he retained of her speeches to Megra;* and the author of *The Restauration*, an alteration of *Philaster* (attributed to the Duke of Buckingham, see *ibid.*), made the description given by Dion, "Marry, I think she is one," &c. apply to Alga, *who answers to the Megra of the original play.* Indeed, a transposition here is so obviously necessary that (with all my unwillingness to deviate from the old copies) I should assuredly have had recourse to it, even if it had never been suggested by any preceding editor. I could easily point out other early dramas, in which, owing to some blunder of the transcriber or printer, (not, as Seward says, to "some jumble of the players,") the speeches of a scene are wrongly appropriated.

In the Dramatis Personæ of the old eds. (first prefixed to 4to. 1628,—long after Beaumont's death, and three years after Fletcher's) we find,

"Megra, a Lasciuious Lady.
An old Wanton Lady, or Croane";

but the second of these "Ladies" evidently originated in some mistake of the writer who drew up the list: and when the Editors of 1778 pronounced that "the person here speaking is doubtless *the old wanton lady*," &c., they must have overlooked Dion's account of the frail one in question, which proves that she could not be *old.* In act ii. sc. 2, we hear of "the reverend mother" (—compare the incidental notice in *The Woman-Hater*, "You maidens, with your *mother* eke", p. 58.—) i. e. the matron who held at court the situation of Mother of the Maids: should it be conjectured that she is the "anonymous Lady" of the old eds. who figures in the present scene, the speech of Dion just mentioned (to say nothing of other strong objections) is decisive against the supposition.

[n] *measure*] See note p. 166.

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with safety, the right[k] heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who, Philaster?

Dion. Yes; whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in state-policy will not let me know why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the King should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to inquire after state-news. But the King, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster; at which the city was in arms, not to be charmed down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleased[l] and without a guard; at which they threw their hats and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance: which wise men say is the cause the King labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation to awe his own with.

Enter GALATEA, *a* Lady, *and* MEGRA[m].

Thra. See, the ladies! What's the first?

Dion. A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess.

[k] *right*] Altered in Weber's ed. to "rightful."

[l] *pleased*] Can the true reading be "released"?

[m] *Enter Galatea, a Lady, and Megra*] The old eds. have "Enter Galatea, Megra, and a Lady;" and, in the dialogue which precedes the entrance of the King, they assign to "La." the speeches now given to Megra, while they prefix "Meg." to those now appropriated to the Lady.

"I have made a transposition in the speakers, here, from the following accurate criticism of Mr. Seward."—THEOBALD. "The character given of the last of these three ladies so exactly suits Megra, and all the speeches which the *anonymous Lady* speaks, her excessive fondness for the courtship of men, and of foreigners in particular *, are so entirely in her strain, that I am persuaded she

* e. g. "Why, if they should, I say, they were never abroad: what foreigner would do so? it writes them directly untravelled." p. 212.

"But eye yon stranger; is he not a fine complete gentleman? Oh, these strangers, I do affect them strangely!" &c. p. 220.

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PHILASTER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Presence-Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Cle. Here's nor lords nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the King to attend here: besides, it was boldly[i] published, that no officer should forbid any gentlemen that desired[j] to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir and be our sovereign.

Thra. Many, that will seem to know much, say she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Dion. Oh, sir, the multitude, that seldom know any thing but their own opinions, speak that they would have; but the prince, before his own approach, received so many confident messages from the state, that I think she's resolved to be ruled.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is without controversy so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms

[i] *boldly*] Altered unnecessarily by Seward to "loudly."

desired] So 4tos. 1622, 1628. Later eds. "desire." In 4to. 1620, the opening scene (as I have already noticed) is entirely different from the present.

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Meg. Nor I:
They can do little, and that small they do,
They have not wit to hide.
Dion. Serves he the princess?
Thra. Yes.
Dion. 'Tis a sweet boy: how brave [t] she keeps him!
Pha. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a buck
To-morrow morning ere you've done your dreams.
Meg. All happiness attend your grace! [*Exit* PHARAMOND.]
Gentlemen, good rest.—Come, shall we to-bed?
Gal. Yes.—All good night.
Dion. May your dreams be true to you!—
[*Exeunt* GALATEA *and* MEGRA.
What shall we do, gallants? 'tis late. The King
Is up still: see, he comes; a guard along with him.

Enter KING, *with* ARETHUSA, Guards, *and* Attendants.

King. Look your intelligence be true.
Are. Upon my life, it is; and I do hope
Your highness will not tie me to a man
That in the heat of wooing throws me off,
And takes another.
Dion. What should this mean?
King. If it be true,
That lady had been better [u] have embrac'd
Cureless diseases. Get you to your rest:
You shall be righted. [*Exeunt* ARETHUSA *and* BELLARIO.]
—Gentlemen, draw near;
We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond
Come to his lodging?
Dion. I saw him enter there.
King. Haste, some of you, and cunningly discover
If Megra be in her lodging. [*Exit* DION.
Cle. Sir,
She parted hence but now, with other ladies.

[t] *brave*] i. e. finely dressed.

[u] *had been better*] This not unfrequent expression was altered by Theobald to "*had* much *better*"; and so his successors.

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King. If she be there, we shall not need to make
A vain discovery of our suspicion.
You gods, I see that who unrighteously
Holds wealth or state from others shall be curs'd
In that which meaner men are blest withal:
Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit, and his name shall be
Blotted from earth; if he have any child,
It shall be crossly match'd; the gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin
I have committed; let it not fall
Upon this understanding child of mine!
She has not broke your laws. But how can I[v]
Look to be heard of gods that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong? [*Aside.*

Re-enter DION.

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her women swear she is within; but they, I think, are bawds. I told 'em, I must speak with her; they laughed, and said, their lady lay speechless. I said, my business was important; they said, their lady was about it. I grew hot, and cried, my business was a matter that concerned life and death; they answered, so was sleeping, at which their lady was. I urged again, she had scarce time to be so since last I saw her; they smiled again, and seemed to instruct me that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking. Answers more direct I could not get: in short, sir, I think she is not there.

[v] ——————*But how can I*
Look to be heard of gods that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?] "In this sentiment our authors seem to be copying Shakespeare, in a noble passage of his Hamlet:

——— '*Forgive me my foul murder!*
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?' &c."
THEOBALD.

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King. 'Tis then no time to dally.—You o' the guard,
Wait at the back door of the prince's lodging,
And see that none pass thence, upon your lives.—
[*Exeunt* Guards.
Knock, gentlemen; knock loud [w]; louder yet.
[DION, CLER., &c. *knock at the door of* PHARAMOND'S *lodging.*
What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing?—
I'll break your meditations.—Knock again.—
Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this
Larum by him.—Once more.—Pharamond! prince!
[PHARAMOND *appears at a window.*

Pha. What saucy groom knocks at this dead of night?
Where be our waiters? By my vexèd soul,
He meets his death that meets me, for this boldness.

King. Prince, prince [x], you wrong your thoughts; we are your friends:
Come down.

Pha. The King!

King. The same, sir. Come down, sir [y]:
We have cause of present counsel with you.

Enter PHARAMOND *below.*

Pha. If your grace please
To use me, I'll attend you to your chamber.

King. No, 'tis too late, prince; I'll make bold with yours.

Pha. I have some private reasons to myself
Make [z] me unmannerly, and say, you cannot.—
Nay, press not forward, gentlemen; he must
Come through my life that comes here.

King. Sir, be resolv'd [a] I must and will come.—Enter.

[w] *loud*] Theobald printed, for the metre, "louder."

[x] *Prince, prince*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "Prince"; and so the modern editors. Theobald, to assist the metre, gave "Prince you *do* wrong," &c.

[y] *sir*] Found only in 4to. 1620. Not in modern eds.

[z] *Make*] Old eds. "Makes."

[a] *be resolv'd*] "i. e. be assured." MASON. Qto. 1620 gives the speech thus; "Sir be resolued, I must come, and will come enter."

Weber, who sometimes (and in most cases, unnecessarily) noted the readings of 4to. 1622, informs us that here it has "*I must and will* enter,"—a specimen of his inaccuracy: it reads

"Sir, be resolu'd, I must, and will come: Enter."

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Pha. I will not be dishonour'd :
He that enters enters upon his death.
Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,
To bring these renegadoes to my chamber
At these unseason'd hours.
King. Why do you
Chafe yourself so ? you are not wrong'd nor shall be ;
Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause
To ourself known.—Enter, I say.
Pha. I say, no. [MEGRA *appears at a window.*
Meg. Let 'em enter, prince, let 'em enter ;
I am up and ready [a] : I know their business ;
'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honour
They hunt so hotly after ; let 'em enjoy it.—
You have your business, gentlemen ; I lay here.—
Oh, my lord the King, this is not noble in you
To make public the weakness of a woman !
King. Come down.
Meg. I dare, my lord. Your hootings and your clamours,
Your private whispers and your broad [b] fleerings,
Can no more vex my soul than this base carriage :
But I have vengeance yet in store for some
Shall, in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment.
King. Will you come down ?
Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst ; but I shall wring you,
If my skill fail me not. [*Exit above.*
King. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this looseness ;
You have wrong'd a worthy lady : but, no more.—
Conduct him to my lodging and to bed.
[*Exeunt* PHARAMOND *and* Attendants.
Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed indeed.

So too 4to. 1628. The other eds. seem to make "Enter" a stage-direction, though they have "*Pha. below*" at the earlier place where I have marked his entrance. Theobald and the Editors of 1778 gave *both* these stage-directions ! Weber, the latter. That "Enter" is a portion of the text is plain from what Pharamond immediately says, "He that *enters*," &c., and from the King's repetition of the word in his next speech, "*Enter*, I say."

[a] *ready*] "i. e. dressed." MASON.

[b] *broad*] Theobald printed, for the metre, "broader."

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Dion. 'Tis strange a man cannot ride a stage[c]
Or two, to breathe himself, without a warrant.
If this gear hold, that lodgings be search'd thus,
Pray heaven we may lie with our own wives in safety,
That they be not by some trick of state mistaken!

Enter MEGRA *below.*

King. Now, lady of honour, where's your honour now?
No man can fit your palate but the prince:
Thou most ill-shrouded rottenness, thou piece
Made by a painter and a 'pothecary,
Thou troubled sea of lust, thou wilderness
Inhabited by wild thoughts, thou swoln cloud
Of infection, thou ripe mine of all diseases,
Thou all-sin, all-hell, and last all-devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?
By all the gods, all these, and all the pages,
And all the court, shall hoot thee through the court,
Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes,
And sear thy name with candles upon walls!
Do you laugh, lady Venus?

Meg. Faith, sir, you must pardon me;
I cannot choose but laugh to see you merry.
If you do this, O King! nay, if you dare do it,
By all those gods you swore by, and as many
More of my own, I will have fellows, and such
Fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth!
The princess, your dear daughter, shall stand by me
On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing:
Urge me no more; I know her and her haunts,
Her lays, leaps, and outlays, and will discover all;
Nay, will dishonour her. I know the boy

[c] *stage*] So 4to. 1620. Later eds. "stagge"; which (though Theobald had printed "stage" from conjecture) the Editors of 1778 retained on account of "the seeming reference to a *buck-warrant* in the next line"! Weber gave this speech as prose. It is, however, verse in old eds.; and appears to have been intended for that loose sort of rhythm, which our authors frequently affect. Theobald, as usual, propped up the metre by inserting a word.

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She keeps; a handsome boy, about eighteen;
Know what she does with him, where, and when.
Come, sir, you put me to a woman's madness,
The glory of a fury; and if I do not
Do it to the height——

King. What boy is this she raves at?

Meg. Alas, good-minded prince, you know not these things!
I am loath to reveal 'em. Keep this fault,
As you would keep your health from the hot air
Of the corrupted people, or, by heaven,
I will not fall alone. What I have known
Shall be as public as a print; all tongues
Shall speak it as they do the language they
Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set it,
Like a prodigious[d] star, for all to gaze at,
And so high[e] and glowing, that other kingdoms far and foreign
Shall read it there, nay, travel with it, till they find
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your fair princess!

King. Has she a boy?

Cle. So please your grace, I have seen a boy wait on her,
A fair boy.

King. Go, get you to your quarter:
For this time I will study to forget you.

Meg. Do you study to forget me, and I'll study
To forget you. [*Exeunt* KING *and* MEGRA, *severally.*

Cle. Why, here's a male spirit fit[f] for Hercules. If ever there be Nine Worthies[g] of women, this wench shall ride astride and be their captain.

[d] *prodigious*] i. e. portentous.

[e] *And so high,* &c.] This formidable line was reduced by Theobald to

"So high and glowing, that kingdoms far and foreign."

The Editors of 1778 divided it thus;

"And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms
Far and foreign."

There may be some corruption: but compare, at p. 40 of this vol., "And must attend," &c.

[f] *fit*] Found only in 4tos. 1620, 1622. Not in modern eds.

[g] *Nine Worthies*] See note, p. 143.—This speech perhaps ought to stand as three lines of colloquial verse.

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Dion. Sure, she has a garrison of devils in her tongue, she uttered[h] such balls of wild-fire: she has so nettled the King, that all the doctors in the country will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange-found-out antidote to cure her infection; that boy, that princess' boy; that brave, chaste, virtuous lady's boy; and a fair boy, a well-spoken boy! All these considered, can make nothing else—but there I leave you, gentlemen.

Thra. Nay, we'll go wander with you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Court of the Palace.*

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Cle. Nay, doubtless, 'tis true.

Dion. Ay; and 'tis the gods
That rais'd this punishment, to scourge the King
With his own issue. Is it not a shame
For us that should write noble in the land,
For us that should be freemen, to behold
A man that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster, press'd down from his royal right
By this regardless King? and only look
And see the sceptre ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious lady
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be married
To yon strange prince, who, but that people please
To let him be a prince, is born a slave
In that which should be his most noble part,
His mind?

Thra. That man that would not stir with you
To aid Philaster, let the gods forget
That such a creature walks upon the earth!

[h] *uttered*] So all the 4tos. Fol. 1679 "uttereth"; and so the modern editors.

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Cle. Philaster is too backward in't himself.
The gentry do await it, and the people,
Against their nature [i], are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing corn, that's mov'd
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.
Dion. The only cause that draws Philaster back
From this attempt is the fair princess' love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.
Thra. Perhaps he'll not believe it.
Dion. Why, gentlemen,
'Tis without question so.
Cle. Ay, 'tis past speech,
She lives dishonestly; but how shall we,
If he be curious [j], work upon his faith?
Thra. We all are satisfied within ourselves.
Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge;
I'll say I know it; nay, I'll swear I saw it.
Cle. It will be best.
Thra. 'Twill move him.
Dion. Here he comes.

Enter PHILASTER.

Good-morrow to your honour: we have spent
Some time in seeking you.
Phi. My worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown
On men disgrac'd for virtue, a good day
Attend you all! What service may I do
Worthy your acceptation?
Dion. My good lord,
We come to urge that virtue, which we know
Lives in your breast, forth. Rise, and make a head:
The nobles and the people are all dull'd

[i] *Against their nature*] "i. e. contrary to the nature of the discordant multitude." MASON.

[j] *curious*] "i. e. scrupulous." WEBER.

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With this usurping King; and not a man,
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As virtue, but will second your attempts.

Phi. How honourable is this love in you
To me that have deserv'd none! Know, my friends,
(You, that were born to shame your poor Philaster
With too much courtesy,) I could afford
To melt myself in thanks; but my designs
Are not yet ripe: suffice it, that ere long
I shall employ your loves; but yet the time
Is short of what I would.

Dion. The time is fuller, sir, than you expect;
That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reach'd
By violence may now be caught. As for the King,
You know the people have long hated him;
But now the princess, whom they lov'd——

Phi. Why, what of her?

Dion. Is loath'd as much as he.

Phi. By what strange means?

Dion. She's known a whore.

Phi. Thou liest!

Dion. My lord——

Phi. Thou liest, [*Offers to draw his sword: they hold him.*
And thou shalt feel it! I had thought thy mind
Had been of honour. Thus to rob a lady
Of her good name, is an infectious sin
Not to be pardon'd: be it false as hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sown
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falsehood whilst it springs!
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,
Like thunder from a cloud.

Dion. This is most strange:
Sure, he does love her.

Phi. I do love fair truth:

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She is my mistress, and who injures her
Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.
Thra. Nay, good my lord, be patient.
Cle. Sir, remember this is your honour'd friend,
That comes to do his service, and will shew you
Why he utter'd this.
Phi. I ask you pardon, sir;
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,
Behind your back, untruly, I had been
As much distemper'd and enrag'd as now.
Dion. But this, my lord, is truth.
Phi. Oh, say not so!
Good sir, forbear to say so; 'tis then truth
That all womankind is false: urge it no more;
It is impossible. Why should you think
The princess light?
Dion. Why, she was taken at it.
Phi. 'Tis false! by [k] heaven, 'tis false! it cannot be!
Can it? Speak, gentlemen; for love of truth, speak!
Is't possible? can women all be damn'd?
Dion. Why, no, my lord.
Phi. Why, then, it cannot be.
Dion. And she was taken with her boy.
Phi. What boy?
Dion. A page, a boy that serves her.
Phi. Oh, good gods!
A little boy?
Dion. Ay; know you him, my lord?
Phi. Hell and sin know him. [*Aside.*]—Sir, you are deceiv'd;
I'll reason it a little coldly with you:
If she were lustful, would she take a boy,
That knows not yet desire? she would have one
Should meet her thoughts and know the sin he acts,
Which is the great delight of wickedness.
You are abus'd, and so is she, and I.

[k] *by*] So all the 4tos. Fol. 1679 "O;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

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Dion. How you, my lord?
Phi. Why, all the world's abus'd
In an unjust report.
Dion. Oh, noble sir, your virtues
Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman!
In short, my lord, I took them; I myself.
Phi. Now, all the devils, thou didst! Fly from my rage!
Would thou hadst ta'en devils[1] engendering plagues,
When thou didst take them! Hide thee from my eyes!
Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,
When thou didst take them; or been strucken dumb
For ever; that this foul deed might have slept
In silence!
Thra. Have you known him so ill-temper'd?
Cle. Never before.
Phi. The winds, that are let loose
From the four several corners of the earth,
And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword
To run me thorough[m]?
Dion. Why, my lord, are you
So mov'd at this?
Phi. When any fall from virtue,
I am distract; I have an interest in't.
Dion. But, good my lord, recall yourself, and think
What's best to be done.
Phi. I thank you; I will do it:
Please you to leave me; I'll consider of it.
To-morrow I will find your lodging forth,
And give you answer[n].

[1] *devils*] Perhaps a mistake of the original compositor, whose eye had caught the word from the preceding line. In the alteration of *Philaster*, called *The Restauration* (attributed to the Duke of Buckingham, see p. 203), "fiends" is substituted; and in Settle's alteration of the play (see ibid.), "furies."

[m] *thorough*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "through;" and so the modern editors.

[n] *And give you answer*, &c.] The later eds. have

"And give you answer
The readiest way. Di. All the gods direct you";

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Dion. All the gods direct you
The readiest way!

Thra. He was extreme impatient.

Cle. It was his virtue and his noble mind.

[*Exeunt* DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them;
I'll follow him. Oh, that I had a sea
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!
More circumstances will but fan this fire:
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done;
And he that tells me this is honourable,
As far from lies as she is far from truth.
Oh, that, like beasts, we could not grieve ourselves
With that we see not! Bulls and rams will fight
To keep their females, standing in their sight;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once
Their spleens away; and they will fall again
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat;
And taste the waters[n] of the springs as sweet
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep:
But miserable man——

Enter BELLARIO.

See, see, you gods,
He walks still; and the face you let him wear
When he was innocent is still the same,
Not blasted! Is this justice? do you mean
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty. [*Aside.*

Bel. Health to you, my lord!
The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this, unto you. [*Gives a letter.*

and Weber remarks that "this accidental transposition was rectified by Theobald." Yet Weber used several of those earlier 4tos. in which there is no transposition of the passage!

[n] *waters*] Theobald, on account of "'twas" in the next line, gave "water"; and so the Editors of 1778.

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Phi. Oh, Bellario,
Now I perceive she loves me! she does shew it
In loving thee, my boy: she has made thee brave.
Bel. My lord, she has attir'd me past my wish,
Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me who do attend.
Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy.—Oh, let all women,
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper! She does write to me
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides; but, unto me,
A maiden-snow that melted with my looks.— [*Aside.*
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.
Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her, or had preserv'd
Her life three times by my fidelity;
As mothers fond do use their only sons,
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm,
So she does use me.
Phi. Why, this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?
Bel. Why, she does tell me she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets, and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my services
Regarded[o]; and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.
Phi. This is much better still.
Bel. Are you not ill, my lord?
Phi. Ill! no, Bellario.
Bel. Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,

[o] *Regarded*] Is, I believe, right: but I may just notice that 4to. 1620 has "rewarded."

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Nor is there in your looks that quietness
That I was wont to see.
Phi. Thou art deceiv'd, boy:
And she strokes thy head?
Bel. Yes.
Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?
Bel. She does, my lord.
Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!
Bel. How, my lord?
Phi. She kisses thee?
Bel. Not so, my lord[p].
Phi. Come, come, I know she does.
Bel. No, by my life!
Phi. Why, then, she does not love me. Come, she does:
I bade her do it; I charg'd her, by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights
Naked as to her bed; I took her oath
Thou should'st enjoy her. Tell me, gentle boy,
Is she not paralleless? is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls?
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?
Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbèd thoughts
Were so perplex'd: when first I went to her,
My heart held augury. You are abus'd;
Some villain has abus'd you: I do see
Whereto you tend. Fall rocks upon his head
That put this to you! 'tis some subtle train
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.
Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come,
Thou shalt know all my drift: I hate her more
Than I love happiness, and plac'd thee there
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.

[p] *Bel. Not so, my lord*] Theobald gave, from the earlier 4tos., "*Bel.* Never, *my lord*, by heaven;" but he did not adopt their variation in the next speech, viz. "*Phi.* That's strange: *I know she does.*"

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Hast thou discover'd? is she fallen to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.
Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent:
Had she the lust of sparrows or of goats,
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires: but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.
Phi. Oh, my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
[*Draws his sword.*
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.
Bel. Why, so you do.
She is (for aught I know), by all the gods, [*Kneels.*
As chaste as ice! but were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass [q],
Should draw it from me.
Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee: I could curse thee now.
Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse;
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me than is your hate.
Phi. Fie, fie,
So young and so dissembling! Tell me when
And where thou didst enjoy her, or let plagues
Fall upon me [r], if I destroy thee not!
Bel. Heaven knows I never did; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd!
Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,

[q] *bulls of brass*] An allusion to the story of the tyrant Phalaris.

[r] *upon me*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "on *me*"; and so the modern editors. Theobald, for the metre, gave "on *me* strait."

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I'll love those pieces you have cut away
Better than those that grow, and kiss those limbs
Because you made 'em so.
Phi. Fear'st thou not death?
Can boys contemn that?
Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?
Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.
Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord:
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep;
A quiet resting from all jealousy,
A thing we all pursue; I know, besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.
Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjur'd souls: think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.
Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with! If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me!
Phi. Oh, what should I do?
Why, who can but believe him? he does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. [*Sheaths his sword.*]—Rise,
Bellario: [BELLARIO *rises.*
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly when thou utter'st them,
That, though I know 'em false as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth; a love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost: it troubles me

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That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy,
Let me not see thee more: something is done
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.

Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honour'd mind. But through these tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practis'd upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell for evermore!
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace.

Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deserv'st! [*Exit* BELLARIO.] Oh, where shall I
Go bathe this body? (Nature too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind)! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—ARETHUSA'S *Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARETHUSA.

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again:
But that I know my love will question him
Over and over,—how I slept, wak'd, talk'd,
How I remember'd him when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how when I sigh'd, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such,—I should be angry at his stay.

Enter KING.

King. What, at your meditations! Who attends you?

Are. None but my single self: I need no guard;
I do no wrong, nor fear none.

King. Tell me, have you not a boy?

Are. Yes, sir.

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King. What kind of boy?
Are. A page, a waiting-boy.
King. A handsome boy?
Are. I think he be not ugly:
Well qualified and dutiful I know him;
I took him not for beauty.
King. He speaks and sings and plays?
Are. Yes, sir.
King. About eighteen?
Are. I never ask'd his age.
King. Is he full of service?
Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?
King. Put him away.
Are. Sir!
King. Put him away. H'as done you that good service
Shames me to speak of.
Are. Good sir, let me understand you.
King. If you fear me,
Shew it in duty; put away that boy.
Are. Let me have reason for it, sir, and then
Your will is my command.
King. Do not you blush to ask it? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. You're one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That, by my life, I dare not tell myself
What you, myself, have done.
Are. What have I done, my lord?
King. 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn:
The common people speak it well already;
They need no grammar. Understand me well;
There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off,
And suddenly: do it! Farewell. [*Exit.*
Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour fair[s]? Not with the living;
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,

[s] *fair*] So 4tos. 1620, 1622, 1628. Later eds. "safe"; and so the modern editors.

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And make 'em truths; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces;
And, when they see a virtue fortified
Strongly above the battery of their tongues,
Oh, how they cast to sink it! and, defeated,
(Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping, till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest [t] mistress!
Are. Oh, my dearest servant [u], I have a war within me!
Phi. He must be more than man that makes these crystals
Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause?
And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,
Your creature, made again from what I was
And newly-spirited, I'll right your honour.
Are. Oh, my best love, that boy!
Phi. What boy?
Are. The pretty boy you gave me——
Phi. What of him?
Are. Must be no more mine.
Phi. Why?
Are. They are jealous of him.
Phi. Jealous! who?
Are. The King.
Phi. Oh, my fortune [v]!
Then 'tis no idle jealousy. [*Aside.*]—Let him go.
Are. Oh, cruel!
Are you hard-hearted too? Who shall now tell you
How much I lov'd you? who shall swear it to you,
And weep the tears I send? who shall now bring you

[t] *dearest*] Theobald printed "my *dearest*"; and so perhaps the author wrote.
[u] *servant*] See note, p. 213.
[v] *my fortune*] Qto. 1620 "*my* misfortune," which is perhaps the right reading; for 4to. 1622 has "*my* mi fortune," and 4to. 1628 "*my* my fortune." Later eds. "*my* fortune." In *The Mad Lover*, act ii. sc. 3, the old eds. read "my fortunes," where the sense positively requires "misfortunes."

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Letters, rings, bracelets? lose his health in service?
Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise?
Who shall now [w] sing your crying elegies,
And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures,
And make them mourn? who shall take up his lute,
And touch it till he crown a silent sleep
Upon my eye-lids [x], making me dream, and cry,
"Oh, my dear, dear Philaster!"
Phi. Oh, my heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This lady was not loyal! [*Aside.*]—Mistress,
Forget the boy; I'll get thee a far better.
Are. Oh, never, never such a boy again
As my Bellario!
Phi. 'Tis but your fond affection.
Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All secrecy in servants! Farewell faith,
And all desire to do well for itself!
Let all that shall succeed thee for thy wrongs
Sell and betray chaste love!
Phi. And all this passion [y] for a boy?
Are. He was your boy [z], and you put him to me,
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.
Phi. Oh, thou forgetful woman!
Are. How, my lord?
Phi. False Arethusa!
Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And do [a] thus.

[w] *now*] Found only in 4to. 1620. Theobald inserted it, from conjecture, thus—"Who *now* shall sing," &c.

[x] *eye-lids*] So 4tos. 1620, 1622, 1628. Later eds. "eye-lid"; and so the modern editors.

[y] *passion*] i. e. sorrowful exclamation.

[z] *He was your boy*, &c.] There seems to be a slight corruption of the text here: Theobald fearlessly reformed it thus;

"He was your boy, you put him to me, and
The loss of such must have a mourning for."

[a] *do*] Theobald printed "to *do*."

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Are. Do what, sir? would you sleep?
Phi. For ever, Arethusa. Oh, you gods,
Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?
Have I seen mischiefs numberless and mighty
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
And laugh'd upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant King, that languishing
Hears his sad bell and sees his mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a woman's falsehood? Oh, that boy,
That cursèd boy! None but a villain boy
To ease your lust?
Are. Nay, then, I am betray'd:
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.
Oh, I am wretched!
Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom: give it to your joy;
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never womankind durst set her foot
For bursting with her poisons [b], must I seek,
And live to curse you:
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts
What woman is, and help to save them from you;
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts
More hell than hell has; how your tongues, like scorpions,
Both heal and poison; how your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn so by you; how that foolish man,
That reads the story of a woman's face
And dies believing it, is lost for ever;

[b] *For bursting with her poisons*] "Means for fear of bursting with her poisons; a mode of expression which so frequently occurs in these plays, that a particular example of it is unnecessary. It was vulgarly supposed that there were places where no venomous creatures could live. Ireland, in particular, because none such are to be found in that country."—MASON.

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How all the good you have is but a shadow,
I' the morning with you, and at night behind you
Past and forgotten; how your vows are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone;
How you are, being taken all together,
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So, farewell all my woe, all my delight! [*Exit.*

Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead!
What way have I deserv'd this? Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,
To find out constancy?

Enter BELLARIO.

Save me, how black
And guiltily [c], methinks, that boy looks now!
Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spak'st,
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lies
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fool'd by her passion; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away!
Let my command force thee to that which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathèd office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee.

Bel. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds! Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops

[c] *guiltily*] Qto. 1620 "vile." Qto. 1622 "guiltily,"—a reading, which Theobald inserted from conjecture. The other 4tos., and fol. 1679 "guilty." Weber, with 4to. 1622 lying before him, gives "guiltily" as the emendation of Theobald!

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To seas, for which they are not seen to swell;
My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys.
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!
I durst not run away in honesty
From such a lady, like a boy that stole
Or made some grievous fault. The power of gods
Assist you in your sufferings! Hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abusèd lord
And mine, that he may know your worth; whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten place to die! [*Exit* Bellario.

Are. Peace guide thee! Thou hast overthrown me once;
Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,
Thou, or another villain with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My hair dishevell'd, through the fiery streets.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestness.

Are. I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid
As with a man [d], let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die pursu'd by cruel hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds! [*Exeunt.*

[d] *a man*] i. e. Acteon.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *and* Attendants.

King. What, are the hounds before and all the woodmen[e],
Our horses ready and our bows bent?

Dion. All, sir.

King. You are cloudy, sir: come, we have forgotten
[*To* PHARAMOND.
Your venial trespass; let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit; here's none dare utter it.

Dion. He looks like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping, dull as a dormouse. See how he sinks! the wench has shot him between wind and water, and, I hope, sprung a leak.

Thra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough: his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlieus; would he would leave off poaching!

Dion. And for his horn, h'as left it at the lodge where he lay late[f]. Oh, he's a precious lime-hound[g]! turn him loose upon the pursuit of a lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i' the slip. When my fox-bitch Beauty grows proud, I'll borrow him.

King. Is your boy turn'd away?

Are. You did command, sir,
And I obey'd you.

King. 'Tis well done. Hark ye further. [*They talk apart.*

Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? methinks, that

[e] *woodmen*] i. e. foresters.

[f] *late*] "Means lately," says Mason, rather unnecessarily.

[g] *lime-hound*] i. e. a hound of the chase, so called from the *lyam*, or *lyme* (leash) by which it was led.

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were not noble in him; and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick man's salve [h] in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physical justice or other would presently (without the help of an almanack) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.

Dion. See, see how modestly yon lady looks, as if she came from churching with her neighbour! Why, what a devil can a man see in her face but that she's honest [i]!

Thra. Troth [j], no great matter to speak of; a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her coat [k]; but he must be a cunning herald that finds it.

Dion. See how they muster one another! Oh, there's a rank regiment where the devil carries the colours and his dam drum-major! now the world and the flesh come behind with the carriage [l].

Cle. Sure this lady has a good turn done her against her will; before she was common talk, now none dare say cantharides can stir her. Her face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this lady means to let herself loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection and a

[h] *sick man's salve*] An allusion to a work by Thomas Becon, or Beacon entitled *The Sicke Mans Salue. Wherein al faithful christians may learne both how to behaue themselues patiently and thankfully in the time of sickenesse, and also vertuouslie to dispose their temporall goods, and finally to prepare themselues gladly and godly to die.* Gifford mistakingly states (after Reed *apud* Mason) that it was "published about 1591." Note on Jonson's *Works*, iii. 443. The first edition was in 1561; and it was several times reprinted. Our early dramatists and pamphleteers frequently allude to it with ridicule. Reed (*ubi sup.*) mentions another piece called,—*The Salue for a Sick Man* &c., by William Perkins.

[i] *honest*] i. e. chaste.

[j] *Thra. Troth,* &c.] "The name of the speaker is corrected [from "*Pha.*" to "*Thra.*"] by Theobald, who did not know that he had the authority of the quarto of 1622 for the variation." WEBER. The mistake was obvious and easily corrected.

[k] *that spoils her coat*] "The allusion is to mullets, or stars, introduced into coats of arms, to distinguish the younger branches of a family, which of course denote inferiority." MASON.

[l] *carriage*] "i. e. baggage." MASON.

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gracious; and may use her body discreetly, for her health's sake, once a week, excepting Lent and Dog-days. Oh, if they were to be got for money, what a great sum would come out of the city for these licences[m]!

King. To horse, to horse! we lose the morning, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Forest.*

Enter two Woodmen[n].

First Wood. What, have you lodged the deer?

Sec. Wood. Yes, they are ready for the bow.

First Wood. Who shoots?

Sec. Wood. The princess.

First Wood. No, she'll hunt.

Sec. Wood. She'll take a stand, I say.

First Wood. Who else?

Sec. Wood. Why, the young stranger-prince.

First Wood. He shall shoot in a stone-bow[o] for me. I never loved his beyond-sea-ship since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings[p]. He was there at the fall of a deer, and

[m] *licences*] "It was formerly a branch of revenue to grant licences for stews." WEBER.

[n] *Woodmen*] i. e. Foresters.

[o] *a stone-bow*] i. e. a cross-bow, which shoots stones.

[p] *since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings:*] "When a deer is hunted down, and to be cut up, it is a ceremony for the keeper to offer his knife to a man of the first distinction in the field, that he may rip up the belly, and take an *assay* of the plight and fatness of the game. But this, as the Woodman says, Pharamond declined, to save the customary fee of ten shillings." THEOBALD.—"Our [English] order," says Turbervile, "is, that the Prince or chiefe (if so please them) do alight and take assaye of the Deare with a sharpe knife, the which is done in this maner. The deare being layd vpon his backe, the Prince, chiefe, or such as they shall appoint, comes to it. And the chiefe huntsman (kneeling, if it be to a Prince) doth hold the Deare by the fore foote whiles the Prince or chiefe cut a slit drawn alongst the brysket of the deare, somewhat lower than the brysket towards the belly. This is done to see the goodnesse of the flesh, and howe thicke it is." *The Noble Art of Venerie*, &c. 1611, p. 133, where a wood-cut represents James the First about to take the say, and the huntsman on his knees, offering the knife to the king.

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would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets[q]; marry, his[r] steward would have the[s] velvet-head[t] into the bargain, to turf[u] his hat withal. I think he should love venery; he is an old Sir Tristrem[v]; for, if you be remembered, he forsook the stag once to strike a rascal miching in a meadow, and her he killed in the eye[w]. Who shoots else?

Sec. Wood. The lady Galatea.

First Wood. That's a good wench, an she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberal, and, by my bow, they say she's honest[x]; and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all?

[q] *dowcets*] "As for the deinty morsels which mine Author speaketh off for Princes, our vse (as farre as euer I could see) is to take the caule, the tong, the eares, *the doulcets* [i. e. testes], the tenderlings (if his head be tender) and the sweete gut, which some call the Inchpinne, in a faire handkercher altogether, for the Prince or chiefe." *Id.* p. 134.

[r] *his*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "the"; and so the modern editors.

[s] *would have the*] So the earlier 4tos. Other eds. "*would have* had *the*." The Editors of 1778 give the former reading, Theobald and Weber the latter.

[t] *velvet-head*] "His [the hart's] head [i. e. horns], when it commeth first out, hath a russet pyll vpon it, the which is called *Veluet*, and his head is called then a *velvet head*." *The Noble Art of Venerie*, &c. by Turbervile, 1611, p. 244.

[u] *turf*] "The original word," says Theobald, "must *certainly* have been *tuft*;" which accordingly he inserted in the text, and is followed by the later editors. Compare "*Caps* double *turfed* called cockred caps." *The Rates of the Custome house*, &c. 1582, Sig. B. "*Caps* double *turfed* or cockared caps." *The Rates of Marchandizes*, &c. n. d. (in the 8th year of James the First), Sig. C. v. The same description occurs again in *The Rates of Marchandizes*, &c., printed in 1635, Sig. B. 6. I am informed that the expression "*turfing* a hat," in the sense of covering an old hat with beaver's fur or silk, was, up to a recent period, not unusual among hatters.

[v] *an old Sir Tristrem*] i. e. an expert huntsman,—that hero of romance being reputed the patron of the chase, and the first who brought hunting to a science.

[w] *to strike a rascal miching in a meadow, and her he killed in the eye.*] Old eds. "*to strike a rascal* milking," &c.; which is doubtless a misprint. "A rascal," says Theobald, "is a lean deer or doe; but what sense is there in a deer *milking* in a meadow? I hope I have retrieved the true reading, *mitching*, i. e. creeping, solitary, and withdrawn from the herd. To kill her *in the eye*, is a sarcasm on Pharamond as a bad shooter; for all good ones level at the heart." Succeeding editors have adopted Theobald's emendation; and it may, indeed, be the right word; but qy. "walking" (which is nearer the trace of the old letters), the original compositor having mistaken *wa* for *mi*?

[x] *honest*] i. e. chaste.

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Sec. Wood. No, one more; Megra.

First Wood. That's a firker, i'faith, boy; there's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds as a hunting-saddle, and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose herself three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable), and it has been work enough for one man to find her, and he has sweat for it. She rides well and she pays well. Hark! let's go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourish'd in these woods
With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks; but digg'd myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain-girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks
Whereon she dwelt[y], that might have strew'd my bed

[y] *dwelt*] So 4to. 1620. Later eds. "dwells;" and so the modern editors. This speech is beautifully imitated from the opening of Juvenal's Sixth Satire:

"Credo pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
In terris visamque diu, quum frigida parvas
Præberet spelunca domos ignemque laremque
Et pecus et dominos communi clauderet umbra;
Silvestrem montana torum quum sterneret uxor
Frondibus et culmo vicinarumque ferarum
Pellibus, haud similis tibi, Cynthia, nec tibi, cujus
Turbavit nitidos exstinctus passer ocellos,
Sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis
Et sæpe horridior glandem ructante marito."

The Editors of 1778 quote, as an imitation of the above speech of Philaster, a passage from Lee's *Theodosius;*

"Oh, that I had been born some happy swain," &c.

They might have cited an earlier imitation of it from Chamberlayne's *Pharonnida*, 1659;

——"Happy had we,
Great princess, been, if in that low degree," &c.

in which the very expression of our text, "large coarse issue," presently occurs: see Book ii. Canto 5. pp. 169, 170.

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With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbours, and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue! This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Oh, wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts;
Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way
To leave his body! [*Aside.*]—Pardon me, that must
Break thy last commandment; for I must speak:
You that are griev'd can pity; hear, my lord!

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?

Bel. Oh, my noble lord,
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing), so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger!

Phi. Is it thou? begone!
Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.

Bel. Alas, my lord, I can get nothing for them!
The silly country-people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.
Thou'rt fallen again to thy dissembling trade:
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untried for me?
Even so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spok'st, when first
I took thee up:
Curse on the time! If thy commanding tears
Can work on any other, use thy art;
I'll not betray it. Which way wilt thou take?
That I may shun thee, for thine eyes are poison

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To mine, and I am loath to grow in rage:
This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will serve; but I will choose to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter on one side DION, *and on the other the two* Woodmen.

Dion. This is the strangest sudden chance!—You, woodman!

First Wood. My lord Dion?

Dion. Saw you a lady come this way on a sable horse studded with stars of white?

Sec. Wood. Was she not young and tall?

Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain?

Sec. Wood. Faith, my lord, we saw none.

Dion. Pox of your questions then! [*Exeunt* Woodmen.

Enter CLEREMONT.

What, is she found?

Cle. Nor will be, I think.

Dion. Let him seek his daughter himself. (She cannot stray about a little necessary natural business, but the whole court must be in arms:) when she has done, we shall have peace.

Cle. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us. Some say, her horse ran away with her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, it was a plot to kill her, and that armed men were seen in the wood: but questionless she rode away willingly.

Enter KING, THRASILINE, *and* Attendants[z].

King. Where is she?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How's that?
Answer me so again!

Cle. Sir, shall I lie?

King. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that.

[z] *and attendants*] Qto. 1620 "*and other Lords.*" Later eds. give only the entrance of the King and Thrasiline: but compare the fourth speech of the King, "You fellows," &c.

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I say again, where is she? Mutter not!—
Sir, speak you; where is she?
Dion. Sir, I do not know.
King. Speak that again so boldly, and, by heaven,
It is thy last!—You, fellows, answer me;
Where is she? Mark me, all; I am your king:
I wish to see my daughter; shew her me;
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To shew her me! What! am I not your king?
If ay, then am I not to be obey'd?
Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.
King. Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou [a],
Thou traitor, that dar'st confine thy king to things
Possible and honest! shew her me,
Or, let me perish, if I cover not
All Sicily with blood!
Dion. Indeed I cannot,
Unless you tell me where she is.
King. You have betray'd me; you have let me lose
The jewel of my life. Go, bring her me,
And set her here before me: 'tis the King
Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of heaven. Speak, can it not?
Dion. No.
King. No! cannot the breath of kings do this?
Dion. No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.
King. Is it so? Take heed!
Dion. Sir, take you heed how you dare the powers
That must be just.
King. Alas, what are we kings!
Why do you gods place us above the rest,
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder,
And when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings?

[a] *thou*] Qto. 1620 "then," rightly perhaps.

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I have sinn'd, 'tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;
Yet would not thus be punish'd: let me choose
My way, and lay it on!

Dion. He articles with the gods. Would somebody would draw bonds for the performance of covenants betwixt them! [*Aside.*

Enter PHARAMOND, GALATEA, *and* MEGRA.

King. What, is she found?

Pha. No; we have ta'en her horse;
He gallop'd empty by. There is some treason.
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood;
Why left you her?

Gal. She did command me.

King. Command! you should not.

Gal. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth
To disobey the daughter of my King.

King. You're all cunning to obey us for our hurt;
But I will have her.

Pha. If I have her not,
By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily!

Dion. What, will he carry it to Spain in's pocket? [*Aside.*

Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the King,
A cook, and a tailor.

Dion. Yet you may do well to spare your lady-bedfellow; and her you may keep for a spawner. [*Aside.*

King. I see
The injuries I have done must be reveng'd. [*Aside.*

Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

King. Run all, disperse yourselves. The man that finds her,
Or (if she be kill'd) the traitor, I'll make him great.

Dion. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her. [*Aside.*

Pha. Come, let us seek.

King. Each man a several way;
Here I myself.

Dion. Come, gentlemen, we here.

Cle. Lady, you must go search too.

Meg. I had rather be search'd myself. [*Exeunt severally.*

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SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter ARETHUSA.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head:
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,
O'er mountains, thorough brambles, pits, and floods.
Heaven, I hope, will ease me: I am sick. [*Sits down.*

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Yonder's my lady. Heaven knows I want
Nothing, because I do not wish to live;
Yet I will try her charity. [*Aside.*]—Oh hear,
You that have plenty! from that flowing store
Drop some on dry ground.—See, the lively red
Is gone to guard her heart! I fear she faints.—
Madam, look up!—She breathes not.—Open once more
Those rosy twins, and send unto my lord
Your latest farewell!—Oh, she stirs.—How is it,
Madam? speak comfort.

Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there: I prithee, let me go;
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage:
I'll tell her coolly when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.——
Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, ye gods! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here!

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Bel. My lord, help, help !
The princess [b] !
Are. I am well ; forbear.
Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embrac'd
And kiss'd by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women ! Some good god [c] look down,
And shrink these veins up ; stick me here a stone,
Lasting to ages in the memory
Of this damn'd act ! [*Aside.*]—Hear me, you wicked ones !
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quench'd with tears ; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms ! at your meals and beds
Despair await you ! What, before my face ?
Poison of asps between your lips ! diseases
Be your best issues ! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you !
Are. Dear Philaster, leave
To be enrag'd, and hear me.
Phi. I have done ;
Forgive my passion. Not the calmèd sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturb'd than I : I'll make you know it.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
[*Offers his drawn sword.*
And search how temperate a heart I have ;
Then you and this your boy may live and reign
In lust without control. Wilt thou, Bellario ?
I prithee, kill me : thou art poor, and may'st
Nourish ambitious thoughts ; when I am dead,
Thy [d] way were freer. Am I raging now ?
If I were mad, I should desire to live.

[b] *My lord, help, help !*
The princess !] So 4tos. 1620, 1622, 1628. Other eds. "My lord, help, the princess ;" and so the modern editors.

[c] *god*] So 4tos. 1620, 1622, 1628. The line has dropt out from the later eds. The modern editors print "gods."

[d] *Thy*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "This" ; and so the modern editors.

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Sirs[e], feel my pulse, whether you have[f] known
A man in a more equal tune to die.
Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's time!
So does your tongue.
Phi. You will not kill me, then?
Are. Kill you!
Bel. Not for a world.
Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario: thou hast done but that which gods
Would have transform'd themselves to do. Begone,
Leave me without reply; this is the last
Of all our meetings[g].—[*Exit* BELLARIO.] Kill me with this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,
Or suffer.
Are. If my fortune be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousies[h] in the other world; no ill there?
Phi. No.
Are. Shew me, then, the way[i].
Phi. Then guide my feeble hand,
You that have power to do it, for I must
Perform a piece of justice!—If your youth[j]
Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.
Are. I am prepar'd.

Enter a Country Fellow.

C. Fell. I'll see the King, if he be in the forest; I have

[e] *Sirs*] "It should be recollected that *sir* was a term of address to females as well as men." WEBER.

[f] *whether you have*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "*whether have you*"; and so the modern editors—Theobald excepted, who chose to print "where ever *have you*."

[g] *meetings*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "meeting"; and so the modern editors.

[h] *jealousies*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print with the earlier eds. "jealousy."

[i] *Shew me, then, the way*] Qto. 1620 "Shew me the way to ioy."

[j] *If your youth* &c.] A recollection, perhaps, of Shakespeare's *Othello*;
"If you bethink yourself of any crime," &c. Act v. sc. 2.

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hunted him these two hours; if I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me. I can see nothing but people better horsed than myself, that out-ride me; I can hear nothing but shouting. These kings had need of good brains; this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits. There's a courtier with his sword drawn; by this hand, upon a woman I think! [*Aside.*

Phi. Are you at peace?

Are. With heaven and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soul and body! [*Wounds her.*

C. Fell. Hold, dastard! strike a woman! Thou'rt a craven, I warrant thee: thou wouldst be loath to play half a dozen venies[j] at wasters with a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us, good friend.

Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself
Upon our private sports, our recreations?

C. Fell. God 'uds[k] me, I understand you not; but I know the rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thy own affairs: it will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head; which thou
Wilt force me to.

C. Fell. I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it on, if you touch the woman.

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest! [*They fight.*

Are. Heavens guard my lord!

C. Fell. Oh, do you breathe?

Phi. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt:
The gods take part against me; could this boor
Have held me thus else[l]? I must shift for life,

[j] *dozen venies*] So 4tos. 1620, 1622, 1628. Later eds "*dozen* of *venies*"; and so the modern editors. *Venies at wasters* means—bouts at cudgels. On the doubtful etymology of *waster*, Theobald has a long and unsatisfactory note.

[k] *'uds*] I may notice that 4to. 1620 has "judge."

[l] *The gods take part against me; could this boor Have held me thus else?*] "Mr. Steevens has observed that this bears a strong resemblance to the following speech of Iachimo in Cymbeline:—

'——— I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession?'" WEBER.

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Though I do loathe it. I would find a course
To lose it rather by my will than force. [*Aside and exit.*

C. Fell. I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee, wench, come and kiss me now.

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *and* Woodmen.

Pha. What art thou?

C. Fell. Almost killed I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

Pha. The princess, gentlemen!—Where's the wound, madam? Is it dangerous?

Are. He has not hurt me.

C. Fell. I' faith, she lies; h'as hurt her in the breast; look else.

Pha. Oh, sacred spring of innocent blood!

Dion. 'Tis above wonder! who should dare this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speak, villain, who has hurt the princess?

C. Fell. Is it the princess?

Dion. Ay.

C. Fell. Then I have seen something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

C. Fell. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch;
Alas, I know him not, and do forgive him!

C. Fell. He's hurt too; he cannot go far: I made my father's old fox [m] fly about his ears.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all;
'Tis some distracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand,
I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut,
And bring him all to you [n] in my hat.

[m] *fox*] A familiar (and very common) term for the old English broad-sword.

[n] *to you*] So 4tos. 1622, 1628. Not in other eds. These words are omitted by the modern editors,—Theobald excepted, who transposed them thus, "And bring him all in my hat to you."

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Are. Nay, good sir,
If you do take him, bring him quick [o] to me,
And I will study for a punishment
Great as his fault.

Pha. I will.

Are. But swear.

Pha. By all my love, I will!—
Woodmen, conduct the princess to the King,
And bear that wounded fellow to dressing [p].—
Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

[*Exeunt on one side* PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE; *exit on the other,* ARETHUSA *attended by the* First Woodman.

C. Fell. I pray you, friend, let me see the King.

Sec. Wood. That you shall, and receive thanks.

C. Fell. If I get clear with [q] this, I'll go see [r] no more gay sights. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all, [*Lies down.*
Let me unworthy press you: I could wish
I rather were a corse strew'd o'er with you
Than quick above you. Dulness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy: oh, that I could take
So sound a sleep that I might never wake! [*Sleeps.*

[o] *quick*] i. e. "alive." MASON.

[p] *to dressing*] A word seems to have dropt out from this line. The speech was evidently intended for verse, though the modern editors leave it prose.

[q] *with*] Theobald gave the reading of 4tos. 1622, 1628, "of."

[r] *go see*] So fol. 1679. Other eds. "*go* to *see*"; and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

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Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I have done ill; my conscience calls me false,
To strike at her that would not strike at me.
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
And I a loathèd villain: if she be,
She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds
And cannot follow; neither knows he me.
Who's this? Bellario sleeping! If thou be'st
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,
[*Cry within.*
So broken. Hark! I am pursu'd. You gods
I'll take this offer'd means of my escape:
They have no mark to know me but my blood [t],
If she be true; if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds
Upon this sleeping boy! I have none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.
[*Wounds* BELLARIO.

Bel. Oh, death, I hope, is come! Blest be that hand!
It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake!

Phi. I have caught myself; [*Falls.*
The loss of blood hath stay'd my flight. Here, here,
Is he that struck thee: take thy full revenge;
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death;
I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand
Wounded the princess; tell my followers [u]
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee; get a reward.

Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself!

Phi. How's this?
Wouldst thou I should be safe?

[t] *my blood*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "*my* wounds"; and so the modern editors. The latter reading originated probably in a mistake of the compositor, his eye having caught "my wounds" at the end of the next line but one. Compare the first words of Pharamond, when he enters presently.

[u] *followers*] "i. e. pursuers." THEOBALD.

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Bel. Else were it vain
For me to live. These little wounds I have
Have not bled much: reach me that noble hand;
I'll help to cover you.
Phi. Art thou then [u] true to me?
Bel. Or let me perish loath'd! Come, my good lord,
Creep in amongst those bushes: who does know
But that the gods may save your much-lov'd breath?
Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this [v],
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do?
Bel. Shift for myself well. Peace! I hear 'em come.
[PHILASTER *creeps into a bush.*
[*Voices within.*] Follow, follow, follow! that way they went.
Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knows
That I can stand no longer. [*Falls.*

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Pha. To this place we have track'd him by his blood.
Cle. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.
Dion. Stay, sir! what are you?
Bel. A wretched creature, wounded in these woods
By beasts: relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.
Dion. This is he, my lord,
Upon my soul, that hurt her: 'tis the boy,
That wicked boy, that serv'd her.
Pha. Oh, thou damn'd
In thy creation! what cause couldst thou shape
To hurt the princess?
Bel. Then I am betray'd.
Dion. Betray'd! no, apprehended.
Bel. I confess
(Urge it no more) that, big with evil thoughts,

[u] *then*] Found only in 4to. 1620. Not in modern eds.

[v] *if not for this*] "The sense requires that we should read, 'If *but* for this', that is, were it only for this. There are no two words so often mistaken for each other in the old editions as *not* and *but*." MASON.

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I set upon her, and did make[w] my aim
Her death. For charity let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.
Pha. I will know
Who hir'd thee to this deed.
Bel. Mine own revenge.
Pha. Revenge! for what?
Bel. It pleas'd her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes till they overflow'd their banks,
Threatening the men that cross'd 'em; when, as swift
As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning suns upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestow'd, leaving me worse
And more contemn'd than other little brooks,
Because I had been great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die reveng'd.
Pha. If tortures can be found
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour.
Cle. Help to lead him hence.
[PHILASTER *creeps out of the bush.*
Phi. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?
Pha. Who's that?
Dion. 'Tis the lord Philaster.
Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
That virtue. It was I that hurt the princess.
Place me, some god, upon a pyramis

[w] *make*] So 4tos. 1620, 1622, 1628. Later eds. "take"; and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

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Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth that dwells in him!

Pha. How's this?

Bel. My lord, some man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario.

Bel. Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead me on?

Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep,
And gods do punish most when men do break,
He touch'd her not!—Take heed, Bellario,
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown
With perjury.—By all that's good, 'twas I!
You know she stood betwixt me and my right.

Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge!

Cle. It was Philaster.

Dion. Is't not a brave boy?
Well, sirs, I fear me we were all deceiv'd.

Phi. Have I no friend here?

Dion. Yes.

Phi. Then shew it: some
Good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have tears shed for you when you die?
Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weep floods and breathe forth my spirit.
'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold
[*Embracing* BELLARIO.
Lock'd in the heart of earth, can buy away
This arm-full from me: this had been a ransom
To have redeem'd the great Augustus Cæsar,
Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,
More stony than these mountains, can you see
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh
To stop his life? to bind whose bitter wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears
Bathe 'em.—Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
Of poor Philaster!

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Enter KING, ARETHUSA, *and* Guard.

King. Is the villain ta'en?

Pha. Sir, here be two confess the deed; but sure [x]
It was Philaster.

Phi. Question it no more;
It was.

King. The fellow that did fight with him
Will tell us that.

Are. Aye me! I know he will.

King. Did not you know him?

Are. Sir, if it was he,
He was disguis'd.

Phi. I was so [y]. Oh, my stars,
That I should live still! [*Aside.*

King. Thou ambitious fool,
Thou that hast laid a train for thy own life!—
Now I do mean to do, I 'll leave to talk.
Bear them [z] to prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life; should it pass unreveng'd,
I should to earth go weeping: grant me, then,
By all the love a father bears his child,
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures and their deaths [a].

Dion. Death! Soft; our law will not reach that for this fault.

King. 'Tis granted; take 'em to you with a guard.—
Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,
We may with more security go on
To your intended match.

[*Exeunt all except* DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Cle. I pray that this action lose not Philaster the hearts of the people.

Dion. Fear it not; their over-wise heads will think it but a trick. [*Exeunt.*

[x] *sure*] Qto. 1620 "sute" (evidently a misprint for "sure"). Later eds. "say"; which, though nonsense, satisfied the modern editors.

[y] *I was so*] i. e. I was, in a figurative sense, *disguised:* the word is still applied in vulgar language to those who are disordered or deformed by drink.

[z] *them*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "him"; and so the modern editors.

[a] *deaths*] So all the 4tos. Fol. 1679 "death"; and so the modern editors.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Thra. Has the King sent for him to death?

Dion. Yes; but the King must know 'tis not in his power to war with Heaven.

Cle. We linger time: the King sent for Philaster and the headsman an hour ago.

Thra. Are all his wounds well?

Dion. All; they were but scratches; but the loss of blood made him faint.

Cle. We dally, gentlemen.

Thra. Away!

Dion. We'll scuffle hard before he perish. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Prison.*

Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, *and* BELLARIO.

Are. Nay, dear Philaster, grieve not; we are well.

Bel. Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are wondrous well.

Phi. Oh, Arethusa, oh, Bellario,
Leave to be kind!
I shall be shut [a] from heaven, as now from earth,
If you continue so. I am a man
False to a pair of the most trusty ones
That ever earth bore: can it bear us all?
Forgive, and leave me. But the King hath sent
To call me to my death: oh, shew it me,
And then forget me! and for thee, my boy,

[a] *shut*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "shot"; and so the modern editors!

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I shall deliver words will mollify
The hearts of beasts to spare thy innocence.
Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts! 'tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.
Should I outlive you, I should then outlive
Virtue and honour; and when that day comes,
If ever I shall close these eyes but once,
May I live spotted for my perjury,
And waste by [b] limbs to nothing!
Are. And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,
Forc'd with my hands to bring my lord to death)
Do by the honour of a virgin swear
To tell no hours beyond it!
Phi. Make me not hated so.
Are. Come from this prison all joyful to our deaths!
Phi. People will tear me, when they find you true
To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.
Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleep forgotten with my faults:
Every just servant [c], every maid in love,
Will have a piece of me, if you be true.
Are. My dear lord, say not so.
Bel. A piece of you!
He was not born of woman [d] that can cut
It and look on.
Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you, for my heart
Will break with shame and sorrow [e].

[b] *by*] So 4to. 1622. Other eds. "my"; and so the modern editors.
[c] *servant*] See note, p. 213.
[d] *woman*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "women"; and so the modern editors.
[e] *Take me in tears betwixt you, for my heart*
Will break with shame and sorrow] Stands thus in old eds.:

"Take me in tears betwixt you,
For my heart will break with shame and sorrow"—

an arrangement followed by the modern editors, Seward (in his *Postscript*) proposing to read "*For* else *my heart*," &c.—"It is not easy to explain in sober language the rapturous effusions of love and grief; but it is evident that their dividing him in tears betwixt them was to be the consequence of his

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Are. Why, 'tis well.
Bel. Lament no more.
Phi. Why [e], what would you have done,
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found
Your life no price compar'd to mine [f]? for love, sirs,
Deal with me truly.
Bel. 'Twas mistaken, sir.
Phi. Why, if it were?
Bel. Then, sir, we would have ask'd
You pardon.
Phi. And have hope to enjoy it?
Are. Enjoy it! ay.
Phi. Would you indeed? be plain.
Bel. We would, my lord.
Phi. Forgive me, then.
Are. So, so.
Bel. 'Tis as it should be now.
Phi. Lead to my death. [*Exeunt.*

heart's breaking, not the prevention of it; it must be broken before it could be divided. The word *else*, therefore, should be struck out." MASON,—who did not, however, observe that the lines were wrongly divided.

[e] *Why*] Found only in 4to. 1620. Not in modern eds.

[f] *Your life no price compar'd to mine?*] Old eds. "My *life no price compar'd to* yours."—"It is evidently," says Mason, "the intention of Philaster, in this speech, to describe what he considered as his own situation at the moment. I have no doubt, therefore, but the passage is erroneous, and that it ought to run thus— . . . . 'Your life no price compar'd to *mine*.' That is, Suppose yourself [yourselves] in the same situation that I am; that you had wronged me basely, as I have wronged you, and had found that your life was [lives were] of no value compared with mine; which is what I feel when I compare my life with yours." Mason was not aware that the transposition which he proposed (and which Weber adopted) had been made long ago. In an alteration of *Philaster*, entitled *The Restauration* (attributed to the Duke of Buckingham, see p. 203), the passage stands thus;

> "Pray tell me now, if you had wrong'd me basely,
> And found *your* life no price compar'd to *mine*," &c.

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SCENE III.—*A State-room in the Palace.*

Enter KING, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *and* Attendants.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?
Cle. So please you, sir, he's gone to see the city
And the new platform, with some gentlemen
Attending on him.
King. Is the princess ready
To bring her prisoner out?
Thra. She waits your grace.
King. Tell her we stay. [*Exit* THRASILINE.
Dion. King, you may be deceiv'd yet:
The head you aim at cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly[g]. If it must off;
Like a wild overflow, that swoops before him
A golden stack, and with it shakes down bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable-roots
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,
And, so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride
Charges strong towns, towers, castles, palaces,
And lays them desolate; so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruins. [*Aside.*

Enter ARETHUSA, PHILASTER, BELLARIO *in a robe and garland*[h], *and* THRASILINE.

King. How now? what masque is this?
Bel. Right royal sir, I should
Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers,
But having lost my best airs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike

[g] *lightly*] i. e. easily.
[h] *in a robe and garland*] Qto. 1620 "*with a garland of flowers on's head.*"

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This blessèd union on, thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair cedar-branches,
The noblest of the mountain where they grew,
Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their lairs, and slept
Free from the fervour of[i] the Sirian star
And the fell thunder-stroke, free from the clouds,
When they were big with humour, and deliver'd
In thousand spouts their issues to the earth;
Oh, there was none but silent quiet there!
Till never-pleasèd Fortune shot up shrubs,
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches;
And for a while they did so, and did reign
Over the mountain, and choke[j] up his beauty
With brakes, rude thorns and thistles, till the sun
Scorch'd them even to the roots and dried them there:
And now a gentle gale hath blown again,
That made these branches meet and twine together,
Never to be divided[k]. The god that sings
His holy numbers over marriage-beds
Hath knit their noble hearts; and here they stand
Your children, mighty King: and I have done.

King. How, how?

Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth,
(For now[l] there is no masquing in't,) this gentleman,
The prisoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throes
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length
Arriv'd here my dear husband.

King. Your dear husband!—

[i] *the fervour of*] These words are found only in 4to. 1620. Not in modern eds.

[j] *choke*] Theobald gave, with 4to. 1652 and fol. 1679, "choak'd."

[k] *divided*] Qto. 1620 has the uncommon, but perhaps more poetical word, "unarm'd."

[l] *now*] So 4tos. 1620, 1622, 1628. Not in other eds. The Editors of 1778, supposing it to be one of Theobald's interpolations, threw it out.

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Call in the Captain of the Citadel [m].—
There you shall keep your wedding. I'll provide
A masque shall make your Hymen turn his saffron
Into a sullen coat [n], and sing sad requiems
To your departing souls;
Blood shall put out your torches; and, instead
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,
An axe shall hang like a prodigious [o] meteor,
Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, you gods!
From this time do I shake all title off
Of father to this woman, this base woman;
And what there is of vengeance in a lion
Chaf'd [p] among dogs or robb'd of his dear young,
The same, enforc'd more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me!

Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to swear by,
There's nothing that can stir me from myself.
What I have done, I have done without repentance;
For death can be no bugbear unto me,
So long as Pharamond is not my headsman.

Dion. Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid,
Whene'er thou diest! For this time I'll excuse thee,
Or be thy prologue. [*Aside.*

Phi. Sir, let me speak next;
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions. If you aim
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
You are a tyrant and a savage monster,

[m] *Call in the Captain of the Citadel*] Here perhaps an attendant should go out; but that the Captain of the Citadel does not enter, is plain from what the King says before his exit, "Away to the Citadel," &c., p. 291.

[n] *A masque shall make your Hymen turn his saffron Into a sullen coat*] "Mr. Warton, in his notes on Milton's Allegro, has collected various instances from old authors to prove that Hymen was always appropriately clothed in saffron-coloured robes in the ancient masques and pageantries." WEBER.

[o] *prodigious*] i. e. portentous.

[p] *Chaf'd*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "Chast" and "Cast": the modern editors give the latter word.

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That feeds[p] upon the blood you gave a life to;
Your memory shall be as foul behind you,
As you are living; all your better deeds[q]
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;
No chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men. No monument,
Though high and big as Pelion, shall be able
To cover this base murder: make it rich
With brass, with purest gold and shining jasper,
Like the Pyramides; lay on epitaphs
Such as make great men gods; my little marble
That only clothes my ashes, not my faults,
Shall far outshine it. And for after-issues,
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,
That they will give you more for your mad rage
To cut off, unless it be some snake, or something
Like yourself, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father, King! there was a fault,
But I forgive it: let that sin persuade you
To love this lady; if you have a soul,
Think, save her, and be savèd. For myself,
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languish'd under you and daily wither'd,
That, Heaven knows, it is a[r] joy to die;
I find a recreation in't.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Where is the King?

King. Here.

Gent. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the prince Pharamond from danger;

[p] *That feeds* &c.] This line is found only in 4to. 1620. Not in modern eds.

[q] ——————————— *all your better deeds*

, *Shall be in water writ, but this in marble*] Here Theobald cites Shakespeare's *Henry the Eighth;*

"*Men's* evil *manners live in* brass, *their virtues*
We write in water."

and Catullus;

"*In vento et rapidâ* scribere *oportet* aquâ."

[r] *a*] Theobald and the Editors of 1778 gave with the later eds. "my."

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He 's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing [s] the lord Philaster.
Dion. Oh, brave followers [t]!
Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny!
Now, my brave valiant foremen, shew your weapons
In honour of your mistresses! [*Aside.*

Enter a Second Gentleman.

Sec. Gent. Arm, arm, arm, arm [u]!
King. A thousand devils take 'em!
Dion. A thousand blessings on 'em! [*Aside.*
Sec. Gent. Arm, O King! The city is in mutiny,
Led by an old grey ruffian, who comes on
In rescue of the lord Philaster.
King. Away to the citadel! I 'll see them safe,
And then cope with these burghers. Let the guard
And all the gentlemen give strong attendance.
[*Exeunt all except* DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.
Cle. The city up! this was above our wishes.
Dion. Ay, and the marriage too. By my life,
This noble lady has deceiv'd us all.
A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues,
For having such unworthy thoughts of her dear honour!
Oh, I could beat myself! or do you beat me,
And I 'll beat you; for we had all one thought.
Cle. No, no, 'twill but lose time.
Dion. You say true. Are your swords sharp?—Well, my dear countrymen What-ye-lacks [v], if you continue, and fall not back upon the first broken skin [w], I 'll have you chronicled and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and all-to-be-praised

[s] *Fearing*] i. e. Fearing for.
[t] *followers*] Qto. 1620 "fellows".
[u] *Arm, arm, arm, arm*] So 4tos. 1622, 1628. Other eds. "Arm, arm, arm"; and so the modern editors.
[v] *What-ye-lacks*] i. e. shopkeepers,—"what do you lack," being formerly the usual address of the London shopkeepers to the passers by.—So 4tos. 1620, 1622. Later eds. "*What-ye*-lack"; and so the modern editors.
[w] *skin*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "shin"; and so the modern editors.

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and sung in sonnets [x], and bawled [y] in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troul you *in sæcula sæculorum*, my kind can-carriers.

Thra. What, if a toy [z] take 'em i' the heels now, and they run all away, and cry "the devil take the hindmost"?

Dion. Then the same devil take the foremost too, and souse him for his breakfast! If they all prove cowards, my curses fly amongst them, and be speeding! May they have murrains reign [a] to keep the gentlemen at home unbound in easy frieze! may the moths branch [b] their velvets, and their silks only be worn before sore eyes! may their false lights [c] undo 'em, and discover presses, holes, stains, and oldness in their stuffs, and make them shop-rid! may they keep whores and horses, and break; and live mewed up with necks of beef and turnips! may they have many children, and none like the father! may they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels, unless it be the goatish [d]

[x] *and all-to-be-praised and sung in sonnets*] Altered by Theobald to "and sung in all-to-be-praised sonnets"; which the succeeding editors give!

[y] *bawled*] Old eds. "bath'd". Theobald printed "graved"; and so his successors. I have adopted the conjecture of Heath (*MS. Notes*), which is at least better and nearer to the trace of the old letters than "graved".

[z] *toy*] i. e. whim. [a] *reign*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "rain"!

[b] *branch*] i. e. embroider, figure, sprig.

[c] *false lights*] Were used, it would seem, in the shops of dishonest London tradesmen, to enable them to palm upon their customers injured or inferior goods. In Middleton's *Michaelmas Term*, the rascally woollen-draper Quomodo has an assistant named Falselight, whom he thus addresses;

> "Go, make my coarse commodities look sleek;
> With subtle art beguile the honest eye:
> Be near to my trap-window, cunning Falselight."
>
> *Works*, i. 421. ed. Dyce.

[d] *goatish*] Qto. 1620 "gotish". Qtos. 1622, 1628 "goatish". Later eds. "goarish." Theobald printed "Gothic" (a reading previously given in *The Restauration*, an alteration of this play attributed to the Duke of Buckingham, see p. 203); and so his successors.—That "goatish", i. e. rank, coarse, barbarous, is the genuine word, there cannot be the slightest doubt: in Hormanni *Vulgaria* we find, "The ranke sauour of *gotes* is applied to them that wyll not come out of theyr *baudy* [i. e. foul, barbarous] *latyn*. - - - - - *qui barbariem nunquam exuunt*." Sig. R vi. ed. 1530; and in Drayton's *Elinor Cobham to Duke Humphrey*,

> "Which in the *Gotish* Island tongue were taught."

Todd in his additions to Johnson's *Dict.* gives, *on the strength of the*

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Latin they write in their bonds—and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

Re-enter KING.

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them! How they swarm together! what a hum they raise!—Devils choke your wild throats!—If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heat: they will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me and call me tyrant. Oh, run, dear friend, and bring the lord Philaster! speak him fair; call him prince; do him all the courtesy you can; commend me to him. Oh, my wits, my wits! [*Exit* CLEREMONT.

Dion. Oh, my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this; nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you, and send you brawn and bacon, and soil you every long vacation a brace of foremen [e], that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking. [*Aside.*

King. What they will do with this poor prince, the gods know, and I fear.

Dion. Why, sir, they'll flay him, and make church-buckets on's skin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in's sconce [f], and hang him up for a sign.

Enter PHILASTER *and* CLEREMONT.

King. Oh, worthy sir, forgive me! do not make
Your miseries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be yourself,
Still sound amongst diseases. I have wrong'd you;
And though I find it last, and beaten to it,

present passage, "GOARISH. *adj.* (from *goar*). Patched, mean, doggerel"; and, what is more to be wondered at, Richardson in his very learned work has borrowed from Todd this precious adjective and the example of its use.

[e] *soil you every long vacation a brace of foremen*] "*Soil,* to fatten completely." "*Soiling,* the last fattening food given to fowls when they are taken up from the stack or barn-door, and cooped for a few days." Forby's *Vocab. of East Anglia. Foremen* can only be a sort of cant name for geese.

[f] *sconce*] i. e. head.

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Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people,
And be what you were born to: take your love,
And with her my repentance, all[g] my wishes
And all my prayers. By the gods, my heart speaks this;
And if the least fall from me not perform'd,
May I be struck with thunder!

Phi. Mighty sir,
I will not do your greatness so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth. Free the princess
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea-breach, which I'll either turn,
Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly,
And be not mov'd, sir: I shall bring you[h] peace
Or never bring myself back.

King. All the gods go with thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter an old Captain *and* Citizens *with* PHARAMOND *prisoner.*

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let us fall on!
Let your[i] caps swarm, my boys, and your nimble tongues
Forget your mother-gibberish of "what do you lack[j],"
And set your mouths ope[k], children, till your palates
Fall frighted half a fathom past the cure
Of bay-salt and gross pepper, and then cry
Philaster, brave Philaster! Let Philaster

[g] *all*] So 4tos. 1620, 1622, 1628. Later eds. "and"; which the modern editors give.

[h] *you*] So 4to. 1620. Later eds. "your"; and so the modern editors,—Theobald excepted, who gave "you" from conjecture.

[i] *your*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "our"; and so the modern editors.

[j] *what do you lack*] See note, p. 291.

[k] *ope*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds "up"; and so the modern editors.

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Be deeper in request, my ding-a-dings [l],
My pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs [m],
Than your cold water-camlets, or your paintings
Spitted with copper [n]. Let not your hasty silks,
Or your branch'd cloth of bodkin [o], or your tissues,
Dearly belovèd of spic'd cake and custard,
Your Robin-hoods, Scarlets, and Johns [p], tie your affections
In darkness to your shops. No, dainty duckers [q],

[l] *ding-a-dings*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "*ding*-dongs"; and so the modern editors.

[m] *kings of clubs*] Clubs were formerly the favourite weapons of the London shopkeepers, which, when a fray arose in the streets, their apprentices were always ready to use.

[n] *Spitted with copper*] "I have ventured," says Theobald, "to substitute *spotted*, i. e. sprinkled with copper, as our painted papers for hangings are, to resemble gold and look gaudy." And so his successors. Heath conjectured "Spirted." *MS. Notes.*—"*Spitted*" is right; and the context might have shown Theobald that cloths, not *papers*, were meant by "paintings." We read of "cloth of gold *broched* upon sattin ground, and blue cloth of silver *broched* upon satin ground." Strutt's *Dress and Habits*, &c. ii. 213. And Cotgrave has "*Broché*, Broached, *spitted*; also, *grosely stitched; sowed or set with great stitches*." *French-English Dict.* ed. 1650. In *The Rates of Marchandizes*, &c. 1635, under the head of "Silkes wrought," is "Bridges Sattin tinceled *with Copper*." Sig. E 8.

[o] *branch'd cloth of bodkin*] *Bodkin* is a corruption of *baudkin*. "*Baudekyn* cloth of sylk, olocericus." *Prompt. Parv.* in v. ed. 1499. "*Baldakinus, Baldekinus*, Pannus omnium ditissimus, cujus utpote stamen ex filo auri, subtemen ex serico tegitur, plumario opere intertextus ("branch'd"), sic dictus quod *Baldacco*, seu Babylone in Perside, in Occidentales provincias deferretur." Du Cange, *Gloss.* in v. "Observat denique Scaliger in Notis ad Catullum Babylonica appellasse veteres quæcumque acu picta erant, licet in Babylonia facta non essent." *Id.* in v. *Baudequinus*. Nares defines it, after Du Cange, "the richest kind of stuff, the web being gold, and the woof silk, with embroidery." *Gloss.* in *Baudkin*. Strutt observes that "it was probably known upon the Continent some time before it was brought into this kingdom; for Henry the Third appears to have been the first English monarch that used the cloth of Baudkins for his vesture." *Dress and Habits*, &c. ii. 130; and afterwards cites from the Wardrobe Inventories of Henry the Fifth and Henry the Eighth, "*baudekyn* of purple silk," "white *baudekyn* of gold," "blue, white, green, and crimson *baudekins* with flowers of gold," "green *baudikins* of Venice gold." ii. 213.

[p] *Robin-hoods, Scarlets, and Johns*] "All, who know any thing of the story of Robin Hood must know that Scarlet and John were two of his favourite dependants." THEOBALD.

[q] *duckers*] i. e. cringers, bowers—alluding to their *ducking* (bowing) to customers.

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Up with your three-pil'd [q] spirits, your wrought valours [r];
And let your uncut cholers [s] make the King feel
The measure of your mightiness. Philaster!
Cry, my rose-nobles [t], cry!

All. Philaster! Philaster!

Cap. How do you like this, my lord-prince [u]?
These are mad boys, I tell you; these are things
That will not strike their top-sails to a foist [v],
And let a man of war, an argosy,
Hull and cry cockles.

Pha. Why, you rude slave, do you know what you do?

Cap. My pretty prince of puppets, we do know;
And give your greatness warning that you talk

[q] *three-pil'd*] Is frequently used by our early writers metaphorically, and with much less propriety than in this punning harangue to shopkeepers: *three-pile* was velvet of the richest and strongest quality; "it seems to have been thought," says Nares (*Gloss. in* v.), "that there was a three-fold accumulation of the outer substance or pile."

[r] *valours*] Another quibble: *velure* (sometimes spelt *valure*) is velvet.

[s] *cholers*] Another play on words. Qto. 1620 "colours." Qtos. 1622, 1628 "Collers." Later eds. "Coller." The modern editors give "choler."

[t] *rose-nobles*] "A *rose-noble* was a gold coin, struck originally in the reign of Edward III. and stamped with a rose, worth 6*s.* 8*d.*" WEBER. In our author's time, its value was considerably higher.

[u] *prince*] Qto. 1620 "prisoner,"—rightly, perhaps.

[v] *That will not strike their top-sails to a foist,*
And let a man of war, an argosy,
Hull and cry cockles] "A *foist* means a small vessel with sails and oars, called *fuste* in French, and *fusta* in Italian. The Lord-Mayor's barge was formerly called the *galley-foist.*" MASON. "*An argosy*—any large vessel, so called from Jason's large ship *Argo* [the most probable derivation of the word]. A vessel is said to *hull*, when she floats, or rides idle to and fro upon the water." THEOBALD. Nares (*Gloss.* in v. *Foist*) explains the present passage thus—"They will not yield to an inferior vessel, and suffer a man of war, *in which they are, to lie inactive and in base traffic*"; but he mistakes the meaning of the latter part: Weber rightly observes that "*foist* evidently alludes to the Lord Mayor's or any other barge gorgeously painted, in reference to the gaudy apparel and effeminacy of Pharamond" (so again Fletcher in *The Woman's Prize*, act ii. sc. 6., has "painted *foist*"); and "a man of war" as evidently refers to Philaster. According to Grose, "*To cry cockles*" is "to be hanged; perhaps from the noise made whilst strangling." *Class. Dict. of the Vulgar Tongue.*

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No more such bug's-words [w], or that solder'd crown
Shall be scratch'd with a musket [x]. Dear prince Pippin,
Down with your noble blood, or, as I live,
I'll have you coddled.—Let him loose, my spirits:
Make us a round ring with your bills [y], my Hectors,
And let us see what this trim man dares do.
Now, sir, have at you! here I lie;
And with this swashing blow (do you see, sweet prince? [z])
I could hock [a] your grace, and hang you up cross-legg'd,
Like a hare at a poulter's [b], and do this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not see me murder'd, wicked villains?

First. Cit. Yes, indeed, will we, sir; we have not seen one
For [c] a great while.

Cap. He would have weapons, would he?
Give him a broadside, my brave boys, with your pikes;

[w] *bug's-words*] i. e. swaggering, high-sounding words,—properly, terrific words, from *bug*, a goblin: such at least is its generally received etymology; but Richardson (*Dict.* in v.) considers "*bug*-word" as merely a form of "*big*-word."—Here Theobald and his successors print "bug-*words*"; and so too Gifford in *Perkin Warbeck* (Ford's *Works* ii. 65), though the old ed. of that play has "bugs-*words*. Compare Nash; "Thats a *bugges word*." *Strange Newes of the intercepting certaine Letters, &c.*, 1592, Sig. I.

[x] *scratch'd with a musket*] The Captain is still quibbling,—*musket* (from which perhaps the weapon had its name) being a male sparrow-hawk: "all these kind of hawkes haue their male birds and cockes . . . as . . . the Sparrowhawke his *Musket*." *The Booke of Falconrie*, &c. by Turbervile, 1611, p. 3.

[y] *bills*] i. e. a kind of pikes or halberds with hooked points: see the wood-cut in Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vii. 87.

[z] *do you see, sweet prince?*] Qto. 1620 "*doe you* huffe *sweete Prince?*" Qto. 1622 "*do you see sweete Prince?*" (which reading I have adopted). Later eds. "*do you sweet Prince?*", "*do you* sweat *Prince?*", "*do you* swet *Prince?*", and "*do you* swear *Prince?*" Theobald and his successors give "do you sweat, prince?"

[a] *hock*] i. e. hough. So 4to. 1620. Later eds. "hulk" and "hulke"; and so the modern editors.

[b] *poulter's*] The old and common form of the word; yet Theobald printed "poulterer's."

[c] *For*] Mason's correction. Old eds. "foe". Theobald printed "so" from Sympson's conjecture,—a reading also found in the alteration of *Philaster* called *The Restauration* (attributed to the Duke of Buckingham, see p. 203.) The Editors of 1778 gave "foe", and defended it in a note! From this place to the end of the play 4to. 1620 is most absurdly at variance with the authors' text: see p. 198.

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Branch[d] me his skin in flowers like a sattin,
And between every flower a mortal cut.—
Your royalty shall ravel.—Jag him, gentlemen;
I'll have him cut to the kell[e], then down the seams.
O for a whip to make him galloon-laces!
I'll have a coach-whip.

Pha. Oh, spare me, gentlemen!

Cap. Hold, hold;
The man begins to fear and know himself:
He shall for this time only be seel'd up
With a feather through his nose[f], that he may only
See heaven, and think whither[g] he is going.
Nay, my beyond-sea sir, we will proclaim you:
You would be king!
Thou tender heir apparent to a church-ale[h],
Thou slight prince of single sarcenet,
Thou royal ring-tail[i], fit to fly at nothing
But poor men's poultry, and have every boy
Beat thee from that too with his bread and butter!

Pha. Gods keep me from these hell-hounds!

First Cit. Shall's geld him, captain?

Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets, my dear donsels[j];

[d] *Branch*] i. e. embroider, figure, sprig.

[e] *kell*] "The caule about his [the hart's] paunch is called his *Kell.*" *The Noble Art of Venerie*, &c. by Turbervile, 1611, p. 244.

[f] *seel'd up*

With a feather through his nose] "*Seel'd* [Fr. *siller*] is a term in falconry: when a hawk is first taken, a thread is run through its eyelids so that she may see very little, [or not at all] to make her the better endure the hood." THEOBALD. See *The Booke of Falconrie*, &c. by Turbervile, 1611, pp. 21, 88, 100. Sometimes a small feather was used for this purpose.

[g] *whither*] "I believe we should read '*thither* he is going', instead of '*whither*'; and the meaning is, we will confine his eyes in such a manner, that he shall see nothing but heaven, and think that he is going there. If a pidgeon be hoodwinked in such a manner that it can receive no light but from above, it will arise perpendicularly till it dies: to this the citizen alludes." MASON.

[h] *a church-ale*] "Is a festival to commemorate the dedication of a church." MASON.

[i] *ring-tail*] "Is a sort of a kite with a whitish tail." THEOBALD.

[j] *donsels*] i. e. youths (—so, in the last speech of this scene the Captain calls them "sweet *youths*"—), properly, young gentlemen professing arms and not

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As you respect the ladies, let them flourish :
The curses of a longing woman kill
As speedy as a plague, boys.
First Cit. I'll have a leg, that's certain.
Sec. Cit. I'll have an arm.
Third Cit. I'll have his nose[k], and at mine own charge build
A college and clap it upon the gate.
Fourth Cit. I'll have his little gut to string a kit with :
For certainly a royal gut will sound like silver.
Pha. Would they were in thy belly, and I past
My pain once !
Fifth Cit. Good captain, let me have his liver to feed ferrets.
Cap. Who will have parcels else ? speak.
Pha. Good gods, consider me ! I shall be tortur'd.
First Cit. Captain, I'll give you the trimming of your two-hand sword,
And let me have his skin to make false scabbards.
Sec. Cit. He had no horns, sir, had he[l] ?
Cap. No, sir, he's a pollard[m] :
What wouldst thou do with horns ?
Sec. Cit. Oh, if he had had[n],

yet knighted ; *Low Lat. domicellus, donzellus, Ital. damigello, donzello, Span. donzel,* Fr. *damoisel.* Here is an allusion to the *Donzel del Phebo,* a hero in a celebrated Spanish romance, which, previous to the production of this play, had been translated into English under the title of *The Mirrour of Knighthood. . . The Mirrour of Princely Deedes and Knighthood, wherein is shewed the Worthinesse of the Knight of the Sunne and his Brother Rosicleer,* &c. 4to. (published in Parts, with various dates). The Captain presently calls Philaster "my royal *Rosicleer,*" and asks if he is "free as *Phœbus.*" Allusions to these personages occur in several other old dramas.

[k] *I'll have his nose &c.*] "An allusion to Brazen-Nose College at Oxford." WEBER.

[l] *He had no horns, sir, had he?*] The Editors of 1778 printed "*He* has *no horns, sir,* has *he?*" an alteration, they say, "which from the other parts of the dialogue seems absolutely necessary"! and so Weber.

[m] *a pollard*] "A *pollard* amongst gardeners is an old tree which has been often lopped ; but amongst hunters a stag or male deer, which has cast its head or horns." THEOBALD. The latter signification of the word is given in Cockeram's *Dict.* and probably may be found (though I have not met with it) in some of the old books on hunting.

[n] *he had had*] So 4tos. 1622, 1628 (the passage is not in 4to. 1620—see note, p. 297). Later eds. "*he had*" ; and so the modern editors.

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I would have made rare hafts and whistles of 'em ;
But his shin-bones, if they be sound, shall serve me.

Enter PHILASTER.

All. Long live Philaster, the brave prince Philaster !

Phi. I thank you, gentlemen. But why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil trades ?

Cap. My royal Rosicleer [o],
We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers [p] ;
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our musty murrions [q] on,
And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,
Thou Mars of men ? is the King sociable,
And bids thee live ? art thou above thy foemen,
And free as Phœbus [r] ? speak. If not, this stand
Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt,
And run even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold, and be satisfied : I am myself ;
Free as my thoughts are ; by the gods, I am !

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King ?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules ?
Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets
Kiss their gumm'd golls [s], and cry " We are your servants " ?
Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck
With flags of friendship ? If not, we are thy castle,
And this man sleeps.

[o] *Rosicleer*] See note, p. 299.

[p] *roarers*] Or *roaring boys*, was a cant name for a set of quarrelsome bullying blades, who, when this play was written and long after, infested the streets of London : the allusions to them in our early dramas are innumerable ; but for an elaborate picture of a roarer, see particularly *A Fair Quarel*, Middleton's *Works*, vol. iii. ed. Dyce.

[q] *murrions*] i. e. steel caps, plain helmets.

[r] *Phœbus*] Another allusion to the *Donzel del Phebo ;* see note, p. 299.

[s] *their gumm'd golls*] i. e. their hands (or rather fists, paws), to which some sort of gum had been applied either for its perfume or its bleaching quality. B. Jonson speaks of effeminate persons " *bleaching their hands* at midnight, gumming and bridling their beards," &c. *Discoveries*, *Works*, (by Gifford), ix. 202. Theobald chose to print " the gum-*gols* " ; which Nares (in *Gloss.*) gives as a legitimate compound, and supposes to mean clammy hands.

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Phi. I am what I desire[t] to be, your friend;
I am what I was born to be, your prince.
Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you;
You have a noble soul: forget my name,
And know my misery; set me safe aboard
From these wild cannibals, and, as I live,
I 'll quit this land for ever. There is nothing,—
Perpetual prisonment, cold, hunger, sickness
Of all sorts, all dangers, and all together[u],
The worst company of the worst men, madness, age,
To be as many creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do, nay, to despair,—
But I would rather make it a new nature,
And live with all those, than endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs.
Phi. I do pity you.—Friends, discharge your fears;
Deliver me the prince: I'll warrant you
I shall be old enough to find my safety.
Third Cit. Good sir, take heed he does not hurt you;
He is a fierce man, I can tell you, sir.
Cap. Prince, by your leave, I 'll have a surcingle,
And mail[v] you like a hawk.

[t] *I desire*] So folio 1679. Other eds. "*I* do *desire*"; and so the modern editors,—Theobald excepted.

[u] *sickness*
Of all sorts, all dangers, and all together] So folio 1679. The earlier eds.
"*sicknesse*,
"*Of all sorts*, of *all dangers, and altogether*";
and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber—except that they threw out the comma after "sickness" and printed "all together". Theobald gave the passage thus altered by Seward;
"*sickness*,
All dangers of all sorts, and all together."

[v] *mail*] So the folio 1679, where the word is spelt "male". All the other old eds. "make."—"*Surcingle* generally means a girth or the girdle of a cassock; but in the present case I suspect the word to signify the hood in which the hawk was *mailed* or shrowded. This meaning of *mailed* is proved by the Duchess of Gloucester's speech in Henry VI. Part ii. when she is led through the streets wrapped up in the sheet of penance;
'Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame.'"—WEBER.

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Phi. Away, away, there is no danger in him:
Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off!
Look you, friends, how gently he leads! Upon my word,
He 's tame enough, he need[s] no further watching[w].
Good my friends, go to your houses,
And by me have your pardons and my love;
And know there shall be nothing in my power
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes:
To give you more thanks, were to flatter you.
Continue still your love; and, for an earnest,
Drink this. [*Gives money.*

All. Long mayst thou live, brave prince, brave prince, brave prince!

[*Exeunt* PHILASTER *and* PHARAMOND.

Surcingle could never signify a "hood": the meaning of the present passage is evidently,—I'll have a girth or band, and pinion you, or fasten down your wings, like a hawk: "*Mail a hawk* is to wrap her up in a handkerchief or other cloath, *that she may not be able to stir her wings* or struggle." R. Holme's *Ac. of Armory*, 1688, B. ii. p. 239. The reading of the folio 1679 is therefore clearly preferable to that of the earlier eds., "make", which, however, was a term of falconry, and meant to order, fashion, render obedient;

> "What greater glee can man desire, than by his cunning skill
> So to reclaime a haggard Hawke, as she the fowle shall kill,
> To *make* and man her in such sort, as tossing out a traine
> Or but the lewre, when she is at large, to whoup her in againe?"
> Turbervile's *Booke of Falconrie*, &c. *Introd. Poem.*—ed. 1611.

"How to beare and *make* a Falcon." *id.* p. 99. "To enter or *make* a Hawke after the fashion of Lombardy." p. 117. "To enseame a Falcon and to *make* her." p. 119. "To keepe and *make* Sparrowhawkes." p. 132. "To reclayme and *make* the Nyasse Sparowhawke." p. 199.

> "My purpose was to set them downe the trade,
> To man their Hawks, and how they might be *made*."
> *Epilogue.*

At the end of the present speech the modern editors give a stage-direction, "*He stirs*"! For this nonsense they certainly had the authority of most of the old eds.; but they might have found in some of them "*He strives*," i. e. Pharamond struggles.

[w] *He's tame enough, he need*[*s*] *no further watching*] "One of the means used to tame hawks is to keep them continually awake." MASON. But is there any allusion to it here?

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Cap. Go thy ways[x], thou art the king of courtesy.
Fall off again, my sweet youths. Come,
And every man trace to his house again,
And hang his pewter up; then to the tavern,
And bring your wives in muffs. We will have music;
And the red grape shall make us dance and rise, boys.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, BELLARIO, *and* Attendants.

King. Is it appeas'd?
Dion. Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night[y],
As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himself.
King. Kind gentleman[z]!
I will not break the least word I have given
In promise to him: I have heap'd a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter PHILASTER *and* PHARAMOND.

Cle. My lord is come.
King. My son!
Blest be the time that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms,
Methinks I have a salve unto my breast

[x] *Go thy ways*] "These words [omitted by Theobald and the Editors of 1778] are retrieved from the second quarto." WEBER. They are found also in 4to. 1628.

[y] *this dead of night*] "There is no hint" said Seward "of the scene being at midnight; we must therefore read '*the* dead of night'"—which accordingly Theobald adopted; and so his successors. But is there any "hint of the scene *not* being at midnight"? and the very expression "this dead of night" occurs in an earlier part of the play, p. 243.

[z] *gentleman*] A correction by Seward. Old eds. "gentlemen."

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For all the stings that dwell there. Streams of grief
That I have wrong'd[a] thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
Let them appease thee. Take thy right; take her;
She is thy right too; and forget to urge
My vexèd soul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten.—For you, prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furnish'd to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company:
How like you this piece?

Meg. Sir, he likes it well,
For he hath tried it, and hath[b] found it worth
His princely liking. We were ta'en a-bed;
I know your meaning. I am not the first
That nature taught to seek a fellow forth;
Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? or have princes salves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?

Phi. What mean you?

Meg. You must get another ship,
To bear the princess and her[c] boy together.

Dion. How now!

Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him
At that all women may be ta'en some time[d]:
Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure
Weather and wind alike.

King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me for father.

Are. This earth, how false it is! What means is left for me

[a] *wrong'd*] Old eds. "wrought."

[b] *hath*] So 4to. 1622. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors. (The passage is not in 4to. 1620: see note p. 297.)

[c] *her*] So 4to. 1622. Other eds. "the"; and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

[d] *some time*] Theobald gave with fol. 1679 "sometimes."

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To clear myself? It lies in your belief:
My lords, believe me; and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.
Bel. Oh, stop your ears, great King, that I may speak
As freedom would! then I will call this lady
As base as are her actions: hear me, sir;
Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.
Meg. By this good light, he bears it handsomely.
Phi. This lady! I will sooner trust the wind
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with any thing. Believe her not.
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive 'em? Honour cannot take
Revenge on you; then what were to be known
But death?
King. Forget her, sir, since all is knit
Between us. But I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied [e].
Phi. Command, whate'er it be.
King. Swear to be true
To what you promise.
Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted!
King. Bear away that [f] boy
To torture: I will have her clear'd or buried.
Phi. Oh, let me call my word [g] back, worthy sir!
Ask something else: bury my life and right
In one poor grave; but do not take away
My life and fame at once.
King. Away with him! It stands irrevocable.
Phi. Turn all your eyes on me: here stands a man,
The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,

[e] *will sadly be denied.*] "i. e. shall be very sorry to be denied." THEOBALD.
[f] *that*] Theobald gave with folio 1679 "the".
[g] *word*] So 4tos. 1622, 1628. Other eds. "words"; and so the modern editors.

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For I have lived till I am pitied!
My former deeds were hateful; but this last
Is pitiful, for I unwillingly
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture. Is it in the power
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live? [*Offers to stab himself.*

Are. Dear sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay that hand!

King. Sirs, strip that boy.

Dion. Come, sir; your tender flesh
Will try your constancy.

Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen!

Dion. No.—Help, sirs.

Bel. Will you torture me?

King. Haste there;
Why stay you?

Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all.

King. How's that? will he confess?

Dion. Sir, so he says.

King. Speak then.

Bel. Great King, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known; and stranger things than these
You hear not often.

King. Walk aside with him. [DION *and* BELLARIO *walk apart.*

Dion. Why speak'st thou not?

Bel. Know you this face, my lord?

Dion. No.

Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?

Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.

Bel. I have been often told
In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me
They that would flatter my bad face would swear
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, drest alike.

Dion. By heaven, and so there is!

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Bel. For her fair sake,
Who now doth spend the spring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the King,
That I may scape this torture.
Dion. But thou speak'st
As like Euphrasia as thou dost look.
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage?
Bel. I know it not, my lord;
But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.
Dion. Oh, my shame! is it possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,
Or else her murderer[h]? where wert thou born?
Bel. In Syracusa.
Dion. What's thy name?
Bel. Euphrasia.
Dion. Oh, 'tis just, 'tis she!
Now I do know thee. Oh, that thou hadst died,
And I had never seen thee nor my shame!
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine
E'er call thee daughter more?
Bel. Would I had died indeed! I wish it too:
And so I must have done by vow, ere publish'd
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,
The princess is all clear.
King. What, have you done?
Dion. All is discover'd.
Phi. Why then hold you me? [*Offers to stab himself.*
All is discover'd! Pray you, let me go.
King. Stay him.
Are. What is discover'd?
Dion. Why, my shame.
It is a woman: let her speak the rest.
Phi. How? that again!

[h] *Art thou she,*
Or else her murderer?] "It was the received opinion in some barbarous countries, that the murderer was to inherit the qualities and shape of the person he destroyed." MASON.

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Dion. It is a woman.

Phi. Bless'd be you powers that favour innocence!

King. Lay hold upon that lady. [MEGRA *is seized.*

Phi. It is a woman, sir!—Hark, gentlemen,
It is a woman!—Arethusa, take
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy. It is a woman! Thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, in despite
Of malice.

King. Speak you, where lies his shame?

Bel. I am his daughter.

Phi. The gods are just.

Dion. I dare accuse none; but, before you two,
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy. [*Kneels.*

Phi. [*raising him.*] Take it freely; for I know,
Though what thou didst were undiscreetly done,
'Twas meant well.

Are. And for me,
I have a power to pardon sins, as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.

Cle. Noble and worthy!

Phi. But, Bellario,
(For I must call thee still so,) tell me why
Thou didst conceal thy sex. It was a fault;
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it: all these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discover'd
What now we know.

Bel. My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive[i], I did thirst
To see the man so prais'd[j]. But yet all this
Was but a maiden-longing, to be lost

[i] *apprehensive*] "i. e. quick to apprehend, or understand." WEBER.

[j] *prais'd*] Old eds. "rais'd", the first letter of the word having dropt out from 4to. 1622 (—the passage not in 4to. 1620: see note p. 297—); for the poet would hardly have used "rais'd" as equivalent to—extolled. Settle, in his alteration of *Philaster* (see p. 203), gave "prais'd"; but the author of the

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As soon as found ; till, sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought, (but it was you,) enter our gates:
My blood flew out and back again, as fast
As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in
Like breath : then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heav'd from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, rais'd
So high in thoughts as I : you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever : I did hear you talk,
Far above singing. After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so : alas, I found it love !
Yet far from lust ; for, could I but have liv'd
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd myself
In habit of a boy ; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you ; and, understanding well
That when I made discovery of my sex
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you. Then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry ; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.

Bel. Never, sir, will I
Marry ; it is a thing within my vow :

other alteration called *The Restauration* (attributed to the Duke of Buckingham, see ibid.) has

> " Which, as I grew in age, encreas'd a thirst
> Of seeing of a man *so rais'd above the rest.*"

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But, if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.

Are. I, Philaster,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Drest like a page to serve you; nor will I
Suspect her living here.—Come, live with me;
Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,
Curs'd be the wife that hates her!

Phi. I grieve such virtue[k] should be laid in earth
Without an heir.—Hear me, my royal father:
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman;
Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.

King. Set her at liberty.—But leave the court;
This is no place for such.—You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince. When you come there,
Remember 'twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purpos'd will.

Pha. I do confess,
Renowned sir.

King. Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster,
This kingdom, which is yours, and, after me,
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you!
All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun! Let princes learn
By this to rule the passions of their blood;
For what Heaven wills can never be withstood. [*Exeunt.*

[k] *virtue*] So the 4tos. Fol. 1679 "virtues"; and so the modern editors.

NOTE OMITTED AT PAGE 234.

watch ye] "This is sense, yet probably we ought to read '*watch* you,' as Galatea does actually watch Pharamond, and retires behind the scene for that purpose." MASON. Settle in his alteration of the play (see p. 203) gives "*watch* ye."

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THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

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The Maides Tragedy. As it hath beene diuers times Acted at the Blacke-friers by the Kings Maiesties Seruants. London Printed for Francis Constable and are to be sold at the white Lyon ouer against the great North doore of Pauls Church. 1619. 4to.

The Maids Tragedie. As it hath beene diuers times Acted at the Black-Friers by the Kings Maiesties Seruants. Newly perused, augmented, and inlarged, This second Impression. London, Printed for Francis Constable, and are to be sold at the White Lion in Pauls Church-yard. 1622. 4to.

The Maids Tragedie, &c. *Written by Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher Gentlemen. The Third Impression, Reuised and Refined. London, Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins, and are to bee sold at his Shop in Chancery-Lane neere Serjeants-Inne.* 1630. 4to.

The Maides Tragedie, &c. *The fourth Impression, Revised and Refined. Printed by E. G. for Henry Shepherd, and are to be sold at the signe of the Bible in Chancery lane.* 1638. 4to.

The Maids Tragedie, &c. *The fifth Impression, Revised and Refined. London Printed by E. P. for William Leake, and are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-lane, neere the Rowles.* 1641. 4to.

The Maids Tragedy, &c. *The sixth Impression, Revised and Corrected exactly by the Original. London Printed for William Leake, at the Crown in Fleet street between the two Temple Gates.* 1650. 4to.

Another Impression, also called *The sixth*, 1661, 4to.

All the above mentioned editions, except the two last, have a wood-cut on the title-page representing Amintor stabbing Aspatia.

The Maid's Tragedy is in the folio of 1679.

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With respect to the date of this drama, I have nothing to offer except the hypothesis of Malone. "If," says he, "the date of the Maid's Tragedy were ascertained, it might throw some light on the present inquiry [concerning the date of Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*]; the quarrelling scene between Melantius and his friend being manifestly copied from a similar scene in Julius Cæsar. It has already been observed that Philaster was the first play which brought Beaumont and Fletcher into reputation, and that it probably was represented in 1608 or 1609. We may therefore presume that the Maid's Tragedy did not appear before that year; for we cannot suppose it to have been one of the unsuccessful pieces which preceded Philaster. That the Maid's Tragedy was written before 1611 is ascertained by a MS. play now extant entitled The Second Maid's Tragedy, which was licensed by Sir George Buck on the 31st of October, 1611. I believe it never was printed[a]. If, therefore, we fix the date of the original Maid's Tragedy in 1610, it agrees sufficiently well with that here assigned [1607] to Julius Cæsar." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 450, ed. 1821.

That *The Maid's Tragedy* was the joint composition of Beaumont and Fletcher is beyond a doubt; that Beaumont wrote the greater portion of it is by no means certain, though most modern critics from internal evidence have arrived at that conclusion.

The source from which the incidents of this drama were derived has not been discovered. Aspatia fighting in male attire with Amintor has a sort of prototype in the combat between Parthenia and Amphialus: see Sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book iii.

[a] The MS. of *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*,—one of the three plays which Warburton, the Somerset Herald, rescued from his cook,—is now in the Lansdown Collection, British Museum. It was printed in 1824: see vol. i. of *The Old English Drama*, 1825. It appears (see *ibid.*) to have received its name from the licenser; but that circumstance will not affect the inference drawn by Malone.

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The Maid's Tragedy suffered no abatement of its high popularity [b] till an interdict was laid on dramatic performances.

A droll entitled *The Testy Lord*, made up from those scenes in which Calianax is concerned, was acted during the suppression of the theatres, and may be found in *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport:* see p. 200 of the present volume.

After the Restoration, the poet Waller (leaving the first four acts in their original state) composed a new fifth act *in rhyme*, which renders the catastrophe fortunate,—Evadne voluntarily quitting Rhodes, the King and Melantius being reconciled, and Amintor marrying Aspatia. As this absurd piece of sing-song is not included among Waller's writings in the Collections of British Poets, a few extracts from it are now subjoined. Evadne, at the commencement of the act, soliloquizes thus:

> " Oh, that I had my innocence again,
> My untouch'd honour ! but I wish in vain :
> The fleece that has been by the dyer stain'd
> Never again its native whiteness gain'd.
> Th' unblemish'd may pretend to virtue's crown :
> 'Tis beauty now must perfect my renown.
> With that I govern'd him that rules this isle ;
> 'Tis that which makes me triumph in the spoil,
> The wealth I bear from this exhausted court,
> Which here my bark stands ready to transport.
> In narrow Rhodes I'll be no longer pent,
> But act my part upon the continent :
> Asiatic kings shall see my beauty's prize,
> My shining jewels, and my brighter eyes.
> Princes that fly (their sceptres left behind)
> Contempt or pity where they travel find ;
> The ensigns of our power about we bear
> And every land pays tribute to the fair :
> So shines the sun, though hence remov'd, as clear
> When his beams warm th' Antipodes as here."
>
> . . . . . .

Towards the end of the act,

> " *Enter* Aspasia *alone, with a bough full of fair berries.*
>
> *Asp.* This happy bough shall give relief
> Not to my hunger but my grief.
> The birds know how to chuse their fare ;
> To peck this fruit they all forbear :

[b] " Of all our elder plays
This and Philaster have the loudest fame."
Waller's Prologue to *The Maid's Tragedy Altered.*

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Those cheerful singers know not why
They should make any haste to die ;
And yet they couple : can they know
What 'tis to love, and not know sorrow too ? ''

Presently, when she has "*put some of the berries to her mouth*," Amintor, who had entered unseen by her, "*strikes them out of her hand, and snatches the bough.*

Am. Rash maid forbear, and lay those berries by !
Or give them him that has deserv'd to die.
Asp. What double cruelty is this ! would you
That made me wretched keep me always so ?
Evadne has you : let Aspasia have
The common refuge of a quiet grave.
If you have kindness left, there see me laid :
To bury decently the injur'd maid
Is all the favour that you can bestow
Or I receive,—pray, render me my bough.
Am. No less than you was your Amintor wrong'd :
The false Evadne to the King belong'd.
You had my promise, and my bed is free ;
I may be yours, if you can pardon me.
. . . . . .
Asp. If ever you should prove unconstant now,
I shall remember where those berries grow.
Am. My love was always constant ; but the King,
Melantius' friendship, and (that fatal thing)
Ambition, me on proud Evadne threw,
And made me cruel to myself and you.
But if you still distrust my faith, I vow
Here in your presence I'll devour the bough.
Asp. [*Snatching the bough from him.*] Rash man, forbear !
but for some unbelief,
My joy had been as fatal as my grief ;
The sudden news of unexpected bliss,
Would yet have made a tragedy of this.
Secure of my Amintor, still I fear
Evadne's mighty friend, the King.
Am. He's here.

Enter the KING *and his* Brother *to them.*

King. How shall I look upon that noble youth
So full of patience, loyalty, and truth !
The fair Aspasia I have injur'd too,
The guilty author of their double woe.
My passion's gone ; and, reason in her throne,
Amaz'd I see the mischiefs I have done :
After a tempest, when the winds are laid,
The calm sea wonders at the wrecks it made.

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Am. Men wrong'd by kings impute it to their fate,
And royal kindness never comes too late :
So when Heaven frowns, we think our anger vain ;
Joyful and thankful when it smiles again.
[*Taking* ASPASIA *by the hand.*
This knot you broke be pleas'd again to bind,
And we shall both forget you were unkind.
King. May you be happy, and your sorrows past
Set off those joys I wish may ever last !
[*Giving the letter to* AMINTOR.
Read this.
Am. Evadne fled !—Aspasia, now
You'll have no more occasion for your bough."

Waller's new fifth act was first printed in the Second Part of his *Poems*, 1690, the Preface to which informs us that "The play was alter'd to please the Court : it is not to be doubted who sat for the Two Brothers' characters,"—the King and Lucippus (Lysippus) being evidently intended for Charles II. and his brother James, and the latter thus excusing the licentiousness of the former—

"Long may he reign, that is so far above
All vice, all passion, but excess of love !
. . . . . .
Love is the frailty of heroic minds ;
And, where great virtues are, our pardon finds."

Fenton says "that Langbaine [*Account of English Dram. Poets*, p. 212.] mistook in affirming that King Charles II. would not suffer the Play to appear [in its original state] on the stage : for I have been assur'd by my friend Mr. Southerne, that in the latter end of that reign he has seen it acted at the Theatre Royal, as it was originally written by Fletcher; but never with Mr. Waller's alterations." *Observ. on Waller's Poems*, p. clxiii. ed. 1744. Cibber, however, mentions this prohibition of *The Maid's Tragedy* by an order of the Lord Chamberlain as a circumstance "that common fame has delivered down to us." "For what Reason," he continues, "the Politicks of those Days have only left us to guess. Some said, that the killing of the King in that Play, while the tragical Death of King Charles the First was then so fresh in People's Memory, was an Object too horribly impious for a publick Entertainment. What makes this Conjecture seem to have some Foundation is that the celebrated Waller, in Compliment to that Court, alter'd the last Act of this Play. . . . . Others have given out that a repenting Mistress in a romantick Revenge of her Dishonour killing the King in the very Bed he expected her to come into, was shewing a too dangerous Example to other Evadnes

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then shining at Court in the same Rank of royal Distinction; who, if ever their Consciences should have run equally mad, might have had frequent Opportunities of putting the Expiation of their Frailty into the like Execution. But this I doubt is too deep a Speculation, or too ludicrous a Reason, to be relied on; it being well known that the Ladies then in favour were not so nice in their Notions, as to think their Preferment their Dishonour, or their Lover a Tyrant: Besides, that easy Monarch loved his Roses without Thorns; nor do we hear that he much chose to be himself the first Gatherer of them." *Apology*, &c. p. 282. ed. 1750.

"The part of Melantius was the last that was acted by the celebrated Betterton, three days before his death, which happened the 28th of April, 1710. Before the middle of the eighteenth century, it still continued to be performed with great applause, as appears from Theobald's notes [c], who began his labours for an edition of our authors in 1742. How long it retained possession of the stage after that period I am unable to say; but it had been laid aside in 1764, when Baker's Biographia Dramatica [*Companion to the Play-house*] appeared, for some years." WEBER.

The Maid's Tragedy, under the title of *The Bridal*, with alterations by the eminent tragedian Mr. Macready, and with three original scenes by Mr. Sheridan Knowles, was acted at the Haymarket Theatre in 1837, and very favourably received by the public.

[c] In a note (omitted in the present edition) on the quarrelling scene between Melantius and Amintor, he says "I have always seen it received with vehement applause." He, perhaps, alludes to a period somewhat earlier than 1742.

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THE STATIONER'S CENSURE[d].

Good wine requires no bush, they say,
And I, no prologue such a play:
The makers therefore did forbear
To have that grace prefixèd here.
But cease here, censure, lest the buyer
Hold thee in this a vain supplyer.
My office is to set it forth,
Where[e] fame applauds its real worth.

[d] *Censure*] i. e. Opinion, judgment.—These lines occur after the Dram. Pers., in 4tos. 1630, 1638, 1641, 1650, 1661.

[e] *Where*] "i. e. Whereas." Weber.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING.

LYSIPPUS, his brother.

AMINTOR.

MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, } brothers to EVADNE.

CALIANAX, father to ASPATIA.

CLEON.

STRATO.

DIAGORAS.

Lords, Gentlemen, Servants, &c.

EVADNE, sister to MELANTIUS.

ASPATIA, betrothed to AMINTOR.

ANTIPHILA, OLYMPIAS, } attendants to ASPATIA.

DULA, attendant to EVADNE.

Ladies.

Characters in the Masque.

NIGHT.

CYNTHIA.

NEPTUNE.

ÆOLUS.

Sea-gods.

SCENE, *The City of Rhodes.*

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THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter LYSIPPUS, DIPHILUS, CLEON, *and* STRATO.

Cle. The rest are making ready, sir.

Lys. So let them;
There's time enough.

Diph. You are the brother to the King, my lord;
We'll take your word.

Lys. Strato, thou hast some skill in poetry;
What think'st thou of the [f] masque? will it be well?

Stra. As well as masques [g] can be.

Lys. As masques can be!

Stra. Yes; they must commend their king, and speak in praise
Of the assembly, bless the bride and bridegroom

[f] *the*] Old eds. "a."—"It should be '*the* masque.' It was not then to be formed; nor does the prince mean to ask whether it will be well to have one, but whether this, which is prepared, will be a good one. This Strato's answer and the sequel of the play plainly shew." SEWARD.

[g] *masques*] So here, and in the next line, 4tos. 1619, 1622. Later eds. "maske"; and so the modern editors: but Strato proceeds to say "*they* must commend," &c.

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In person of some god; they're tied to rules
Of flattery.

Cle. See, good my lord[h], who is return'd!

Enter MELANTIUS.

Lys. Noble Melantius, the land by me
Welcomes thy virtues home to Rhodes;
Thou that with blood abroad buy'st us our peace!
The breath of kings is like the breath of gods;
My brother wish'd thee here, and thou art here:
He will be too[i] kind, and weary thee
With often welcomes; but the time doth give thee
A welcome above his or all the world's.

Mel. My lord, my thanks; but these scratch'd limbs of mine
Have spoke my love and truth unto my friends,
More than my tongue e'er could. My mind's the same
It ever was to you: where I find worth,
I love the keeper till he let it go,
And then I follow it.

Diph. Hail, worthy brother!
He that rejoices not at your return
In safety is mine enemy for ever.

Mel. I thank thee, Diphilus. But thou art faulty:
I sent for thee to exercise thine arms
With me at Patria; thou cam'st not, Diphilus;
'Twas ill.

Diph. My noble brother, my excuse

[h] *Cle. See, good my lord,* &c.] Arranged by Theobald thus:

"*Cle.* See, good my lord, who is
Return'd!

Enter MELANTIUS.

Lys. Noble Melantius, the land
By me welcomes thy virtues home to Rhodes;
Thou that," &c.

As 4to. 1619 omits the words "to Rhodes", the arrangement might be—

"*Lys.* Noble Melantius,
The land by me welcomes thy virtues home;
Thou that," &c.

[i] *too*] Theobald printed "e'en *too*". The Editors of 1778 removed "With" from the beginning of the next line to the end of this.

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Is my king's strict[j] command,—which you, my lord,
Can witness with me.
Lys. 'Tis most[k] true, Melantius;
He might not come till the solemnities[l]
Of this great match were[m] past.
Diph. Have you heard of it?
Mel. Yes, and have given cause to those that here
Envy my deeds abroad[n] to call me gamesome;
I have no other business here at Rhodes.
Lys. We have a masque to-night, and you must tread
A soldier's measure[o].
Mel. These soft and silken wars are not for me:
The music must be shrill and all confus'd
That stirs my blood; and then I dance with arms.
But is Amintor wed?
Diph. This day.
Mel. All joys upon him! for he is my friend.
Wonder not that I call a man so young my friend:
His worth is great; valiant he is and temperate;
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend need it. When he was a boy,
As oft as I return'd (as, without boast,
I brought home conquest), he would gaze upon me
And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay to do those things he heard;
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand

[j] *strict*] Theobald and the Editors of 1778 gave with 4to. 1619 "straight."

[k] *most*] Found only in 4to. 1619; which Theobald followed: his successors threw out the word.

[l] *solemnities*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "solemnitie," which the modern editors give: but compare p. 325, l. 6, and p. 327, l. 15.

[m] *were*] Altered by the modern editors to "was."

[n] *Yes, and have given cause to those that here*
Envy my deeds abroad] So 4to. 1619. Later eds.:

"*Yes*, I *have given cause to those that*
Envy my deeds abroad."

Theobald followed the first 4to. His successors adopted the reading of the later eds.

[o] *measure*] See note, p. 166.

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Weigh it: he oft would make me smile at this.
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all perform'd.

Enter ASPATIA, *passing over the stage*[p].

Hail, maid and wife!
Thou fair Aspatia, may the holy knot,
That thou hast tied to-day, last till the hand
Of age undo it! may'st thou bring a race
Unto Amintor, that may fill the world
Successively with soldiers!

Asp. My hard fortunes
Deserve not scorn, for I was never proud
When they were good. [*Exit.*

Mel. How's this?

Lys. You are mistaken, sir[q];
She is not married.

Mel. You said Amintor was.

Diph. 'Tis true; but——

Mel. Pardon me; I did receive
Letters at Patria from my Amintor,
That he should marry her.

Diph. And so it stood
In all opinion long; but your arrival
Made me imagine you had heard the change.

Mel. Who hath he taken then?

Lys. A lady, sir,
That bears the light above her[r], and strikes dead

[p] *passing* &c.] Qto. 1619 has "*passing* with attendance," which Theobald gave.

[q] *sir*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "for"; and so the modern editors.

[r] *above her*] Qto. 1622 "about *her*", which Weber adopted. Mason says, "Whether we suppose that the pronoun *her* refers to Aspatia, or to Evadne herself, it is scarcely possible to extract any sense from this passage as it stands; but a slight alteration [!] will not only render it intelligible, but highly poetical. I should therefore read it thus - - -

'That bears the *lightning's power*, [and] strikes dead'."

Surely, "her" refers to Aspatia: compare what Amintor presently says—

"thy sister,
Accompanied with graces *above her*", (p. 327)—

where, it ought to be observed, 4tos. 1619, 1622 have, by a misprint, "about."

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With flashes of her eye; the fair Evadne,
Your virtuous sister.
Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them!
But this is strange.
Lys. The King, my brother, did it
To honour you; and these solemnities
Are at his charge.
Mel. 'Tis royal, like himself. But I am sad
My speech bears so unfortunate a sound
To beautiful Aspatia. There is rage
Hid in her father's breast, Calianax,
Bent long against me; and he should not think,
If I could[s] call it back, that I would take
So base revenges, as to scorn the state
Of his neglected daughter. Holds he still
His greatness with the King?
Lys. Yes. But this lady
Walks discontented, with her watery eyes
Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods
Are her delight; where[t], when she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell
Her servants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in; and make her maids
Pluck 'em, and strow her over like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious grief,
That strikes all her beholders: she will sing
The mournful'st things that ever ear hath heard,
And sigh, and sing again; and when the rest
Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in course[u], that fill the room
With laughter, she will, with so sad a look,
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
Will put in such a phrase that, ere she end,
She'll send them weeping one by one away.

[s] *If I could*] Qto. 1619 "*Could I* but",—perhaps the better reading.
[t] *where*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "and"; which the modern editors give, —Theobald excepted.
[u] *in course*] "Means, in their turn, one after the other." MASON.

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Mel. She has a brother [v] under my command,
Like her; a face as womanish as hers,
But with a spirit that hath much out-grown
The number of his years.

Cle. My lord, the bridegroom!

Enter AMINTOR.

Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily [w],
Upon my foe. I love thee well, Amintor;
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart;
I joy to look upon those eyes of thine;
Thou art my friend, but my disorder'd speech
Cuts off my love.

Amin. Thou art Melantius;
All love is spoke in that. A sacrifice,
To thank the gods Melantius is return'd
In safety! Victory sits on his sword,
As she was wont: may she build there and dwell;
And may thy armour be, as it hath been,
Only thy valour and thine innocence!
What endless treasures would our enemies give,
That I might hold thee still thus!

Mel. I am poor [x]
In words; but credit me, young man, thy mother
Could do no more but weep for joy to see thee
After long absence: all the wounds I have
Fetch'd not so much away, nor all the cries
Of widowèd mothers [y]. But this is peace,
And that was war.

Amin. Pardon, thou holy god
Of marriage-bed, and frown not, I am forc'd,

[v] *She has a brother*, &c.] "This is the most artful preparation, that I remember in all Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, for an incident which is in no kind suspected." THEOBALD,—who has a long note on the passage.

[w] *I might run fiercely, not more hastily*] "Read

'I mĭght rūn *mŏre* fīercelў, not more hastily'."

Coleridge's *Remains*, ii. 293. An unnecessary alteration.

[x] *I am poor*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622, 1630. Later eds. "*I am* but *poor*"; and so the modern editors.

[y] *mothers*] Theobald, for the metre, printed "*mothers* too."

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In answer of such noble tears as those,
To weep upon my wedding-day!

Mel. I fear thou art grown too fickle [z]; for I hear
A lady mourns for thee; men say, to death;
Forsaken of thee; on what terms I know not.

Amin. She had my promise; but the King forbad it,
And made me make this worthy change, thy sister,
Accompanied with graces above [a] her;
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,
And grow old in her arms.

Mel. Be prosperous!

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, the masquers rage for you.

Lys. We are gone.—Cleon, Strato, Diphilus!

Amin. We'll all attend you.

[*Exeunt* LYSIPPUS, CLEON, STRATO, DIPHILUS, *and* Servant.
We shall trouble you
With our solemnities.

Mel. Not so, Amintor:
But if you laugh at my rude carriage
In peace, I'll do as much for you in war,
When you come thither. Yet I have a mistress
To bring to your delights; rough though I am,
I have a mistress, and she has a heart
She says; but, trust me, it is stone, no better;
There is no place that I can challenge in't [b].
But you stand still, and here my way lies. [*Exeunt severally.*

[z] *fickle*] So 4to. 1622. Qto. 1619 "cruell." Other eds. "sick."

[a] *above her*] Theobald printed "far *above her*"; and so his successors: but the line, as given in the old eds., is not deficient in melody, if an emphasis be laid on "her." Compare a line in *Philaster* (p. 308 of this vol.)—

"As any man has power to wrong *me*."

[b] *challenge in't*] So all the old eds., except 4to. 1619, which has "*challenge* gentlemen," and 4to. 1622, which ends the line with "*challenge*." Theobald printed (rather boldly indeed, but not, as Weber asserts, "rather ludicrously")

"There's no place I can challenge *gentle in't*."

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SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Palace, with a Gallery full of Spectators.*

CALIANAX *and* DIAGORAS *discovered.*

Cal. Diagoras, look to the doors better, for shame! you let in all the world, and anon the King will rail at me. Why, very well said[c]. By Jove, the King will have the show i' the court.

Diag. Why do you swear so, my lord? you know he'll have it here.

Cal. By this light, if he be wise, he will not.

Diag. And if he will not be wise, you are forsworn.

Cal. One may wear his heart out[d] with swearing, and get thanks on no side. I'll be gone, look to't who will.

Diag. My lord, I shall never keep them out. Pray, stay; your looks will terrify them.

Cal. My looks terrify them, you coxcombly ass, you! I'll be judged by all the company whether thou hast not a worse face than I.

Diag. I mean, because they know you and your office.

Cal. Office! I would I could put it off[e]! I am sure I sweat quite through my office. I might have made room at my daughter's wedding: they ha' near killed her among them; and now I must do service for him that hath forsaken her. Serve that will. [*Exit.*

[c] *well said*] It has never been remarked, I believe, that this expression is frequently used by our early writers as equivalent to "well *done*." Calianax is here commending Diagoras for having followed his direction to "look to the doors better." Compare John Davies of Hereford;

> "Now wipe thine Nose (sweete Babe) vpon thy sleeue:
> What, wilt, I faith? Why, *well sedd*, I perceiue
> Th' wilt do as thou art bidde," &c.
>
> *The Scourge of Folly*, p. 102.

[d] *may wear his heart out*] So fol. 1679. Qto. 1619 "must sweat *out his heart*." Later 4tos. "*may* swear *his heart out*." The modern editors give "may wear out his heart."

[e] *Office! I would I could put it off!*] "The syllable *off* reminds the testy statesman of his robe, and he carries on the image." Coleridge's *Remains*, ii. 293.

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Diag. He's so humorous since his daughter was forsaken! [*Knocking within.*] Hark, hark! there, there! so, so! codes, codes[f]! What now?

Mel. [*within.*] Open the door.

Diag. Who's there?

Mel. [*within.*] Melantius.

Diag. I hope your lordship brings no troop with you; for, if you do, I must return them. [*Opens the door.*

Enter MELANTIUS *and a Lady.*

Mel. None but this lady, sir.

Diag. The ladies are all placed above, save those that come in the King's troop: the best of Rhodes sit there, and there's room.

Mel. I thank you, sir.—When I have seen you placed, madam, I must attend the King[g]; but, the masque done, I'll wait on you again.

Diag. [*opening another door*[h].] Stand back there!—Room for my lord Melantius! [*Exeunt* MELANTIUS *and Lady.*]—Pray, bear back—this is no place for such youths and their trulls—let the doors shut again.—No!—do your heads itch? I'll scratch them for you. [*Shuts the door.*]—So, now thrust and hang! [*Knocking within.*]—Again! who is't now?—I cannot blame my lord Calianax for going away: would he were here! he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiser heads than his own in the twinkling of an eye[i].—What's the news now?

[f] *codes*] Sometimes written *coads*,—is a vulgar exclamation frequently found in old plays: its etymology, about which Mason and Weber puzzle themselves, is hardly worth an enquiry.

[g] *the King*] Theobald, by reading "upon *the King*", exhibited this speech as verse,—which, I think, it originally was.

[h] *Opening another door*] Qto. 1619 has "*Exit Melantius' Lady other dore.*" Later eds. have no stage-direction here.

[i] *he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiser heads than his own in the twinkling of an eye.*] "This practice was probably not uncommon in the days of Fletcher. At the exhibition of Shirley's masque, called the Triumph of Peace, at court, in the year 1633, Lord Pembroke, who, along with the office of Calianax, had the same violence of temper and weakness of intellect, broke his staff over the shoulders of Thomas May, the celebrated

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[*Voice within.*] I pray you, can you help me to the speech of the master-cook?

Diag. If I open the door, I'll cook some of your calves-heads. Peace, rogues! [*Knocking within.*]—Again! who is't?

Mel. [*within.*] Melantius.

Re-enter CALIANAX.

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. Oh, my lord, I must. [*Opening the door.*]—Make room there for my lord!

Re-enter MELANTIUS.

Is your lady placed?

Mel. Yes, sir,
I thank you.—My lord Calianax, well met:
Your causeless hate to me I hope is buried.

Cal. Yes, I do service for your sister here,
That brings my own poor child to timeless death:
She loves your friend Amintor; such another
False-hearted lord as you.

Mel. You do me wrong,
A most unmanly one, and I am slow
In taking vengeance: but be well advis'd.

Cal. It may be so.—Who plac'd the lady there,
So near the presence of the King?

Mel. I did.

Cal. My lord, she must not sit there.

Mel. Why?

Cal. The place is kept for women of more worth.

Mel. More worth than she! It misbecomes your age
And place to be thus womanish: forbear!
What you have spoke, I am content to think
The palsy shook your tongue to.

poet. The story is related in Strafford's Letters, and by Osborne in his Traditional Memoirs. The latter uses the very words of our poets, as he observes that Pembroke 'did not refraine, whilst he was chamberlaine, to *break* many *wiser heads than his owne.*'" WEBER. (qy. Sir Walter Scott?).—See my *Account of Shirley*, &c. (prefixed to his *Works*), p. xxvii. I possess a copy of 4to. 1638, on the margin of which, opposite to the present passage, is written in an old hand "Pembrocke."

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Cal. Why, 'tis well,
If I stand here to place men's wenches.
Mel. I
Shall quite[j] forget this place, thy age, my safety,
And, thorough[k] all, cut that poor sickly week
Thou hast to live away from thee.
Cal. Nay, I know you can fight for your whore.
Mel. Bate me[l] the King, and, be he flesh and blood,
He lies that says it! Thy mother at fifteen
Was black and sinful to her.
Diag. Good my lord—
Mel. Some god pluck threescore years from that fond[m] man,
That I may kill him, and not stain mine honour!
It is the curse of soldiers, that in peace
They shall be brav'd by such ignoble men,
As, if the land were troubled, would with tears
And knees beg succour from 'em. Would the[n] blood,
That sea of blood, that I have lost in fight,
Were running in thy veins, that it might make thee
Apt to say less, or able to maintain,
Should'st thou say more! This Rhodes, I see, is nought
But a place privileg'd to do men wrong.
Cal. Ay, you may say your pleasure.

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. What vild[o] injury

[j] *quite*] So 4to. 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors.
[k] *thorough*] A correction by Theobald. Old eds. "through."
[l] *me*] So 4to. 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors, Theobald excepted.
[m] *fond*] i. e. foolish.
[n] *the*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "that"; and so the modern editors.
[o] *vild*] So all the old eds. Altered by the modern editors to "vile".—When this play was written, *vild* appears to have been the most common form of the word: but both forms are sometimes found in the same piece; as, for instance, in *Cornu-copiæ, Pasquil's Night-cap*, &c., 1612 (attributed to S. Rowlands);

"'Tis true (quoth he) but this is too too *vilde*,
She knowes not who is father to her childe."
p. 28.

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B. & F. never mastered the power of underplay — their occasional attempts are weak.

Has stirr'd my worthy friend, who is as slow
To fight with words as he is quick of hand?
Mel. That heap of age, which I should reverence
If it were temperate, but testy years
Are most contemptible.
Amin. Good sir, forbear.
Cal. There is just such another as yourself.
Amin. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talk as if he had no life to lose,
Since this our match. The King is coming in;
I would not for more wealth than I enjoy
He should perceive you raging; he did hear
You were at difference now, which hasten'd him.
[*Hautboys play within.*
Cal. Make room there!

Enter KING, EVADNE, ASPATIA, *Lords*[o] *and Ladies.*

King. Melantius, thou art welcome, and my love
Is with thee still: but this is not a place
To brabble in.—Calianax, join hands.
Cal. He shall not have my hand.
King. This is no time
To force you to it. I do love you both:
Calianax, you look well to your office;
And you, Melantius, are welcome home.—
Begin the masque.
Mel. Sister, I joy to see you and your choice;
You look'd with my eyes when you took that man:
Be happy in him!
Evad. Oh, my dearest brother,
Your presence is more joyful than this day
Can be unto me! [*Recorders*[p] *play.*

"Cursing each other with reproches *vile*,
After they were asunder halfe a mile." Id. p. 55.

Throughout the present work, I shall retain "vild" where the earliest editions have that spelling.

[o] *Lords*] Perhaps the entrance of Lysippus, Diphilus, Cleon, and Strato is not marked because they assisted in the performance of the Masque.

[p] *Recorders*] i. e. Flageolets.

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The Masque.

NIGHT *rises in mists.*

Night. *Our reign is come; for in the raging sea*
The sun is drown'd, and with him fell the Day.
Bright Cynthia, hear my voice! I am the Night,
For whom thou bear'st about thy borrow'd light:
Appear! no longer [q] *thy pale visage shroud,*
But strike thy silver horns quite through a cloud,
And send a beam upon my swarthy face,
By which I may discover all the place
And persons, and how many longing eyes
Are come to wait on our solemnities.

Enter [r] CYNTHIA.

How dull and black am I! I could not find
This beauty without thee, I am so blind:
Methinks they shew like to those eastern streaks,
That warn us hence before the morning breaks.
Back, my pale servant! for these eyes know how
To shoot far more and quicker rays than thou.

Cynth. *Great queen, they be a troop for whom alone*
One of my clearest moons I have put on;
A troop, that looks as if thyself and I
Had pluck'd our reins in and our whips laid by,
To gaze upon these mortals, that appear
Brighter than we.

Night. *Then let us keep 'em here;*
And never more our chariots drive away,
But hold our places and outshine the Day.

Cynth. *Great queen of shadows, you are pleas'd to speak*
Of more than may be done: we may not break

[q] *Appear! no longer* &c.] This passage (as his commentators observe) was probably in Milton's recollection when he wrote—

"Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud."
Comus.

[r] *Enter*] Qy. "*Descend*"? Night and Neptune *rise.*

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The gods' decrees ; but, when our time is come,
Must drive away, and give the Day our room.
Yet, whilst[s] *our reign lasts, let us stretch our power*
To give our servants one contented hour,
With such unwonted solemn grace and state,
As may for ever after force them hate
Our brother's glorious beams, and wish the Night
Crown'd with a thousand stars and our cold light :
For almost all the world their service bend
To Phœbus, and in vain my light I lend,
Gaz'd on unto my setting from my rise
Almost of none but of unquiet eyes.

Night. *Then shine at full, fair queen, and by thy power*
Produce a birth, to crown this happy hour,
Of nymphs and shepherds ; let their songs discover,
Easy and sweet, who is a happy lover ;
Or, if thou woo't, then call[t] *thine own Endymion*
From the sweet flowery bed he lies upon,
On Latmus' top, thy pale beams drawn away,
And of his long night let him make a day[u].

Cynth. *Thou dream'st, dark queen ; that fair boy was not mine,*
Nor went I down to kiss him. Ease and wine

[s] *whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to "while."—This passage,—"Yet, whilst our reign," &c., to the end of the speech,—is found in all the old eds. except 4to. 1619. The editors of 1778 removed it to a note ; erroneously stating (after Theobald) that it was "first added in the edition of 1630," and not believing that it was from the pen either of Beaumont or Fletcher. "The first eight lines," says Coleridge, "are not worse, and the last couplet incomparably better, than the stanza retained." *Remains*, ii. 294. Weber very properly restored the passage to the text.

[t] *then call*] These words are not in 4to. 1619. Theobald rejected them ; perhaps, rightly,—the preceding verb "Produce" being understood before "thine own Endymion."

[u] *And of his long night let him make a day*] Qto. 1619:

"*And of his long night let him make* thy *day.*"

Qto. 1622:

"*And of* this *long night let him make* this *day.*"

Later eds. :

"*And of* this *long night let him make* a *day,*"—

which the modern editors give. That "*his* long night" is the true reading, there can be no doubt : in the fourth line of the next speech, the same well-known mythos is again alluded to.

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Have bred these bold tales: poets, when they rage,
Turn gods to men, and make an hour an age.
But I will give a greater state and glory,
And raise to time a nobler [v] *memory*
Of what these lovers are.—Rise, rise, I say,
Thou power of deeps, thy surges laid away [w],
Neptune, great king of waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded!

NEPTUNE *rises.*

Nept. *Cynthia, see,*
Thy word hath fetch'd me hither: let me know
Why I ascend.

Cynth. *Doth this majestic show*
Give thee no knowledge yet?

Nept. *Yes, now I see*
Something intended, Cynthia, worthy thee.
Go on; I'll be a helper.

Cynth. *Hie thee then,*
And charge the Wind fly from his rocky den,
Let loose his [x] *subjects; only Boreas,*
Too foul for our intention, as he was,
Still keep him fast chain'd: we must have none here
But vernal blasts and gentle winds appear,
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad boughs sing
Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring;
These are our music. Next, thy watery race
Bring on in couples [y] *(we are pleas'd to grace*
This noble night), each in their richest things

[v] *nobler*] So 4to. 1619; and so Theobald. Later eds. "noble;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

[w] *thy surges laid away*] "That is, thy surges being laid aside." MASON. —Theobald, and the Editors of 1778, gave Seward's *emendation*—"lade"!

[x] *his*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "thy"; and so the modern editors. "His subjects" means, the subjects of Æolus, who in the preceding line is termed "the Wind": compare the next speech, and the stage-direction which follows it.

[y] *These are our music. Next, thy watery race*
Bring on in couples] So all the eds. except 4to. 1619, which has—
"Bid them draw neere to haue *thy watrie race*
Led *on in couples*;"
I should therefore prefer reading "Lead *on in couples*", instead of "Bring *on*", &c.,—the word "brings" occurring in the next line but one.

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Your own deeps or the broken vessel brings:
Be prodigal, and I shall be as kind
And shine at full upon you.
Nept. *Ho, the Wind!*
Commanding Æolus[y] *!*

Enter ÆOLUS *out of a Rock.*

Æol. *Great Neptune!*
Nept. *He.*
Æol. *What is thy will?*
Nept. *We do command thee free*
Favonius and thy milder winds, to wait
Upon our Cynthia; but tie Boreas strait,
He's too rebellious.
Æol. *I shall do it.*
Nept. *Do*[z]. [*Exit* ÆOLUS *into the rock.*

[y] *Ho, the Wind!*
Commanding Æolus!] "All the editions," says Theobald, "have mistaken the intention of the authors here. 'Tis well known, Æolus, in poetic fable, was the master and controller of the winds. . . . . He is therefore called here the wind-commanding Æolus; a compound adjective, which must be wrote with an *hyphen*, as I have reformed the text. The editors were led into a mistake by the word being divided, and put into two lines for the preservation of the rhyme. I ought to take notice, for two reasons, that both Mr. Seward and Mr. Sympson joined with me in starting this correction: because it is doing justice to the sagacity of my friends; and, besides, it is certainly a great confirmation of the truth of an emendation, where three persons, all distant from one another, strike out the same observation." Theobald's successors adopted the hyphen. But compare the second line of the preceding speech, where Æolus is called "the Wind"—, which these gentlemen strangely overlooked.

[z] *Nep. Do*, &c.] Qto. 1619:

"*Nept.* Doe maister of the floud, and all below
Thy full command has taken.
Eol. O! the Maine
Neptune.
Nept. Here."

And so the later eds., except that in the first line they supply the epithet "great" before "*master*". I give these speeches as they were distributed by Theobald. The words,

"Great master of the flood and all below,
Thy full command has taken,"

are assigned by Heath to Cynthia, "she perceiving the approach of the milder winds set at liberty by Æolus. Just as she has said this, Æolus who has not yet returned from executing his orders cries out 'Ho, the Main!' &c." *MS. Notes.*

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Æol. [within.] *Great master of the flood and all below,*
Thy full command has taken.——Ho, the Main!
Neptune!

Nept. *Here.*

Re-enter ÆOLUS, *followed by* FAVONIUS *and other Winds.*

Æol. *Boreas has broke his chain,*
And, struggling, with the rest has got away.

Nept. *Let him alone, I'll take him up at sea;*
I[a] *will not long be thence. Go once again,*
And call out of the bottoms of the main
Blue Proteus and the rest; charge them put on
Their greatest pearls, and the most sparkling stone
The beaten rock breeds; tell[b] *this night is done*
By me a solemn honour to the Moon:
Fly, like a full sail.

Æol. *I am gone.* [*Exit.*

Cynth. *Dark Night,*
Strike a full silence, do a thorough right
To this great chorus, that our music may
Touch high as heaven, and make the east break day
At mid-night. [*Music.*

FIRST SONG,

During which PROTEUS *and other sea-deities enter.*

Cynthia, to thy power and thee
We obey.
Joy to this great company!
And no day
Come to steal this night away,
Till the rites of love are ended,
And the lusty bridegroom say,
Welcome, light, of all befriended!

Pace out, you watery powers below;
Let your feet,
Like the galleys when they row,
Even beat:

[a] *I*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "He"; and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[b] *tell*] A correction by Mason, who compares the last stanza of the next song. Old eds. "till"; and so the modern editors. These words are very frequently confounded by the early printers.

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Let your unknown measures, set
To the still winds, tell to all,
That gods are come, immortal, great,
To honour this great nuptial.

[*A measure*[c].

SECOND SONG.

Hold back thy hours, dark Night, till we have done ;
The Day will come too soon :
Young maids will curse thee, if thou steal'st away,
And leav'st their losses[d] open to the day :
Stay, stay, and hide
The blushes of the bride.

Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darkness cover
The kisses of her lover ;
Stay, and confound her tears and her shrill cryings,
Her weak denials, vows, and often-dyings ;
Stay, and hide all :
But help not, though she call.

Nept. *Great queen*[e] *of us and heaven, hear what I bring*
To make this hour a full one, if not her measure.

[c] *measure*] See note p. 166.

[d] *losses*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "blushes"—which word occurs in the next line but one.

[e] *Great queen* &c.] Stands thus in old eds.

"Great queen of us and heauen,
Hear what I bring to make this hour a full one,
If not her measure."

The words "If not her measure" were thrown out of the text by Theobald,—and, as far as the metre is concerned, it was certainly an improvement. "Some careful annotator," he says, "had made a marginal *quære* at the close of the second song, *If not her measure*, i. e. Whether this measure is not to be sung by Cynthia ; as it undoubtedly is : but the note of reference to this *quære* being forgot, it was mistaken at press for a part of the text and casually clapt to Neptune's speech." Theobald had forgotten that *measure* meant a dance not a song ; and, if we suppose that the words in question are not a portion of the text, the probability would be that they are a corruption of "If not here, measure," i. e. If the present speech and the two next speeches (none of which are found in 4to. 1619) be omitted by the actors, let the measure be danced here. In the Postscript to vol. 1. of ed. 1750, Seward proposed to read "If not *o'er*-measure" ; and observes "as to the interruption of the measure, such intercalations of words between verses are used by our authors. Thus [in *The Faithful Shepherdess*, towards the end of the last act]

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Cynth. *Speak, sea's king.*

Nept. *The*[f] *tunes my Amphitrite joys to have,*
When she[g] *will dance upon the rising wave,*
And court me as she[h] *sails. My Tritons, play*
Music to lay[i] *a storm! I'll lead the way.*

[*A measure,* NEPTUNE *leading it.*

THIRD SONG.

To bed, to bed! Come, Hymen, lead the bride,
And lay her by her husband's side;
Bring in the virgins every one,
That grieve to lie alone,
That they may kiss while they may say a maid;
To-morrow 'twill be other kiss'd and said.
Hesperus, be long a-shining,
Whilst these lovers are a-twining.

Æol. [*within.*] *Ho, Neptune!*

Nept. *Æolus!*

Re-enter ÆOLUS.

Æol. *The sea goes high,*
Boreas hath rais'd a storm: go and apply
Thy trident; else, I prophesy, ere day
Many a tall ship will be cast away.
Descend with all the[j] *gods and all their power,*
To strike a calm. [*Exit.*

'we have perform'd a work
Worthy the gods themselves.
Sat. Come forward, maiden; do not lurk.'

The hemistich is an intercalation; the liberties in measure taken by our old dramatic poets being quite boundless." The Editors of 1778 and Weber adopted Seward's needless alteration, "*o'er*-measure". The meaning of Neptune's speech is clearly this:—Great queen of us and heaven, hear what I bring, endeavouring to make this hour a full one, though perhaps what I bring may not completely fill up her measure. The pronoun *her* is frequently applied to *hour* by our early writers.

[f] *The*] Seward's correction. Old eds. "Thy."

[g] *she*] Seward's correction. Old eds "they"; which the Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to retain.

[h] *she*] Seward's correction. Old eds. "the"; and so the Editors of 1778!

[i] *lay*] Old eds. "lead",—and so the modern editors,—a manifest error, the eye of the original compositor having caught that word in the latter part of the line. I give the correction of Heath, *MS. Notes.*

[j] *the*] Theobald chose to print "thy."

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Cynth. *We thank you for this hour:*
My favour to you all. To gratulate[k]
So great a service, done at my desire,
Ye shall have many floods, fuller and higher
Than you have wish'd for; and[l] *no ebb shall dare*
To let the Day see where your dwellings are.
Now back unto your governments[m] *in haste,*
Lest your proud charge should swell above the waste,
And win upon the island.

Nept. *We obey.*

[NEPTUNE *descends with* PROTEUS, &c. *Exeunt* FAVONIUS *and other Winds.*

Cynth. *Hold up thy head, dead Night; see'st thou not Day?*
The east begins to lighten: I must down,
And give my brother place.

Night. *Oh, I could frown*
To see the Day, the Day that flings his light
Upon my kingdom and contemns old Night!
Let him go on and flame! I hope to see
Another wild-fire[n] *in his axletree,*
And all fall drench'd. But I forget[o]*; speak, queen:*
The Day grows on; I must no more be seen.

Cynth. *Heave up thy drowsy head again, and see*
A greater light, a greater majesty,
Between our set[p] *and us! whip up thy team:*

[k] *We thank you for this hour:*
My favour to you all. To gratulate] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. have only
"A thanks *to* every one, and *to gratulate*."
That something has dropt out is evident. Theobald followed 4to. 1619. The Editors of 1778 and Weber, supposing that he had altered the passage by conjecture, gave the reading of the later eds.

[l] *and*] So 4to. 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors.

[m] *governments*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "government"; and so the modern editors. But compare what precedes: Cynthia is addressing "all the gods."

[n] *Another wild-fire* &c.] "This alludes to the fable of Phaeton," &c. &c. THEOBALD.

[o] *forget*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622, 1630, 1638. Later eds. "forgot"; and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[p] *set*] Seward's correction. Old eds. "sect."—"The last editors [of 1778] follow the old copies, which they say only imply, by an extravagant compliment,

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The Day breaks[q] *here, and yon sun-flaring stream*[r]
Shot from the south. Which way wilt thou go? say[s].
Night. *I'll vanish into mists.*
Cynth. *I into Day.* [*Exeunt* NIGHT *and* CYNTHIA.

King. Take lights there!—Ladies, get the bride to bed.—
We will not see you laid; good night, Amintor;
We'll ease you of that tedious ceremony:
Were it my case, I should think time run slow.
If thou be'st noble, youth, get me a boy,
That may defend my kingdom from my foes.
Amin. All happiness to you!
King. Good night, Melantius. [*Exeunt.*

that the brightness of the Court transcends that of the Sun, and is more repugnant to Night and her attendants than even the splendour of the day. The compliment mentioned by the editors was certainly intended, and will still remain, though Seward's amendment should be adopted: but it is impossible that the words, 'between our sect and us', can signify 'more repugnant to me and my attendants'; they will equally imply any other meaning whatsoever. But though I agree with Seward in reading *set* instead of *sect*, I cannot approve of his explanation of the passage. He says that the Night and Cynthia both talk of the morning's approach, and that they must go down; till Cynthia finds out that it was only the rays of light shot from the King's court which they mistook for the day-break: but this was not the case; they were not mistaken with respect to the approach of day; for Cynthia says, 'The day breaks here', pointing to the east; and, at the same time, shews old Night that there was a greater light shot from the south, which stood between them and their point of setting, and asks, which way she would go in this dilemma; to which Night replies, that she will vanish into mists; and Cynthia says, 'I into day', which was then at hand." MASON.

[q] *day breaks*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "day-break's".

[r] *sun-flaring stream*] So 4to. 1619. Qtos. 1622, 1630, 1638, 1641 "same flashing *stream*" (misprinted in later eds. "*some* flashing" &c.), which Theobald gave. The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "sun-flaring *beam*",—forgetting that "stream" had been used by poets in the sense of *ray* even from the time of Chaucer;

"Tho ben the sonnes *stremes*, soth to sain."
The Monkes Tale, v. 14672, ed. Tyr.

[s] *Which way wilt thou go? say*] Old eds. "Say, which way wilt thou go?" Theobald gave "Say, wilt thou go? which way?" The Editors of 1778 and Weber (who seem not to have perceived that this line and the two next speeches make up a couplet) followed the old eds.!

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Ante-room to* EVADNE'S *Bed-chamber.*

Enter EVADNE, ASPATIA, DULA, *and* Ladies.

Dula. Madam, shall we undress you for this fight?
The wars are nak'd that you must make to-night.
Evad. You are very merry, Dula.
Dula. I should be[t]
Far merrier, madam, if it were with me
As it is with you.
Evad. How's that?
Dula. That I might go
To bed with him with credit that you do.
Evad. Why, how now, wench?
Dula. Come, ladies, will you help?
Evad. I am soon undone.
Dula. And as soon done:
Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.
Evad. Art thou drunk, Dula?
Dula. Why, here's none but we.
Evad. Thou think'st belike there is no modesty
When we're alone.

[t] *I should be*, &c.] As Theobald had "a strong suspicion that Dula is here singing a stanza from some old known ballad," he tortured the passage into the following shape:

"Dula. *I should be merrier far, if 'twere*
With me as 'tis with you. [*Singing.*
Evad. How's that?
Dula. *That I might go to bed with him*
Wi' th' credit that you do:"

and the Editors of 1778 and Weber adopted his alteration! Why did they not reduce to the ballad-stanza all the other rhyming portions of this scene?

Weber, after giving in a note the first of these speeches *as it stands in every one of the old eds.*, observes "So the quarto of 1622."! The second speech, and the exclamation of Evadne which precedes it, are found only in 4to. 1619.

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Dula. Ay, by my troth, you hit my thoughts aright.
Evad. You prick me, lady.
First Lady[u]. 'Tis against my will.
Dula. Anon you must endure more and lie still;
You're best to practise.
Evad. Sure, this wench is mad.
Dula. No, faith, this is a trick that I have had
Since I was fourteen.
Evad. 'Tis high time to leave it.
Dula. Nay, now I'll keep it till the trick leave me.
A dozen wanton words, put in your head,
Will make you livelier in your husband's bed.
Evad. Nay, faith, then take it.
Dula. Take it, madam! where?
We all, I hope, will take it that are here.
Evad. Nay, then, I'll give you o'er.
Dula. So will I make
The ablest man in Rhodes, or his heart ache.
Evad. Wilt take my place to-night?
Dula. I'll hold your cards
'Gainst any two I know.
Evad. What wilt thou do?
Dula. Madam, we'll do't, and make 'em leave play too.
Evad. Aspatia, take her part.
Dula. I will refuse it:
he will pluck down a side[v]; she does not use it.
Evad. Why, do, I prithee[w].
Dula. You will find the play
Quickly, because your head lies well that way.

[u] *First Lady*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "Dula"; and so the modern editors.

[v] *She will pluck down a side*] Here the modern editors, with the exception of Weber, printed "*aside.*"—"The allusion is to a party at cards, and Dula refuses to take Aspatia for her partner, because, as she was not used to play, she would make her side the loser." MASON. To *set up a side* meant to become partners in a game, to *pluck* or *pull down a side*, to cause the loss of the game by ignorance or treachery: see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, i. 150. ed. 1813.

[w] *I prithee*] These words, found only in 4to. 1619, were rightly adopted by Theobald: his successors rejected them.

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Evad I thank thee, Dula. Would thou couldst instil
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia!
Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast do dwell:
Methinks, a mean betwixt you would do well.
Dula. She is in love: hang me, if I were so,
But I could run my country. I love too
To do those things that people in love do.
Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek:
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When at the altar the religious priest
Were pacifying the offended powers
With sacrifice, than now. This should have been
My rite[x]; and all your hands have been employ'd
In giving me a spotless offering
To young Amintor's bed, as we are now
For you. Pardon, Evadne: would my worth
Were great as yours, or that the King, or he,
Or both, thought so! Perhaps he found me worthless:
But till he did so, in these ears of mine,
These credulous ears, he pour'd the sweetest words
That art or love could frame. If he were false,
Pardon it, Heaven! and, if I did want
Virtue, you safely may forgive that too;
For I have lost none that I had from you.
Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.
Asp. Would I could!
Then should I leave the cause.
Evad. See, if you have not spoil'd all Dula's mirth!
Asp. Thou think'st thy heart hard; but, if thou be'st caught,
Remember me; thou shalt perceive a fire
Shot suddenly into thee.
Dula. That's not so good;
Let 'em shoot any thing but fire, I fear 'em not.
Asp. Well, wench, thou may'st be taken.
Evad. Ladies, good night: I'll do the rest myself.

[x] *rite*] Qto .1619 "right"; which Theobald gave. Later eds. "night"; and so the editors of 1778 and Weber.

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Dula. Nay, let your lord do some.

Asp. [*singing.*]

Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismal yew—

Evad. That's one of your sad songs, madam.

Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.

Evad. How is it, madam?

Asp. [*singing.*]

Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow-branches bear; say I died true.
My love was false, but I was firm from my hour of birth:
Upon my buried body lie[y] lightly, gentle earth!

Evad. Fie on it, madam! the words are so strange, they
Are able to make one dream of hobgoblins.—
I could never have the power—sing that, Dula.

Dula. [*singing.*]

I could never have the power
To love one above an hour,
But my heart would prompt mine eye
On some other man to fly.
Venus, fix mine eyes fast,
Or, if not, give me all that I shall see at last!

Evad. So, leave me now.

Dula. Nay, we must see you laid.

Asp. Madam, good night. May all the marriage-joys
That longing maids imagine in their beds
Prove so unto you! May no discontent
Grow 'twixt your love and you! but, if there do,
Inquire of me, and I will guide your moan;
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord
No worse than I: but, if you love so well,
Alas, you may displease him! so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me.—
Ladies, farewell. As soon as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about my hearse;
Bring each a mournful story and a tear,
To offer at it when I go to earth:

[y] *lie*] Old eds. "lay;" and so perhaps the author wrote.

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With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round;
Write on my brow my fortune; let my bier
Be borne by virgins, that shall sing by course [z]
The truth of maids and perjuries of men.

Evad. Alas, I pity thee!

All. Madam, good night. [*Exit* EVADNE.

First Lady. Come, we'll let in the bridegroom.

Dula. Where's my lord?

Enter AMINTOR.

First Lady. Here, take this light.

Dula. He'll [a] find her in the dark.

First Lady. Your lady's scarce a-bed yet; you must help her.

Asp. Go, and be happy in your lady's love.
May all the wrongs that you have done to me
Be utterly forgotten in my death!
I'll trouble you no more; yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be denied. [*Kisses* AMINTOR.
You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep
When I am laid in earth, though you yourself
Can know no pity. Thus I wind myself [b]
Into this willow-garland, and am prouder
That I was once your love, though now refus'd [c],
Than to have had another true to me.
So with my prayers I leave you, and must try
Some yet-unpractis'd way to grieve and die. [*Exit.*

Dula. Come, ladies, will you go?

All. Good night, my lord.

Amin. Much happiness unto you all!

[*Exeunt* DULA *and* Ladies.

I did that lady wrong. Methinks, I feel
A [d] grief shoot suddenly through all my veins;

[z] *by course*] i. e. by turns.

[a] *He'll*] So 4to. 1619. Other eds. "You'll". Theobald gave the former reading (—thus, "He will"—), his successors, the latter.

[b] *thus I wind myself* &c.] It would seem that Aspatia carried a willow-garland, and that she here suited the action to the word.

[c] *refus'd*] i. e. rejected.

[d] *A*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "Her"; and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

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Mine eyes rain[e]: this is strange at such a time.
It was the King first mov'd me to't; but he
Has not my will in keeping. Why do I
Perplex myself thus? Something whispers me,
Go not to bed. My guilt is not so great
As mine own conscience too sensible
Would make me think; I only brake a promise,
And 'twas the King enforc'd[f] me. Timorous flesh,
Why shak'st thou so? Away, my idle fears!

Re-enter EVADNE.

Yonder she is, the lustre of whose eye
Can blot away the sad remembrance[g]
Of all these things.—Oh, my Evadne, spare
That tender body; let it not take cold!
The vapours of the night shall[h] not fall here.
To bed, my love: Hymen will punish us
For being slack performers of his rites.
Cam'st thou to call me?

Evad. No.

Amin. Come, come, my love,
And let us lose ourselves to one another.
Why art thou up so long?

Evad. I am not well.

Amin. To bed then; let me wind thee in these arms,
Till I have banish'd sickness.

Evad. Good my lord,
I cannot sleep.

Amin. Evadne, we will watch;
I mean no sleeping.

Evad. I'll not go to bed.

Amin. I prithee, do.

Evad. I will not for the world.

[e] *rain*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "run"; and so the modern editors Theobald excepted.

[f] *enforc'd*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "that forc'd"; and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[g] *remembrance*] Is of course to be read here as a quadrisyllable—"remembrance"; which Weber printed.

[h] *shall*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "will"; and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

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Amin. Why, my dear love?
Evad. Why! I have sworn I will not.
Amin. Sworn!
Evad. Ay.
Amin. How? sworn, Evadne!
Evad. Yes, sworn, Amintor; and will swear again,
If you will wish to hear me.
Amin. To whom have you sworn this?
Evad. If I should name him, the matter were not great.
Amin. Come, this is but the coyness of a bride.
Evad. The coyness of a bride!
Amin. How prettily
That frown becomes thee!
Evad. Do you like it so?
Amin. Thou canst not dress thy face in such a look
But I shall like it.
Evad. What look likes[h] you best?
Amin. Why do you ask?
Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.
Amin. How's that?
Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.
Amin. I prithee, put thy jests in milder looks;
It shews as thou wert angry.
Evad. So perhaps
I am indeed.
Amin. Why, who has done thee wrong?
Name me the man, and by thyself I swear,
Thy yet-unconquer'd self, I will revenge thee!
Evad. Now I shall try thy truth. If thou dost love me,
Thou weigh'st not any thing compar'd with me:
Life, honour, joys eternal, all delights
This world can yield[i], or hopeful people feign,

[h] *likes*] i. e. pleases.
[i] *all delights*
This world can yield &c.] Theobald printed
" all delights
This world can yield, or hopeful people feign
Are in the life to come"—
But the text requires no such alteration. Evadne mentions *first*, all the delights which are actually to be found in the world, *secondly*, those which exist in the imaginations of hopeful people, *thirdly*, those in a future life.

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Or in the life to come, are light as air
To a true lover when his lady frowns,
And bids him *do this*. Wilt thou kill this man?
Swear, my Amintor, and I'll kiss the sin
Off from thy lips.
Amin. I will not swear, sweet love,
Till I do know the cause.
Evad. I would thou wouldst!
Why, it is thou that wrong'st me; I hate thee;
Thou should'st have kill'd thyself.
Amin. If I should know that, I should quickly kill
The man you hated.
Evad. Know it, then, and do't.
Amin. Oh, no! what look soe'er thou shalt put on,
To try my faith, I shall not think thee false;
I cannot find one blemish in thy face,
Where falsehood should abide. Leave, and to bed.
If you have sworn to any of the virgins
That were your old companions to preserve
Your maidenhead a night, it may be done
Without this means.
Evad. A maidenhead, Amintor,
At my years!
Amin. Sure she raves; this cannot be
Her[j] natural temper. [*Aside.*]—Shall I call thy maids?
Either thy healthful sleep hath left thee long,
Or else some fever rages in thy blood.
Evad. Neither, Amintor: think you I am mad,
Because I speak the truth?
Amin. Is this the truth[k]?
Will you not lie with me to-night?
Evad. To-night!
You talk as if you thought[l] I would hereafter.

[j] *Her*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "Thy"; and so the modern editors.
[k] *Is this the truth?*] So 4to. 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors, Theobald excepted.
[l] *you thought*] So 4to. 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

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Amin. Hereafter! yes, I do.
Evad. You are deceiv'd.
Put off amazement, and with patience mark
What I shall utter, for the oracle
Knows nothing truer: 'tis not for a night
Or two that I forbear thy bed, but ever[m].
Amin. I dream. Awake, Amintor!
Evad. You hear right:
I sooner will find out the beds of snakes,
And with my youthful blood warm their cold flesh,
Letting them curl themselves about my limbs,
Than sleep one night with thee. This is not feign'd,
Nor sounds it like the coyness of a bride.
Amin. Is flesh so earthly[n] to endure all this?
Are these the joys of marriage? Hymen, keep
This story, that will make succeeding youth
Neglect thy ceremonies, from all ears;
Let it not rise up for thy shame and mine
To after-ages: we will scorn thy laws,
If thou no better bless them. Touch the heart
Of her that thou hast sent me, or the world
Shall know this: not an altar then will smoke[o]
In praise of thee; we will adopt us sons;
Then virtue shall inherit, and not blood.
If we do lust, we'll take the next we meet,
Serving ourselves as other creatures do;
And never take note of the female more,
Nor of her issue.—I do rage in vain;
She can but jest. [*Aside.*]—Oh, pardon me, my love!
So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I must break forth. Satisfy my fear;
It is a pain, beyond the hand of death,

[m] *but ever*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622, 1630. Later eds. "*but* for *ever*"; and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[n] *earthly*] Altered by Theobald to "earthy",—a specious correction.

[o] *Shall know this: not an altar then will smoke*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "*Shall know* there's *not an altar* that *will smoke*,"—and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

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To be in doubt: confirm it with an oath,
If this be true.

Evad. Do you invent the form:
Let there be in it all the binding words
Devils and conjurers can put together,
And I will take it. I have sworn before,
And here by all things holy do again,
Never to be acquainted with thy bed!
Is your doubt over now?

Amin. I know too much: would I had doubted still!
Was ever such a marriage-night as this!
You powers above, if you did ever mean
Man should be us'd thus, you have thought a way
How he may bear himself, and save his honour:
Instruct me in it; for to my dull eyes
There is no mean, no moderate course to run;
I must live scorn'd, or be a murderer:
Is there a third? Why is this night so calm?
Why does not Heaven speak in thunder to us[p],
And drown her voice?

Evad. This rage will do no good.

Amin. Evadne, hear me. Thou hast ta'en an oath,
But such a rash one, that to keep it were
Worse than to swear it: call it back to thee;
Such vows as that[q] never ascend the heaven;
A tear or two will wash it quite away.
Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful youth,
If thou be pitiful! for, without boast,
This land was proud of me: what lady was there,
That men call'd fair and virtuous in this isle,

[p] *Why is this night so calm?*
Why does not Heaven speak in thunder to us?] "The poets seem manifestly to have had in their eye this passage of Seneca, in his Hippolytus:—

——*Magne regnator Deûm,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?
Ecquando sævâ fulmen emittes *manu,*
Si nunc serenum est?"—THEOBALD.

[q] *that*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "those"; and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

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That would have shunn'd my love? It is in thee
To make me hold this worth. Oh, we vain men,
That trust out all our reputation
To rest upon the weak and yielding hand
Of feeble woman! But thou art not stone;
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell
The spirit of love; thy heart cannot be hard.
Come, lead me from the bottom of despair
To all the joys thou hast; I know thou wilt;
And make me careful lest the sudden change
O'ercome my spirits.

Evad. When I call back this oath,
The pains of hell environ me!

Amin. I sleep, and am too temperate. Come to bed!
Or by those hairs, which, if thou ha[d]st a soul
Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to wear
About their arms——

Evad. Why, so perhaps they are.

Amin. I'll drag thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Undo this wicked oath, or on thy flesh
I'll print a thousand wounds to let out life!

Evad. I fear thee not: do what thou dar'st to me!
Every ill-sounding word or threatening look
Thou shew'st to me will be reveng'd at full.

Amin. It will not sure, Evadne?

Evad. Do not you hazard that.

Amin. Have you your champions?

Evad. Alas, Amintor, think'st thou I forbear
To sleep with thee, because I have put on
A maiden's strictness? Look upon these cheeks,
And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood
Unapt for such a vow. No; in this heart
There dwells as much desire and as much will
To put that wish'd act in practice as e'er yet
Was known to woman; and they have been shewn
Both. But it was the folly of thy youth,
To think this beauty, to what land soe'er
It shall be call'd, shall stoop to any second.

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I do enjoy the best, and in that height
Have sworn to stand or die: you guess the man.
Amin. No; let me know the man that wrongs me so,
That I may cut his body into motes,
And scatter it before the northern wind.
Evad. You dare not strike him.
Amin. Do not wrong me so:
Yes, if his body were a poisonous plant
That it were death to touch, I have a soul
Will throw me on him.
Evad. Why, 'tis the King.
Amin. The King!
Evad. What will you do now?
Amin. It is not the King!
Evad. What did he make this match for, dull Amintor?
Amin. Oh, thou hast nam'd a word, that wipes away
All thoughts revengeful! In that sacred word [r],
"The King," there lies a terror: what frail man
Dares lift his hand against it? Let the gods
Speak to him when they please; till when, let us
Suffer and wait.
Evad. Why should you fill yourself so full of heat,
And haste so to my bed? I am no virgin.
Amin. What devil put it in thy fancy, then,
To marry me?
Evad. Alas, I must have one
To father children, and to bear the name
Of husband to me, that my sin may be
More honourable!
Amin. What strange [s] thing am I!
Evad. A miserable one; one that myself
Am sorry for.
Amin. Why, shew it then in this:
If thou hast pity, though thy love be none,

[r] *word*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "name"; and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[s] *What strange*] So 4tos. 1619, 1661. Other eds. "*What* a *strange*"; and so the modern editors.

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Kill me; and all true lovers, that shall live
In after-ages cross'd in their desires,
Shall bless thy memory, and call thee good,
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,
To rid[t] a lingering wretch.

Evad. I must have one
To fill thy room again, if thou wert dead;
Else, by this night, I would! I pity thee.

Amin. These strange and sudden injuries have fallen
So thick upon me, that I lose all sense
Of what they are. Methinks, I am not wrong'd;
Nor is it aught, if from the censuring world
I can but hide it. Reputation,
Thou art a word, no more!—But thou hast shewn
An impudence so high, that to the world
I fear thou wilt betray or shame thyself.

Evad. To cover shame, I took thee; never fear
That I would blaze myself.

Amin. Nor let the King
Know I conceive he wrongs me; then mine honour
Will thrust me into action: that[u] my flesh
Could bear with patience. And it is some ease
To me in these extremes, that I knew this
Before I touch'd thee; else, had all the sins
Of mankind stood betwixt me and the King,
I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.
I have left[v] one desire: 'tis not his crown

[t] *rid*] i. e. despatch.

[u] *that*] If the text be right,—must refer to

"Nor let the King
Know I conceive he wrongs me";—

that concealment would enable me to bear my injury with patience.—The Editors of 1778 print the passage thus;

"then mine honour
Will thrust me into action, *though* my flesh
Could bear with patience:"

and so Weber.

[v] *left*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "lost"; which the Editors of 1778 give. —"The desire that Amintor had *lost*, or *left*—for it is indifferent which of these words shall stand, as they both imply the same sense—was that of going

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Shall buy me to thy bed, now I resolve [w]
He has dishonour'd thee. Give me thy hand:
Be careful of thy credit, and sin close;
'Tis all I wish. Upon thy chamber-floor
I'll rest to-night, that morning-visitors
May think we did as married people use:
And, prithee, smile upon me when they come,
And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been pleas'd
With what we did.

Evad. Fear not; I will do this.

Amin. Come, let us practise; and, as wantonly
As ever longing [x] bride and bridegroom met,
Let's laugh and enter here.

Evad. I am content.

Amin. Down all the swellings of my troubled heart!
When we walk thus intwin'd, let all eyes see
If ever lovers better did agree. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the house of* CALIANAX.

Enter ASPATIA, ANTIPHILA, *and* OLYMPIAS.

Asp. Away, you are not sad! force it no further.
Good gods, how well you look! Such a full colour
Young bashful brides put on: sure, you are new married!

Ant. Yes, madam, to your grief.

Asp. Alas, poor wenches!
Go learn to love first; learn to lose yourselves;

to her bed. To *leave*, in the time of our Poets, meant, to give away, or to part with. So Portia says, in The Merchant of Venice, speaking of the ring she had given to Bassanio,

'And here he stands,
I dare be sworn for him, he would not *leave* it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters.'

And Julia says to Protheus, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona,

'It seems you lov'd her not to *leave* her token.'" MASON.

[w] *now I resolve*] "i. e. now that I am convinced." WEBER.

[x] *longing*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "loving"; and so the modern editors.

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Learn to be flatter'd, and believe and bless
The double tongue that did it; make a faith [y]
Out of the miracles of ancient lovers,
Such as spake [z] truth, and died in't; and, like me,
Believe all faithful, and be miserable.
Did you ne'er love yet, wenches? Speak, Olympias:
Thou hast an easy temper, fit for stamp.

Olym. Never.

Asp. Nor you, Antiphila?

Ant. Nor I.

Asp. Then, my good girls, be more than women, wise;
At least be more than I was; and be sure
You credit any thing the light gives life [a] to,
Before a man. Rather believe the sea
Weeps for the ruin'd merchant, when he roars;
Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails,
When the strong cordage cracks; rather, the sun
Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,
When all falls blasted. If you needs must love,
(Forc'd by ill fate,) take to your maiden-bosoms
Two dead-cold aspicks, and of them make lovers:
They cannot flatter nor forswear; one kiss
Makes a long peace for all. But man—

[y] *The double tongue that did it. Make a faith* &c.] In 4to. 1622, and in all the later eds., the passage stands thus:

"The double tongue that did it,
Make a faith out of the miracles of ancient louers,
Did you nere loue yet wenches? speake Olimpias,
Such as speake truth and di'd in't,
And like me beleeue all faithfull, and be miserable,
Thou hast an easie temper, fit for stampe."

The transposition given above was made by Theobald, and is confirmed by 4to 1619, which has only—

"The double tongue that did it,
Did you ere loue yet wenches, speake Olimpas,
Thou hast a metled temper, fit for stamp."

[z] *spake*] Here Weber most absurdly gave the spelling of the old eds. "speak."

[a] *life*] So 4to. 1622 (this passage is not in 4to. 1619). Later eds., "light"; and so the modern editors!

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Oh, that beast man! Come, let's be sad, my girls.
That down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,
Shews a fine sorrow.—Mark, Antiphila;
Just such another was the nymph Œnone,
When Paris brought home Helen.—Now, a tear;
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage-queen, when from a cold sea-rock,
Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes
To the fair Trojan ships; and, having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear.—Antiphila,
What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia?
Here she would stand, till some more pitying god
Turn'd her to marble.—'Tis enough, my wench.—
Shew me the piece of needlework you wrought.

Ant. Of Ariadne, madam?

Asp. Yes, that piece.—
This should be Theseus; h'as a cozening face.—
You meant him for a man?

Ant. He was so, madam.

Asp. Why, then, 'tis well enough.—Never look back;
You have a full wind and a false heart, Theseus.—
Does not the story say, his keel was split,
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other
Met with his vessel?

Ant. Not as I remember.

Asp. It should have been so. Could the gods know this,
And not, of all their number, raise a storm?
But they are all as evil[b]. This false smile
Was well express'd; just such another caught me.—
You shall not go so.—[c]

[b] *evil*] Old eds. "ill"; and so the modern editors,—Theobald inserting "Ay" after it to eke out the metre. From a comparison of many passages in our early plays there can be no doubt that transcribers sometimes wrote "ill" and sometimes "evil" without any regard to the verse.

[c] *You shall not go so*] i. e. You shall not escape so. Here Aspatia addresses Theseus: compare the preceding speech. Seward "*restored both sense and measure*" thus,

"You shall not go *on* so, Antiphila;
In this place work a quicksand,"—

and his successors adopted the *restoration!*

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Antiphila, in this place work a quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship ploughing it; and then a Fear:
Do that Fear bravely [d], wench.

Ant. 'Twill wrong the story.

Asp. 'Twill make the story, wrong'd by wanton poets,
Live long and be believ'd. But where's the lady?

Ant. There, madam.

Asp. Fie, you have miss'd it here, Antiphila;
You are much mistaken, wench:
These colours are not dull and pale enough
To shew a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was. Do it by me,
Do it again by me, the lost Aspatia;
And you shall find all true but the wild island [e].
Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now [f],
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desert; and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken [g]. Do my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila: strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges; and behind me
Make all a desolation. See, see [h], wenches,
A miserable life of this poor picture!

Olym. Dear madam!

[d] *bravely*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds., "to the life"; and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[e] *island*] i. e. Naxos,—where Theseus abandoned Ariadne.

[f] *Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now*] So 4to. 1619, except that it has "*sea* breach." Later eds.

"*I stand upon the sea breach now*, and think."

[g] *Tell that I am forsaken*] So all the old eds., except 4to. 1619, which has "Be teares of my story." Theobald, ingeniously correcting that misprint, gave "*Be* teachers *of my story*"; and so Weber, who (after Mason) pronounces it to be more poetical than the other reading. Perhaps, it is; but, unless in cases of necessity, I am unwilling to adopt conjectural lections.

[h] *See, see*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "Look, look"; and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted. The word "look" occurs in the fourth line above.

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Asp. I have done. Sit down; and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes, that point there.
Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden [i] sadness
Give us new souls.

Enter CALIANAX.

Cal. The King may do this, and he may not do it:
My child is wrong'd, disgrac'd.—Well, how now, huswives?
What, at your ease! is this a time to sit still?
Up, you young lazy whores, up, or I'll swinge you!

Olym. Nay, good my lord—

Cal. You'll lie down shortly. Get you in, and work!
What, are you grown so resty [j] you want heats?
We shall have some of the court-boys heat you shortly [k].

Ant. My lord, we do no more than we are charg'd:
It is the lady's pleasure we be thus
In grief she is forsaken [l].

Cal. There's a rogue too,
A young dissembling slave!—Well, get you in.—
I'll have a bout with that boy. 'Tis high time
Now to be valiant: I confess my youth
Was never prone that way. What, made an ass!
A court-stale! Well, I will be valiant,
And beat some dozen of these whelps; I will!
And there's another of 'em, a trim cheating soldier;
I'll maul that rascal; h'as out-brav'd me twice:
But now, I thank the gods, I am valiant.—
Go, get you in.—I'll take a course with all. [*Exeunt.*

[i] *sudden*] Thrown out by Theobald,—rightly, perhaps.

[j] *What, are you grown so resty,* &c.] "The old man, in his allusion, compares them to lazy, *resty* mares, that want to be rid so many *heats.*" THEOBALD.

[k] *heat you shortly*] So 4to. 1619. Other eds., "do that office."

[l] *In grief she is forsaken*] i. e. In grief that, or because she is forsaken. The modern editors have misunderstood the passage.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Ante-room to* EVADNE'S *Bed-chamber.*

Enter CLEON, STRATO, *and* DIPHILUS.

Cle. Your sister is not up yet.

Diph. Oh, brides must take their morning's rest; the night is troublesome.

Stra. But not tedious.

Diph. What odds, he has not my sister's maidenhead to-night?

Stra. None[m]; it's odds against any bridegroom living, he ne'er gets it while he lives.

Diph. You're merry with my sister; you'll please to allow me the same freedom with your mother.

Stra. She's at your service.

Diph. Then she's merry enough of herself; she needs no tickling. Knock at the door.

Stra. We shall interrupt them.

Diph. No matter; they have the year before them.

[STRATO *knocks at the door.*

Good morrow, sister. Spare yourself to-day;
The night will come again.

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. Who's there? my brother! I am no readier[n] yet. Your sister is but now up.

Diph. You look as you had lost your eyes to-night:
I think you have not slept.

Amin. I'faith I have not.

Diph. You have done better, then.

[m] *None*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "No"; and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[n] *no readier*] i. e. no more drest.

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Amin. We ventur'd for a boy: when he is twelve,
He shall command against the foes of Rhodes.
Shall we be merry?

Stra. You cannot; you want sleep.

Amin. 'Tis true.—But she,
As if she had drunk [o] Lethe, or had made
Even with Heaven, did fetch so still a sleep,
So sweet and sound—— [*Aside.*

Diph. What's that?

Amin. Your sister frets
This morning, and does turn her eyes upon me,
As people on their headsman. She does chafe,
And kiss, and chafe again, and clap my cheeks:
She's in another world.

Diph. Then I had lost: I was about to lay
You had not got her maidenhead to-night.

Amin. Ha! does he not [p] mock me? [*Aside.*]—You had lost indeed;
I do not use to bungle.

Cle. You do deserve her.

Amin. I laid my lips to hers, and that wild breath,
That was so rude and rough to me last night,
Was sweet as April. I'll be guilty too,
If these be the effects. [*Aside.*

Enter MELANTIUS.

Mel. Good day, Amintor; for to me the name
Of brother is too distant: we are friends,
And that is nearer.

Amin. Dear Melantius!
Let me behold thee. Is it possible?

Mel. What sudden gaze is this?

Amin. 'Tis wondrous strange!

Mel. Why does thine eye desire so strict a view

[o] *had drunk*] Carefully altered to "*had* drank" by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

[p] *does he not*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds., "he does not"; and so the modern editors.

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Of that it knows so well? There's nothing here
That is not thine.

Amin. I wonder much, Melantius,
To see those noble looks, that make me think
How virtuous thou art: and, on the sudden,
'Tis strange to me thou shouldst have worth and honour;
Or not be base, and false, and treacherous,
And every ill. But——

Mel. Stay, stay, my friend;
I fear this sound will not become our loves:
No more embrace me [q].

Amin. Oh, mistake me not!
I know thee to be full of all those deeds
That we frail men call good; but by the course
Of nature thou shouldst be as quickly chang'd
As are the winds; dissembling as the sea,
That now wears brows as smooth as virgins' be,
Tempting the merchant to invade his face,
And in an hour calls his billows up,
And shoots 'em at the sun, destroying all
He carries on him.—Oh, how near am I
To utter my sick thoughts! [*Aside.*

Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by nature?

Amin. I have wed thy sister, who hath virtuous thoughts
Enough for one whole family; and it is strange
That you should feel no want.

Mel. Believe me, this compliment's too cunning for me.

Diph. What should I be then by the course of nature,
They having both robb'd me of so much virtue?

Stra. Oh, call the bride, my lord Amintor,
That we may see her blush, and turn her eyes down:
It is the prettiest sport.

Amin. Evadne!

[q] *No more embrace me*] Pointed thus by the modern editors, Theobald excepted,—"No more; embrace me:" which the context, I think, proves to be wrong. Amintor has taken hold of Melantius, and is earnestly gazing on him, when these words are spoken. So in the next scene Melantius says to Amintor "Out of my bosom!" p. 374.

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Evad. [*within.*] My lord?
Amin. Come forth, my love:
Your brothers do attend to wish you joy.
Evad. [*within.*] I am not ready yet.
Amin. Enough, enough.
Evad. [*within.*] They'll mock me.
Amin. Faith, thou shalt come in.

Enter EVADNE.

Mel. Good morrow, sister. He that understands
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy;
You have enough: take heed you be not proud.
Diph. Oh, sister, what have you done?
Evad. I done! why, what have I done?
Stra. My lord Amintor swears you are no maid now.
Evad. Push[r]!
Stra. I'faith, he does.
Evad. I knew I should be mock'd.
Diph. With a truth.
Evad. If 'twere to do again,
In faith I would not marry.
Amin. Nor I, by Heaven!
Diph. Sister, Dula swears
She heard you cry two rooms off.
Evad. Fie, how you talk!
Diph. Let's see you walk.
Evad. By my troth, you're spoil'd[s].
Mel. Amintor—

[r] *Push!*] Altered by the modern editors, Theobald excepted, to "Pish!" but the former is not uncommon in old plays, — especially, in those of Middleton.

[s] Diph. *Let's see you walk.*

Evad. *By my troth, you're spoil'd*] "As it is impossible," say the Editors of 1778, "the words thus given to Evadne should be spoken by her, we have varied from the copies, by giving them to her brother." They print accordingly

"*Diph.* Let's see you walk, Evadne. By my troth, you're spoil'd":

and this (in every sense) wanton alteration is adopted by Weber. But why is it impossible that the words which all the old eds. assign to Evadne should be spoken by her? She has already chid Diphilus—"Fie, how you talk!" and when he continues to jeer her, she exclaims "By my troth, you're spoil'd."

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Amin. Ha!

Mel. Thou art sad.

Amin. Who, I? I thank you for that.
Shall Diphilus, thou, and I, sing a catch?

Mel. How!

Amin. Prithee, let's.

Mel. Nay, that's too much the other way.

Amin. I am so lighten'd with my happiness!—
How dost thou, love? kiss me.

Evad. I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.

Amin. Nothing but what becomes us.—Gentlemen,
Would you had all such wives, and all the world,
That I might be no wonder! You're all sad:
What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks,
On water, and ne'er sink, I am so light.

Mel. 'Tis well you are so.

Amin. Well! how can I be other,
When she looks thus?—Is there no music there?
Let's dance.

Mel. Why, this is strange, Amintor!

Amin. I do not know myself; yet I could wish
My joy were less.

Diph. I'll marry too, if it will make one thus.

Evad. Amintor, hark.

Amin. What says my love?—I must obey.

Evad. You do it scurvily, 'twill be perceiv'd.

Cle. My lord, the King is here.

Amin. Where?

Stra. And his brother.

Enter KING *and* LYSIPPUS.

King. Good morrow, all.—
Amintor, joy on joy fall thick upon thee!—
And, madam, you are alter'd since I saw you;
I must salute you; you are now another's.
How lik'd you your night's rest?

Evad. Ill, sir.

Amin. Ay, 'deed,
She took but little.

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Lys. You'll let her take more,
And thank her too, shortly.
King. Amintor, wert thou truly honest till
Thou wert married?
Amin. Yes, sir.
King. Tell me, then, how shews
The sport unto thee?
Amin. Why, well.
King. What did you do?
Amin. No more, nor less, than other couples use;
You know what 'tis; it has but a coarse name.
King. But, prithee, I should think, by her black eye,
And her red cheek, she should be quick and stirring
In this same business; ha?
Amin. I cannot tell;
I ne'er tried other, sir; but I perceive
She is as quick as you deliver'd.
King. Well,
You will trust me then, Amintor, to chuse
A wife for you again?
Amin. No, never, sir.
King. Why, like you this so ill?
Amin. So well I like her,
For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,
And unto Heaven will pay my grateful tribute
Hourly; and do hope we shall draw out
A long contented life together here,
And die both, full of grey hairs, in one day:
For which the thanks is[t] yours. But if the powers
That rule us please to call her first away,
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife
Worthy to take her room.
King. I do not like this.—All forbear the room,
But you, Amintor, and your lady.

[*Exeunt all but the* KING, AMINTOR, *and* EVADNE.

I have some speech with you, that may concern
Your after living well.

[t] *is*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "are"; and so Weber.

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Amin. He will not tell me that he lies with her?
If he do, something heavenly stay my heart,
For I shall be apt to thrust this arm of mine
To acts unlawful! [*Aside.*
King. You will suffer me
To talk with her, Amintor, and not have
A jealous pang?
Amin. Sir, I dare trust my wife
With whom she dares to talk, and not be jealous. [*Retires.*
King. How do you like Amintor?
Evad. As I did, sir.
King. How's that?
Evad. As one that, to fulfil your pleasure[u],
I have given leave to call me wife and love.
King. I see there is no lasting faith in sin;
They that break word with Heaven will break again
With all the world, and so dost thou with me.
Evad. How, sir?
King. This subtle woman's ignorance
Will not excuse you: thou hast taken oaths,
So great, methought, they did not well become
A woman's mouth, that thou wouldst ne'er enjoy
A man but me.
Evad. I never did swear so;
You do me wrong.
King. Day and night have heard it.
Evad. I swore indeed that I would never love
A man of lower place; but, if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bade you trust
I would forsake you, and would bend to him
That won your throne: I love with my ambition,
Not with my eyes. But, if I ever yet
Touch'd any other, leprosy light here
Upon my face! which for your royalty
I would not stain.

[u] *your pleasure*] So 4to 1619. Later eds., "*your* will and *pleasure*"; and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

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King. Why, thou dissemblest, and
It is in me to punish thee.
Evad. Why, it is in me,
Then, not to love you, which will more afflict
Your body than your punishment can mine.
King. But thou hast let Amintor lie with thee.
Evad. I have not.
King. Impudence! he says himself so.
Evad. He lies.
King. He does not.
Evad. By this light, he does,
Strangely and basely! and I'll prove it so:
I did not only[v] shun him for a night,
But told him I would never close with him.
King. Speak lower; it is false.
Evad. I am no man
To answer with a blow; or, if I were,
You are the King. But urge me not; 'tis most true.
King. Do not I know the uncontrollèd thoughts
That youth brings with him, when his blood is high
With expectation and desire of that
He long hath waited for? Is not his spirit,
Though he be temperate, of a valiant strain
As this our age hath known? What could he do,
If such a sudden speech had met his blood,
But ruin thee for ever, if he had not kill'd thee?
He could not bear it thus[w]: he is as we,
Or any other wrong'd man.
Evad. It is dissembling.

[v] *only*] So 4tos 1619, 1622, 1630, 1638. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[w] *But ruin thee for ever, if he had not kill'd thee?*
He could not bear it thus:] So Mason rightly points the passage. "The King," he says, "tells Evadne that he could not believe she had ventured to tell her husband that she would never close with him, as she expresses it; for that if such a declaration had been made to Amintor in his heat of blood, he would certainly have ruined her for ever, that is, maimed or defaced her, if he did not kill her. He could not suppose that Amintor would bear such an injury with so much temper, as he had the same feelings that the King himself would have, or any other man that was so wronged."

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King. Take him! farewell: henceforth I am thy foe;
And what disgraces I can blot thee with look for.
Evad. Stay, sir!—Amintor!—You shall hear.—Amintor!
Amin. [*coming forward.*] What, my love?
Evad. Amintor, thou hast an ingenious[x] look,
And shouldst be virtuous: it amazeth me
That thou canst make such base malicious lies!
Amin. What, my dear wife?
Evad. Dear wife! I do despise thee.
Why, nothing can be baser than to sow
Dissention amongst lovers.
Amin. Lovers! who?
Evad. The King and me—
Amin. Oh, heaven[y]!
Evad. Who should live long, and love without distaste,
Were it not for such pickthanks as thyself.
Did you lie with me? swear now, and be punish'd
In hell for this!
Amin. The faithless sin I made
To fair Aspatia is not yet reveng'd;
It follows me.—I will not lose a word
To this vild[z] woman; but to you, my king,
The anguish of my soul thrusts out this truth,
You are a tyrant! and not so much to wrong
An honest man thus, as to take a pride
In talking with him of it.
Evad. Now, sir, see
How loud this fellow lied!
Amin. You that can know to wrong, should know how men
Must right themselves. What punishment is due
From me to him that shall abuse my bed?
Is it[a] not death? nor can that satisfy,

[x] *ingenious*] Altered by the modern editors to "ingenuous." But there is no misprint here: that *ingenious* and *ingenuity* were formerly used for *ingenuous* and *ingenuousness* appears from innumerable passages of our early writers.

[y] *heaven*] Weber unnecessarily gave the reading of the two earliest 4tos "God."

[z] *vild*] Old eds. "wild,"—which Theobald absurdly retained; his successors gave "vile." See note p. 331.

[a] *Is it*] A correction by the Editors of 1778. Old eds., "It is."

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Unless I send your limbs [b] through all the land,
To shew how nobly I have freed myself.
King. Draw not thy sword; thou know'st I cannot fear
A subject's hand; but thou shalt feel the weight
Of this, if thou dost rage.
Amin. The weight of that!
If you have any worth, for heaven's sake, think
I fear not swords; for, as you are mere man,
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,
As you dare think to do it. But there is [c]
Divinity about you, that strikes dead
My rising passions: as you are my king,
I fall before you, and present my sword
To cut mine own flesh, if it be your will.
Alas, I am nothing but a multitude
Of walking griefs! Yet, should I murder you,
I might before the world take the excuse
Of madness; for, compare my injuries,
And they will well appear too sad a weight
For reason to endure: but, fall I first
Amongst my sorrows, ere my treacherous hand
Touch holy things! But why (I know not what
I have to say), why did you choose out me
To make thus wretched? there were thousand fools

[b] *limbs*] Sympson's correction. Old eds. "liues" and "lives",—doubtless a misprint for "*lims.*" Yet the Editors of 1778 follow the old eds., and inform us that "To send their *lives* through all the land, means, to send an account through the land of their vicious mode of life and criminal connection"! Compare Amintor's speech at p. 353;

"let me know the man that wrongs me so,
That I may cut his body into motes,
And scatter it before the northern wind."

[c] ——— *But there is*
Divinity about you, that strikes dead
My rising passions] "So Shakespeare said, before our poets, in his Hamlet:

'Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.'" THEOBALD.

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Easy to work on, and of state enough,
Within the island.

Evad. I would not have a fool;
It were no credit for me.

Amin. Worse and worse!
Thou, that dar'st talk unto thy husband thus,
Profess thyself a whore, and, more than so,
Resolve to be so still!——It is my fate
To bear and bow beneath a thousand griefs,
To keep that little credit with the world.—
But there were wise ones too; you might have ta'en
Another.

King. No; for I believ'd[d] thee honest,
As thou wert valiant.

Amin. All the happiness
Bestow'd upon me turns into disgrace.
Gods, take your honesty again, for I
Am loaden with it!—Good my lord the King,
Be private in it.

King. Thou mayst live, Amintor,
Free as thy king, if thou wilt wink at this,
And be a means that we may meet in secret.

Amin. A bawd! Hold, hold, my breast! A bitter curse
Seize me, if I forget not all respects
That are religious, on another word
Sounded like that; and through a sea of sins
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call
Pains here and after life upon my soul!

King. Well, I am resolute[e] you lay not with her;
And so I leave you. [*Exit.*

Evad. You must needs be prating;
And see what follows!

Amin. Prithee, vex me not:

[d] *believ'd*] Old eds. "believe": but the slight alteration which I have made seems absolutely necessary. Theobald endeavoured to rectify the inconsistency of the speech by printing "art" instead of "wert" in the next line.

[e] *I am resolute*] i. e. "I am convinced." MASON.

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Leave me; I am afraid some sudden start
Will pull a murder on me.
Evad. I am gone;
I love my life well. [*Exit.*
Amin. I hate mine as much.
This 'tis to break a troth! I should be glad,
If all this tide of grief would make me mad. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter MELANTIUS.

Mel. I'll know the cause of all Amintor's griefs,
Or friendship shall be idle.

Enter CALIANAX.

Cal. Oh, Melantius,
My daughter will die!
Mel. Trust me, I am sorry:
Would thou hadst ta'en her room!
Cal. Thou art a slave,
A cut-throat slave, a bloody treacherous slave!
Mel. Take heed, old man; thou wilt be heard to rave,
And lose thine offices.
Cal. I am valiant grown
At all these years, and thou art but a slave!
Mel. Leave!
Some company will come, and I respect
Thy years, not thee, so much, that I could wish
To laugh at thee alone.
Cal. I'll spoil your mirth:
I mean to fight with thee. There lie, my cloak.
This was my father's sword, and he durst fight.
Are you prepar'd?
[*Throws down his cloak, and draws his sword.*
Mel. Why wilt thou dote thyself
Out of thy life? Hence, get thee to bed[f];

[f] *to bed*] Theobald prints, for the sake of the verse, "*to* thy *bed*."

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Have careful looking-to, and eat warm things,'
And trouble not me: my head is full of thoughts
More weighty than thy life or death can be.

Cal. You have a name in war, where you stand safe
Amongst a multitude; but I will try
What you dare do unto a weak old man
In single fight. You will give ground, I fear.
Come, draw.

Mel. I will not draw, unless thou pull'st thy death
Upon thee with a stroke. There's no one blow
That thou canst give hath strength enough to kill me.
Tempt me not so far, then: the power of earth
Shall not redeem thee.

Cal. I must let him alone;
He's stout and able; and, to say the truth,
However I may set a face and talk,
I am not valiant. When I was a youth,
I kept my credit with a testy trick
I had 'mongst cowards, but durst never fight. [*Aside.*

Mel. I will not promise to preserve your life,
If you do stay.

Cal. I would give half my land
That I durst fight with that proud man a little:
If I had men to hold him, I would beat him
Till he ask'd me mercy. [*Aside.*

Mel. Sir, will you be gone?

Cal. I dare not stay; but I will go home, and beat
My servants all over for this.

[*Aside—takes up his cloak, sheaths his sword, and exit.*

Mel. This old fellow haunts me.
But the distracted carriage of mine Amintor
Takes deeply on me. I will find the cause:
I fear his conscience cries, he wrong'd Aspatia.

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. Men's eyes are not so subtle to perceive
My inward misery: I bear my grief
Hid from the world. How art thou wretched then?

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For aught I know, all husbands are like me;
And every one I talk with of his wife
Is but a well dissembler of his woes,
As I am. Would I knew it! for the rareness
Afflicts me now. [*Aside.*

Mel. Amintor, we have not enjoy'd our friendship of late,
For we were wont to change [g] our souls in talk.

Amin. Melantius, I can tell thee a good jest
Of Strato and a lady the last day.

Mel. How was't?

Amin. Why, such an odd one!

Mel. I have long'd to speak with you;
Not of an idle jest, that's forcèd, but
Of matter you are bound to utter to me.

Amin. What is that, my friend?

Mel. I have observ'd your words
Fall from your tongue wildly; and all your carriage
Like one that strove to shew his merry mood,
When he were ill-dispos'd: you were not wont
To put such scorn into your speech, or wear
Upon your face ridiculous jollity.
Some sadness sits here, which your cunning would
Cover o'er with smiles, and 'twill not be. What is it?

Amin. A sadness here [h]! what cause
Can fate provide for me to make me so?
Am I not lov'd through all this isle? The King
Rains greatness on me. Have I not receiv'd
A lady to my bed, that in her eye
Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheeks

[g] *change*] Old eds. "charge".—"This is flat nonsense by the mistake of a single letter. The slight alteration I have made gives us the true meaning. So in *A King and no King:*

——'*or for honesty to* interchange *my bosom with*,' &c.

And again,

'*And then how dare you offer to* change *words with her?*'

Mr. Seward and Mr. Sympson concurred with me in starting this emendation." THEOBALD.

[h] *A sadness here* &c.] I have little doubt that the author wrote,

"A sadness here, *Melantius!* what cause" &c.

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Inevitable[i] colour, in her heart
A prison for all virtue? Are not you,
Which is above all joys, my constant friend?
What sadness can I have? No; I am light,
And feel the courses of my blood more warm
And stirring than they were. Faith, marry too;
And you will feel so unexpress'd a joy
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed
Appear another.

Mel. You may shape, Amintor,
Causes to cozen the whole world withal,
And yourself too; but 'tis not like a friend
To hide your soul from me. 'Tis not your nature
To be thus idle: I have seen you stand
As you were blasted 'midst of all your mirth;
Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning joy
So coldly! World, what do I here? a friend
Is nothing. Heaven, I would have told that man
My secret sins! I'll search an unknown land,
And there plant friendship; all is wither'd here.
Come with a compliment! I would have fought,
Or told my friend he lied, ere sooth'd him so.
Out of my bosom!

Amin. But there is nothing.

Mel. Worse and worse! farewell:
From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.

[i] *Inevitable*] So all the old eds., except 4to. 1619, which has "Immutable." Theobald printed "Inimitable"; the editors of 1778 "Immutable"; Weber "Inevitable".

"*Inevitable* means not only unavoidable, but irresistible; in which last sense the word is used here. So Dryden, in his tale of Palamon and Arcite, says:

'But even that glimmering serv'd him to descry
Th' *inevitable* charms of Emily.'

The word *inevitable* in Latin had the same import, as we find from the following passage in the first Annal of Tacitus: 'Sed Marcellum insimulabat [Crispinus] sinistros de Tiberio sermones habuisse: *inevitabile crimen*, cum ex moribus principis fœdissima quæque deligeret accusator, objectaretque reo.' It is evident in this passage that *inevitabile crimen* does not mean an accusation that could not have been prevented, but one from which, when preferred, it was impossible to escape." MASON.

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Amin. Melantius, stay: you shall know what that[j] is.
Mel. See, how you play'd with friendship! be advis'd
How you give cause unto yourself to say
You have lost a friend.
Amin. Forgive what I have done;
For I am so o'ergone with injuries
Unheard of, that I lose consideration
Of what I ought to do. Oh, oh!
Mel. Do not weep.
What is it? May I once but know the man
Hath turn'd my friend thus!
Amin. I had spoke at first,
But that——
Mel. But what?
Amin. I held it most unfit
For you to know. Faith, do not know it yet.
Mel. Thou see'st my love, that will keep company
With thee in tears; hide nothing, then, from me;
For when I know the cause of thy distemper,
With mine old armour I'll adorn myself,
My resolution, and cut through thy[k] foes,
Unto thy quiet, till I place thy heart
As peaceable as spotless innocence.
What is it?
Amin. Why, 'tis this——it is too big
To get out——let my tears make way awhile.
Mel. Punish me strangely, Heaven, if he escape
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this!
Amin. Your sister——
Mel. Well said.
Amin. You will wish't unknown,
When you have heard it.
Mel. No.
Amin. Is much to blame,
And to the King has given her honour up,
And lives in whoredom with him.

[j] *that*] So all the old eds.: yet the modern editors give "it."
[k] *thy*] Weber prints "my"!

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Mel. How is this?
Thou art run mad with injury indeed;
Thou couldst not utter this else. Speak again;
For I forgive it freely; tell thy griefs.
Amin. She's wanton; I am loath to say, a whore,
Though it be true.
Mel. Speak yet again, before mine anger grow
Up beyond throwing down: what are thy griefs?
Amin. By all our friendship, these.
Mel. What, am I tame?
After mine actions, shall the name of friend
Blot all our family, and stick the brand
Of whore upon my sister, unreveng'd?
My shaking flesh, be thou a witness for me,
With what unwillingness I go to scourge
This railer, whom my folly hath call'd friend!—
I will not take thee basely: thy sword [*Draws his sword.*
Hangs near thy hand; draw it, that I may whip
Thy rashness to repentance; draw thy sword!
Amin. Not on thee, did thine anger swell as high
As the wild surges. Thou shouldst do me ease
Here and eternally, if thy noble hand
Would cut me from my sorrows.
Mel. This is base
And fearful. They that use to utter lies
Provide not blows but words to qualify
The men they wrong'd. Thou hast a guilty cause.
Amin. Thou pleasest me; for so much more like this
Will raise my anger up above my griefs,
(Which is a passion easier to be borne,)
And I shall then be happy.
Mel. Take, then, more
To raise thine anger: 'tis mere cowardice
Makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee dead,
However. But if thou art so much press'd
With guilt and fear as not to dare to fight,
I'll make thy memory loath'd, and fix a scandal
Upon thy name for ever.

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Amin. [*Drawing his sword.*] Then I draw,
As justly as our magistrates their swords
To cut offenders off. I knew before
'Twould grate your ears; but it was base in you
To urge a weighty secret from your friend,
And then rage at it. I shall be at ease,
If I be kill'd; and, if you fall by me,
I shall not long outlive you.
Mel. Stay awhile.—
The name of friend is more than family,
Or all the world besides: I was a fool.
Thou searching human nature, that didst wake
To do me wrong, thou art inquisitive,
And thrusts me upon questions that will take
My sleep away! Would I had died, ere known
This sad dishonour!—Pardon me, my friend.
[*Sheaths his sword.*
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart;
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand
To thine. Behold the power thou hast in me!
I do believe my sister is a whore,
A leprous one. Put up thy sword, young man.
Amin. How should I bear it, then, she being so?
I fear, my friend, that you will lose me shortly;
[*Sheaths his sword.*
And I shall do a foul act on myself
Through these disgraces.
Mel. Better half the land
Were buried quick[1] together. No, Amintor;
Thou shalt have ease. Oh, this adulterous king,
That drew her to it! where got he the spirit
To wrong me so?
Amin. What is it, then, to me,
If it be wrong to you?
Mel. Why, not so much:
The credit of our house is thrown away.

[1] *quick*] i. e. alive.

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But from his iron den I'll waken Death,
And hurl him on this king: my honesty
Shall steel my sword; and on its horrid point
I'll wear my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittering
For him to look on.

Amin. I have quite[m] undone my fame.

Mel. Dry up thy watery eyes,
And cast a manly look upon my face;
For nothing is so wild as I thy friend
Till I have freed thee: still this swelling breast.
I go thus from thee, and will never cease
My vengeance till I find thy heart at peace.

Amin. It must not be so. Stay. Mine eyes would tell
How loath I am to this; but, love and tears,
Leave me awhile! for I have hazarded
All that this world calls happy.—Thou hast wrought
A secret from me, under name of friend,
Which art could ne'er have found, nor torture wrung
From out my bosom. Give it me again;
For I will find it, wheresoe'er it lies,
Hid in the mortal'st part: invent a way
To give it back.

Mel. Why would you have it back?
I will to death pursue him with revenge.

Amin. Therefore I call it back from thee; for I know
Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this,
And shame me to posterity. Take to thy weapon.

[*Draws his sword.*

Mel. Hear thy friend, that bears more years than thou.

Amin. I will not hear: but draw, or I——

Mel. Amintor!

Amin. Draw, then; for I am full as resolute

[m] *I have quite* &c.] Theobald here (as in fifty other places) silently endeavours to restore the verse:

"*Amin.* I have quite undone
My fame.
Mel. Dry up thy watery eyes *awhile.*"

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As fame and honour can enforce me be :
I cannot linger. Draw !
Mel. [*Drawing his sword.*] I do. But is not
My share of credit equal with thine[n],
If I do stir ?
Amin. No ; for it will be call'd
Honour in thee to spill thy sister's blood,
If she her birth abuse, and on the King
A brave revenge ; but on me, that have walk'd
With patience in it, it will fix the name
Of fearful cuckold. Oh, that word ! Be quick.
Mel. Then, join with me.
Amin. I dare not do a sin, or else I would.
Be speedy.
Mel. Then, dare not fight with me ; for that's a sin.—
His grief distracts him.—Call thy thoughts again,
And to thyself pronounce the name of friend,
And see what that will work. I will not fight.
Amin. You must.
Mel. [*Sheathing his sword.*] I will be kill'd first. Though my passions
Offer'd the like to you, 'tis not this earth
Shall buy my reason to it. Think awhile,
For you are (I must weep when I speak that)
Almost besides yourself.
Amin. [*Sheathing his sword.*] Oh, my soft temper !
So many sweet words from thy sister's mouth,
I am afraid would make me take her to
Embrace, and pardon her. I am mad indeed,
And know not what I do. Yet have a care
Of me in what thou dost.
Mel. Why, thinks my friend
I will forget his honour ? or, to save
The bravery of our house, will lose his fame,
And fear to touch the throne of majesty ?
Amin. A curse will follow that ; but rather live
And suffer with me.

[n] *thine*] Probably the poet wrote "*thine* own." Theobald printed "—equal *then* with thine."

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Mel. I will do what worth
Shall bid me, and no more.
Amin. Faith, I am sick,
And desperately, I hope; yet, leaning thus,
I feel a kind of ease.
Mel. Come, take again
Your mirth about you.
Amin. I shall never do't.
Mel. I warrant you; look up; we'll walk together;
Put thine arm here; all shall be well again.
Amin. Thy love (oh, wretched!), ay, thy love, Melantius;
Why, I have nothing else.
Mel. Be merry, then. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter MELANTIUS.

Mel. This worthy young man may do violence
Upon himself; but I have cherish'd him
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me,
To counterfeit again. Sword, hold thine edge;
My heart will never fail me.

Enter DIPHILUS.

Diphilus!
Thou com'st as sent[o].
Diph. Yonder has been such laughing.
Mel. Betwixt whom?
Diph. Why, our sister and the King;
I thought their spleens[p] would break; they laugh'd us all
Out of the room.
Mel. They must weep, Diphilus.
Diph. Must they?
Mel. They must.
Thou art my brother; and, if I did believe
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst.

[o] *as sent*] "That is, as if you were sent on purpose. Theobald censures this expression as obscure; but the word *as* is frequently used by our author[s] in the sense of *as if*." MASON.

[p] *spleens*] See note, p. 154.

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Diph. You should not; I would first
Mangle myself and find it.
Mel. That was spoke
According to our strain. Come, join thy hands to mine [q],
And swear a firmness to what project I
Shall lay before thee.
Diph. You do wrong us both:
People hereafter shall not say, there pass'd
A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives
And deaths together.
Mel. It is as nobly said as I would wish.
Anon I'll tell you wonders: we are wrong'd.
Diph. But I will tell you now, we'll right ourselves.
Mel. Stay not: prepare the armour in my house;
And what friends you can draw unto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too.
Haste, Diphilus, the time requires it, haste!—
[*Exit* DIPHILUS.
I hope my cause is just; I know my blood
Tells me it is; and I will credit it.
To take revenge, and lose myself withal,
Were idle; and to scape impossible,
Without I had the fort, which (misery!)
Remaining in the hands of my old enemy
Calianax——but I must have it. See,

Re-enter CALIANAX.

Where he comes shaking by me!—Good my lord,
Forget your spleen to me; I never wrong'd you,
But would have peace with every man.
Cal. 'Tis well;
If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.
Mel. You're touchy without all cause.
Cal. Do, mock me.
Mel. By mine honour, I speak truth.

[q] *to mine*] These words, which are found in all the old eds. except 4to 1619, were omitted (perhaps rightly) by Theobald.

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Cal. Honour! where is it?
Mel. See, what starts you make
Into your idle[r] hatred, to my love
And freedom to you. I come with resolution
To obtain a suit of you.
Cal. A suit of me!
'Tis very like it should be granted, sir.
Mel. Nay, go not hence:
'Tis this; you have the keeping of the fort,
And I would wish you, by the love you ought
To bear unto me, to deliver it
Into my hands.
Cal. I am in hope thou art mad
To talk to me thus.
Mel. But there is a reason
To move you to it: I would kill the King,
That wrong'd you and your daughter.
Cal. Out, traitor!
Mel. Nay,
But stay: I cannot scape, the deed once done,
Without I have this fort.
Cal. And should I help thee?
Now thy treacherous mind betrays itself.
Mel. Come, delay me not;
Give me a sudden answer, or already
Thy last is spoke! refuse not offer'd love,
When it comes clad in secrets.
Cal. If I say
I will not, he will kill me; I do see't
Writ in his looks; and should I say I will,
He'll run and tell the King. [*Aside.*]—I do not shun
Your friendship, dear Melantius; but this cause
Is weighty: give me but an hour to think.
Mel. Take it.—I know this goes unto the King;
But I am arm'd. [*Aside, and exit.*

[r] *idle*] So 4to 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors,—Theobald excepted, who here, as elsewhere, takes intolerable liberties with the text.

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Cal. Methinks I feel myself
But twenty now again. This fighting fool
Wants policy: I shall revenge my girl,
And make her red again. I pray my legs
Will last that pace that I will carry them:
I shall want breath before I find the King. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Apartment of Evadne.*

EVADNE *and* Ladies *discovered.* *Enter* MELANTIUS.

Mel. Save you!

Evad. Save you, sweet brother!

Mel. In my blunt eye, methinks, you look Evadne [s].

Evad. Come, you would [t] make me blush.

Mel. I would, Evadne; I shall displease my ends else.

Evad. You shall, if you commend [u] me; I am bashful.
Come, sir, how do I look?

Mel. I would not have your women hear me
Break into commendation of you; 'tis not seemly.

Evad. Go wait me in the gallery. [*Exeunt* Ladies.
Now speak.

Mel. I'll lock the door first.

Evad. Why?

Mel. I will not have your gilded things, that dance
In visitation with their Milan skins [v],
Choke up my business.

[s] *In my blunt eye, methinks, you look Evadne*] The modern editors, strangely misunderstanding the line, exhibit it thus:

"In my blunt eye, methinks, you look, Evadne—"

[t] *would*] Weber chose to print "will"!

[u] *commend*] Theobald's correction; which, as he observes, is confirmed by what Melantius immediately subjoins. Old eds. "command."

[v] *Milan skins*] Mentioned again in *Valentinian*, act ii. sc. 2.,—are suppos by Nares to mean "fine gloves manufactured at Milan." *Gloss. in v.*

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Evad. You are strangely disposed, sir.
Mel. Good madam, not to make you merry.
Evad. No; if you praise me, it will make me sad.
Mel. Such a sad commendation I have for you.
Evad. Brother,
The court hath made you witty, and learn to riddle.
Mel. I praise the court for't: has it learnt you nothing?
Evad. Me!
Mel. Ay, Evadne; thou art young and handsome,
A lady of a sweet complexion,
And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot
Choose but inflame a kingdom.
Evad. Gentle brother!
Mel. 'Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish woman,
To make me gentle.
Evad. How is this?
Mel. 'Tis base;
And I could blush, at these years, thorough all
My honour'd scars, to come to such a parley.
Evad. I understand you not.
Mel. You dare not, fool!
They that commit thy faults fly the remembrance.
Evad. My faults, sir! I would have you know, I care not
If they were written here, here in my forehead.
Mel. Thy body is too little for the story;
The lusts of which would fill another woman,
Though she had twins within her[v].

[v] *Thy body is too little for the story,*
The lusts of which would fill another woman,
Though she had twins within her.] "This is mock-reasoning, and *primâ facie* shews its absurdity. Surely, if a woman has twins within her, she can want very little more to fill her up. I dare be confident I have restored the poets' genuine reading. ["As *though sh'ad twins within her*".] The propriety of the reasoning is a conviction of the certainty of the emendation."—THEOBALD. "It is evident he [Theobald] has misunderstood our authors: they do not mean an internal, but an external filling. Your whole body, says Melantius, is so far from being large enough to contain an account of your lusts, that, if it was wrote all over, there would still remain enough of the story to cover the body of another woman, even though she were swelled with twins. Either way, however, it must be allowed, the thought and expression are rather uncouth."—

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Evad. This is saucy:
Look you intrude no more; there lies your way.
Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee,
Till I find truth out.
Evad. What truth is that you look for?
Mel. Thy long-lost honour. Would the gods had set me
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand
One of their loudest bolts! Come, tell me quickly,
Do it without enforcement, and take heed
You swell me not above my temper.
Evad. How, sir!
Where got you this report?
Mel. Where there was[w] people,
In every place.
Evad. They and the seconds of it are base people:
Believe them not, they lied.
Mel. Do not play with mine anger, do not, wretch! [*Seizes her.*
I come to know that desperate fool that drew thee
From thy fair life: be wise, and lay him open.
Evad. Unhand me, and learn manners! such another
Forgetfulness forfeits your life.
Mel. Quench me this mighty humour, and then tell me
Whose whore you are; for you are one, I know it.
Let all mine honours perish but I'll find him,
Though he lie lock'd up in thy blood! Be sudden;
There is no facing it; and be not flatter'd;
The burnt air, when the Dog reigns, is not fouler
Than thy contagious name, till thy repentance
(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sickness.
Evad. Begone! you are my brother; that's your safety.
Mel. I'll be a wolf first: 'tis, to be thy brother,

Ed. 1778. "The last editors, supposing the bodies of Evadne and the other woman, who was swelled with twins, to be scribbled over with the story of the former, is an admirable travestie of the poets' meaning, and would not disgrace the pages of Cotton, Brydges, or Scarron. Theobald's comment bids fairest to be the true explanation." WEBER. The meaning of the passage is probably this:—the overflowings of thy lust would be sufficient to inflame another woman though she already had twins in her womb.

[w] *was*] Altered by the modern editors to "were."

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An infamy below the sin of coward.
I am as far from being part of thee
As thou art from thy virtue: seek a kindred
'Mongst sensual beasts, and make a goat thy brother;
A goat is cooler. Will you tell me yet?

Evad. If you stay here and rail thus, I shall tell you
I'll have you whipp'd. Get you to your command,
And there preach to your sentinels, and tell them
What a brave man you are: I shall laugh at you.

Mel. You're grown a glorious whore! Where be your fighters?
What mortal fool durst raise thee to this daring,
And I alive! By my just sword, he had safer
Bestrid[w] a billow when the angry North
Ploughs up the sea, or made Heaven's fire his foe[x]!
Work me no higher. Will you discover yet?

Evad. The fellow's mad. Sleep, and speak sense.

Mel. Force my swoln heart no further: I would save thee.
Your great maintainers are not here, they dare not:
Would they were all, and arm'd! I would speak loud;
Here's one should thunder to 'em. Will you tell me?—
Thou hast no hope to scape: he that dares most,
And damns away his soul to do thee service,
Will sooner snatch[y] meat from a hungry lion
Than come to rescue thee; thou hast death about thee;—
He has[z] undone thine honour, poison'd thy virtue,
And, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker[a].

Evad. Let me consider.

Mel. Do, whose child thou wert,

[w] *Bestrid*] Weber chose to restore the spelling of the old eds.,—"Bestride"; wrongly, as the next line shews.

[x] *foe*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "food"; and so the modern editors!

[y] *snatch*] So 4to. 1622. (The passage is not in 4to. 1619.) Later eds. "fetch"; and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

[z] *He has*] "That it should be '*Who* [has],' and that Melantius is still questioning Evadne about the destroyer of her innocence, is not, we think, to be doubted." *Ed.* 1778; whom Weber followed. But this reading is not warranted by the old eds., the 4tos. having "has", the folio of 1679 "h'as" (the common contraction for *he has*).

[a] *canker*] i. e. a wild rose, or dog-rose.

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Whose honour thou hast murder'd, whose grave open'd,
And so pull'd on the gods, that in their justice
They must restore him flesh again and life,
And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandal.
Evad. The gods are not of my mind: they had better
Let 'em lie sweet still in the earth; they'll stink here.
Mel. Do you raise mirth out of my easiness?
Forsake me, then, all weaknesses of nature, [*Draws his sword.*
That make men women! Speak, you whore, speak truth,
Or, by the dear soul of thy sleeping father,
This sword shall be thy lover! tell, or I'll kill thee;
And, when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserve it.
Evad. You will not murder me?
Mel. No; 'tis a justice, and a noble one,
To put the light out of such base offenders.
Evad. Help!
Mel. By thy foul self, no human help shall help thee,
If thou criest! When I have kill'd thee, as I
Have vow'd to do, if thou confess not, naked
As thou hast left thine honour will I leave thee,
That on thy branded flesh the world may read
Thy black shame and my justice. Wilt thou bend yet?
Evad. Yes. [*Kneels.*
Mel. [*Raising her.*] Up, and begin your story.
Evad. Oh, I am miserable!
Mel. 'Tis true, thou art. Speak truth still.
Evad. I have offended: noble sir, forgive me!
Mel. With what secure slave?
Evad. Do not ask me, sir;
Mine own remembrance is a misery
Too mighty for me.
Mel. Do not fall back again;
My sword's unsheathèd yet.
Evad. What shall I do?
Mel. Be true, and make your fault less.
Evad. I dare not tell.
Mel. Tell, or I'll be this day a-killing thee.
Evad. Will you forgive me, then?

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Mel. Stay; I must ask mine honour first.
I have too much foolish nature in me: speak.
Evad. Is there none else here?
Mel. None but a fearful conscience; that's too many.
Who is't?
Evad. Oh, hear me gently! It was the King.
Mel. No more. My worthy father's and my services
Are liberally rewarded! King, I thank thee!
For all my dangers and my wounds thou hast paid me
In my own metal: these are soldiers' thanks!—
How long have you liv'd thus, Evadne?
Evad. Too long.
Mel. Too late you find it. Can you be very[b] sorry?
Evad. Would I were half as blameless!
Mel. Evadne, thou wilt to thy trade again.
Evad. First to my grave.
Mel. Would gods thou hadst been so blest!
Dost thou not hate this King now? prithee hate him:
Couldst thou not curse him? I command thee, curse him;
Curse till the gods hear, and deliver him
To thy just wishes. Yet I fear, Evadne,
You had rather play your game out.
Evad. No; I feel
Too many sad confusions here, to let in
Any loose flame hereafter.
Mel. Dost thou not feel, 'mongst all those, one brave anger,
That breaks out nobly and directs thine arm
To kill this base king?
Evad. All the gods forbid it!
Mel. No, all the gods require it;
They are dishonour'd in him.
Evad. 'Tis too fearful.
Mel. You're valiant in his bed, and bold enough
To be a stale whore, and have your madam's name
Discourse for grooms and pages; and hereafter,
When his cool majesty hath laid you by,

[b] *very*] So 4to. 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors.

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To be at pension with some needy sir
For meat and coarser clothes: thus far you know
No fear. Come, you shall kill him.

Evad. Good sir!

Mel. An 'twere to kiss him dead, thou'dst[c] smother him:
Be wise, and kill him. Canst thou live, and know
What noble minds shall make thee, see thyself
Found out with every finger, made the shame
Of all successions, and in this great ruin
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?
Thou shalt not live thus. Kneel, and swear to help me,
When I shall call thee to it; or, by all
Holy in Heaven and earth, thou shalt not live
To breathe a full hour longer; not a thought!
Come, 'tis a righteous oath. Give me thy hand[s],
And, both to Heaven held up, swear, by that wealth
This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,
To let his foul soul out.

Evad. Here I swear it; [*Kneels.*
And, all you spirits of abusèd ladies,
Help me in this performance!

Mel. [*Raising her.*] Enough. This must be known to none
But you and I, Evadne; not to your lord,
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow
Dares step as far into a worthy action
As the most daring, ay, as far as justice.
Ask me not why. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Evad. Would I could say so to my black disgrace!
Oh, where have I been all this time? how friended,
That I should lose myself thus desperately,
And none for pity shew me how I wander'd?
There is not in the compass of the light
A more unhappy creature: sure, I am monstrous;
For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefs,
Would dare a woman[d]. Oh, my loaden soul,

[c] *thou'dst*] So (literatim) all the old eds., except 4tos. 1650, 1661, and folio 1679, which have "thou'd". Weber printed "thou shouldst"!

[d] *Would dare a woman.*] "i. e. Would scare, would fright her out of her wits to commit." THEOBALD.

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Be not so cruel to me; choke not up
The way to my repentance!

Enter AMINTOR.

Oh, my lord!

Amin. How now?

Evad. My much-abusèd lord! [*Kneels.*

Amin. This cannot be!

Evad. I do not kneel to live; I dare not hope it;
The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me,
Though I appear with all my faults.

Amin. Stand up.
This is a[e] new way to beget more sorrows[f]:
Heaven knows I have too many. Do not mock me:
Though I am tame, and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap,
Like a hand-wolf[g], into my natural wildness,
And do an outrage: prithee, do not mock me.

Evad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects
All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,
Though at the highest set[h]; even with my life:
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice
For what I have committed.

Amin. Sure, I dazzle:
There cannot be a faith in that foul woman,
That knows no god more mighty than her mischiefs.
Thou dost still worse, still number on thy faults,
To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe
There's any seed of virtue in that woman
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin
Known, and so known as thine is? Oh, Evadne,
Would there were any safety in thy sex[i],
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,

[e] *a*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "no".

[f] *sorrows*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "sorrow"; and so the modern editors: but see next line.

[g] *hand wolf*] "Means a tamed wolf." WEBER.

[h] *at the highest set*] "i. e. at the highest stake." WEBER.

[i] *any safety in thy sex*] "i. e. any security, any trust, or belief, to be reposed in them." THEOBALD.

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And credit thy repentance! but I must not:
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only remembering that I grieve.

Evad. My lord,
Give me your griefs: you are an innocent,
A soul as white as Heaven; let not my sins
Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here
To shadow by dissembling with my tears,
(As all say women can,) or to make less
What my hot will hath done, which Heaven and you
Know[j] to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from man's remembrance; no, I do not;
I do appear the same, the same Evadne,
Drest in the shames I liv'd in, the same monster.
But these are names of honour to what I am;
I do present myself the foulest creature,
Most poisonous, dangerous, and despis'd of men,
Lerna e'er bred or Nilus. I am hell,
Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into me,
The beams of your forgiveness; I am soul-sick,
And wither with the fear of one condemn'd,
Till I have got your pardon.

Amin. Rise, Evadne.
Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee
Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee:
Make thyself worthy of it; and take heed,
Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.
Mock not the powers above, that can and dare
Give thee a great example of their justice
To all ensuing ages[k], if thou playest
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.

[j] *Know*] Old eds. "Knows".

[k] *ages*] Was proposed by Weber in a note, and is obviously the true reading. Old eds. "eyes."

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Evad. I have done nothing good to win belief,
My life hath been so faithless. All the creatures,
Made for Heaven's honours[1], have their ends, and good ones,
All but the cozening crocodiles, false women:
They reign here like those plagues, those killing sores,
Men pray against; and when they die, like tales
Ill told and unbeliev'd, they pass away,
And go to dust forgotten. But, my lord,
Those short days I shall number to my rest
(As many must not see me) shall, though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will,
Since I can do no good, because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is near it:
I will redeem one minute of my age,
Or, like another Niobe, I'll weep,
Till I am water.

Amin. I am now dissolv'd;
My frozen soul melts. May each sin thou hast,
Find a new mercy! Rise; I am at peace. [EVADNE *rises.*
Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good,
Before that devil-king tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadst made a star. Give me thy hand:
From this time I will know thee; and, as far
As honour gives me leave, be thy Amintor.
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly,
And pray the gods to give thee happy days:
My charity shall go along with thee,
Though my embraces must be far from thee.
I should have kill'd thee, but this sweet repentance
Locks up my vengeance; for which thus I kiss thee—
[*Kisses her.*
The last kiss we must take: and would to heaven
The holy priest that gave our hands together
Had given us equal virtues! Go, Evadne;
The gods thus part our bodies. Have a care
My honour falls no farther: I am well, then.

[1] *Heaven's honours*] "We should read 'heaven's *honour*'." MASON. No, no.

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Evad. All the dear joys here, and above hereafter,
Crown thy fair soul! Thus I take leave, my lord;
And never shall you see the foul Evadne,
Till she have tried all honour'd means, that may
Set her in rest and wash her stains away. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Palace.*

A Banquet spread. Hautboys play within.—Enter KING *and* CALIANAX.

King. I cannot tell how I should credit this
From you, that are his enemy.
Cal. I am sure
He said it to me; and I'll justify it
What way he dares oppose—but with my sword.
King. But did he break, without all circumstance,
To you, his foe, that he would have the fort,
To kill me, and then scape?
Cal. If he deny it,
I'll make him blush.
King. It sounds incredibly.
Cal. Ay, so does every thing I say of late.
King. Not so, Calianax.
Cal. Yes, I should sit
Mute whilst a rogue with strong arms cuts your throat.
King. Well, I will try him: and, if this be true,
I'll pawn my life I'll find it; if 't be false,
And that you clothe your hate in such a lie,
You shall hereafter dote in your own house,
Not in the court.
Cal. Why, if it be a lie,
Mine ears are false, for I'll be sworn I heard it.
Old men are good for nothing: you were best
Put me to death for hearing, and free him
For meaning it. You would have trusted me
Once, but the time is alter'd.

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King. And will still,
Where I may do with justice to the world:
You have no witness.
Cal. Yes, myself.
King. No more,
I mean, there were that heard it.
Cal. How? no more!
Would you have more? why, am not I enough
To hang a thousand rogues?
King. But so you may
Hang honest men too, if you please.
Cal. I may!
'Tis like I will do so: there are a hundred
Will swear it for a need too, if I say it——
King. Such witnesses we need not.
Cal. And 'tis hard
If my word cannot hang a boisterous knave.
King. Enough.—Where's Strato?

Enter STRATO.

Stra. Sir?
King. Why, where's all the company? Call Amintor in;
Evadne. Where's my brother, and Melantius?
Bid him come too; and Diphilus. Call all
That are without there.— [*Exit* STRATO.
If he should desire
The combat of you, 'tis not in the power
Of all our laws to hinder it, unless
We mean to quit 'em.
Cal. Why, if you do think
'Tis fit an old man and a councillor
To[m] fight for what he says, then you may grant it.

Enter AMINTOR, EVADNE, MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, LYSIPPUS, CLEON, STRATO, *and* DIAGORAS.

King. Come, sirs!—Amintor, thou art yet a bridegroom,
And I will use thee so; thou shalt sit down.—
Evadne, sit;—and you, Amintor, too;

[m] *To*] Unnecessarily altered by the modern editors to "Do".

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This banquet is for you, sir.—Who has brought
A merry tale about him, to raise laughter
Amongst our wine? Why, Strato, where art thou?
Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably,
When I desire 'em not.

Stra. 'Tis my ill luck, sir, so to spend them, then.

King. Reach me a bowl of wine.—Melantius, thou
Art sad.

Mel[n]. I should be, sir, the merriest here,
But I have ne'er a story of mine own
Worth telling at this time.

King. Give me the wine.—
Melantius, I am now considering
How easy 'twere for any man we trust
To poison one of us in such a bowl.

Mel. I think it were not hard, sir, for a knave.

Cal. Such as you are. [*Aside.*

King. I'faith, 'twere easy. It becomes us well
To get plain-dealing men about ourselves;
Such as you all are here.—Amintor, to thee;
And to thy fair Evadne! [*Drinks.*

Mel. Have you thought
Of this, Calianax? [*Apart to him.*

Cal. Yes, marry, have I.

Mel. And what's your resolution?

Cal. You shall have it,—
Soundly, I warrant you. [*Aside.*

King. Reach to Amintor, Strato.

Amin. Here, my love;

[*Drinks, and then hands the cup to* EVADNE.

This wine will do thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes upon thy cheeks; and, till thou dost
A fault, 'twere pity.

King. Yet I wonder much
At the strange desperation of these men,
That dare attempt such acts here in our state:
He could not scape that did it.

[n] *Mel.*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "*Amint.*"

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Mel. Were he known,
Unpossible [o].
King. It would be known, Melantius.
Mel. It ought to be. If he got then away,
He must wear all our lives upon his sword:
He need not fly the island; he must leave
No one alive.
King. No; I should think no man
Could kill me, and scape clear, but that old man.
Cal. But I! heaven bless me! I! should I, my liege?
King. I do not think thou wouldst; but yet thou mightst,
For thou hast in thy hands the means to scape,
By keeping of the fort.—He has, Melantius,
And he has kept it well.
Mel. From cobwebs, sir,
'Tis clean swept: I can find no other art
In keeping of it now; 'twas ne'er besieg'd
Since he commanded [p].
Cal. I shall be sure
Of your good word: but I have kept it safe
From such as you.
Mel. Keep your ill temper in:
I speak no malice; had my brother kept it,
I should have said as much.
King. You are not merry.
Brother, drink wine. Sit you all still.—Calianax,
[*Apart to him.*
I cannot trust this [q]: I have thrown out words,
That would have fetch'd warm blood upon the cheeks

[o] *Unpossible*] So all the old eds. Altered by the modern editors to "Impossible". The latter form indeed occurs in act v., sc. 2.; but our early writers did not confine themselves to the use of a single form of a word. Todd (Additions to Johnson's *Dict.*), among other passages quoted for an example of "unpossible", cites St. Matt. xix. 26., where, he observes, "in modern editions of the Bible the word is finically altered to *impossible*."

[p] *commanded*] Theobald printed "*commanded* it"; and so his successors, without noticing the insertion.

[q] *this*] Old eds. "thus"; and so the modern editors. Compare the first speech of the King in this scene—"I cannot tell how I should credit *this*," and the next speech but one of Calianax,—"*this* he did say."

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Of guilty men, and he is never mov'd ;
He knows no such thing.
Cal. Impudence may scape,
When feeble virtue is accus'd.
King. He must,
If he were guilty, feel an alteration
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him :
You see he does not.
Cal. Let him hang himself :
What care I what he does? this he did say.
King. Melantius, you can easily conceive
What I have meant ; for men that are in fault
Can subtly apprehend when others aim
At what they do amiss : but I forgive
Freely before this man,—Heaven do so too !
I will not touch thee, so much as with shame
Of telling it. Let it be so no more.
Cal. Why, this is very fine !
Mel. I cannot tell
What 'tis you mean ; but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into [an] [r] ignorant fault.
But let me know it : happily 'tis nought
But misconstruction ; and, where I am clear,
I will not take forgiveness of the gods,
Much less of you.
King. Nay, if you stand so stiff,
I shall call back my mercy.
Mel. I want smoothness
To thank a man for pardoning of a crime
I never knew.
King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but to shew you
My ears are every where ; you meant to kill me,
And get the fort to scape.
Mel. Pardon me, sir ;
My bluntness will be pardon'd. You preserve
A race of idle people here about you,

[r] *an*] Inserted by Theobald.

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Facers[s] and talkers, to defame the worth
Of those that do things worthy. The man that utter'd this
Had perish'd without food, be't who it will,
But for this arm, that fenc'd him from the foe:
And if I thought you gave a faith to this,
The plainness of my nature would speak more.
Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't)
To kill him that spake this.

Cal. Ay, that will be
The end of all: then I am fairly paid
For all my care and service.

Mel. That old man,
Who calls me enemy, and of whom I
(Though I will never match my hate so low)
Have no good thought, would yet, I think, excuse me,
And swear he thought me wrong'd in this.

Cal. Who, I?
Thou shameless fellow! didst thou not speak to me
Of it thyself?

Mel. Oh, then, it came from him!

Cal. From me! who should it come from but from me?

Mel. Nay, I believe your malice is enough:
But I have lost my anger.—Sir, I hope
You are well satisfied.

King. Lysippus, cheer
Amintor and his lady: there's no sound
Comes from you; I will come and do't myself.

Amin. You have done already, sir, for me, I thank you. [*Aside.*

King. Melantius, I do credit this from him,
How slight soe'er you make't.

Mel. 'Tis strange you should.

Cal. 'Tis strange he should believe an old man's word,
That never lied in's life!

Mel. I talk not to thee.—
Shall the wild words of this distemper'd man,

[s] *Facers*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "Eaters." "*Facers* and *facing* are words used by our authors to express *shameless people* and *effrontery*." *Ed.* 1778,—as Theobald had already shown by his citations.

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Frantic with age and sorrow, make a breach
Betwixt your majesty and me? 'Twas wrong
To hearken to him; but to credit him,
As much at least as I have power to bear.
But pardon me—whilst I speak only truth,
I may commend myself—I have bestow'd
My careless blood with you, and should be loath
To think an action that would make me lose
That and my thanks too. When I was a boy,
I thrust myself into my country's cause,
And did a deed that pluck'd five years from time,
And styl'd me man then. And for you, my king,
Your subjects all have fed by virtue of
My arm: this sword of mine hath plough'd the ground,
And reapt the fruit in peace[t];
And you yourself have liv'd at home in ease.
So terrible I grew, that without swords
My name hath fetch'd you conquest: and my heart
And limbs are still the same; my will as great
To do you service. Let me not be paid
With such a strange distrust.

King. Melantius,
I held it great injustice to believe
Thine enemy, and did not; if I did,
I do not; let that satisfy.—What, struck
With sadness all? More wine!

Cal. A few fine words
Have overthrown my truth. Ah, thou'rt a villain!

Mel. Why, thou wert better let me have the fort:
[*Apart to him.*
Dotard, I will disgrace thee thus for ever;
There shall no credit lie upon thy words:
Think better, and deliver it.

[t] *And reapt the fruit in peace*] Theobald printed the line thus amended by Seward; "*And* they have *reapt the fruit* of it *in peace.*"—"Melantius means to say, not in plain prose, but in poetical languge, that, had it not been for his sword, the people could neither have ploughed the ground, or have reaped the fruits of it." MASON.

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Cal. My liege,
He's at me now again to do it.—Speak;
Deny it, if thou canst.—Examine him
Whilst he is hot, for, if he cool again,
He will forswear it.

King. This is lunacy,
I hope, Melantius.

Mel. He hath lost himself
Much, since his daughter miss'd the happiness
My sister gain'd; and, though he call me foe,
I pity him.

Cal. Pity! a pox upon you!

Mel. Mark his disorder'd words: and at the masque
Diagoras knows he rag'd and rail'd at me,
And call'd a lady whore, so innocent
She understood him not. But it becomes
Both you and me too to forgive distraction:
Pardon him, as I do.

Cal. I'll not speak for thee,
For all thy cunning.—If you will be safe,
Chop off his head; for there was never known
So impudent a rascal.

King. Some, that love him,
Get him to bed. Why, pity should not let
Age make itself contemptible; we must be
All old. Have him away.

Mel. Calianax, [*Apart to him.*
The King believes you; come, you shall go home,
And rest; you have done well. You'll give it up,
When I have us'd you thus a month, I hope.

Cal. Now, now, 'tis plain, sir; he does move me still:
He says, he knows I'll give him up the fort,
When he has us'd me thus a month. I am mad,
Am I not, still?

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Cal. I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus.
Why should you trust a sturdy fellow there
(That has no virtue in him, all's in his sword)

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Before me? Do but take his weapons from him,
And he's an ass; and I am a very fool,
Both with 'em and without 'em [u], as you use me.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

King. 'Tis well, Calianax: but if you use
This once again, I shall entreat some other
To see your offices be well discharg'd.—
Be merry, gentlemen.—It grows somewhat late.—
Amintor, thou wouldst be a-bed again.

Amin. Yes, sir.

King. And you, Evadne.—Let me take
Thee in my arms, Melantius, and believe
Thou art, as thou deserv'st to be, my friend
Still and for ever.—Good Calianax,
Sleep soundly; it will bring thee to thyself.

[*Exeunt all except* MELANTIUS *and* CALIANAX.

Cal. Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now, I hope;
I could not be thus else.—How dar'st thou stay
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast us'd me?

Mel. You cannot blast me with your tongue, and that's
The strongest part you have about you.

Cal. I
Do look for some great punishment for this;
For I begin to forget all my hate,
And take't unkindly that mine enemy
Should use me so extraordinarily scurvily.

Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take
Unkindnesses: I never meant you hurt.

Cal. Thou'lt anger me again. Thou wretched rogue,
Meant me no hurt! disgrace me with the King!
Lose all my offices! This is no hurt,
Is it? I prithee, what dost thou call hurt?

Mel. To poison men, because they love me not;
To call the credit of men's wives in question;

[u] *Both with 'em and without 'em*] Old eds. "*Both with* him *and without* him"; and so the modern editors! The misprint of *him* for *'em* is a not uncommon one in early dramas.

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To murder children betwixt me and land;
This I call hurt[v].

Cal. All this thou think'st is sport;
For mine is worse: but use thy will with me;
For betwixt grief and anger I could cry.

Mel. Be wise, then, and be safe; thou may'st revenge.

Cal. Ay, o' the King: I would revenge of[w] thee.

Mel. That you must plot yourself.

Cal. I am a fine plotter.

Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with the King
In this perplexity, till peevishness
And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy grave:
But if thou wilt deliver up the fort,
I'll take thy trembling body in my arms,
And bear thee over dangers; thou shalt hold
Thy wonted state.

Cal. If I should tell the King,
Canst thou deny 't again?

Mel. Try, and believe.

Cal. Nay, then, thou canst bring any thing about.
Melantius[x], thou shalt have the fort.

Mel. Why, well.
Here let our hate be buried; and this hand
Shall right us both. Give me thy agèd breast
To compass.

Cal. Nay, I do not love thee yet;
I cannot well endure to look on thee;
And if I thought it were a courtesy,
Thou shouldst not have it. But I am disgrac'd;
My offices are to be ta'en away;
And, if I did but hold this fort a day,

[v] *This I call hurt*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622. Later eds. "*This* is all *hurt*",—which the modern editors give,—a misprint caused by the compositor's eye having caught the first word of the next speech. Melantius here replies to the question of Calianax,—"what *dost thou call hurt?*"

[w] *of*] Altered in the modern eds to "o'."

[x] *Melantius*] So 4to. 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

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I do believe the King would take it from me,
And give it thee, things are so strangely carried.
Ne'er thank me for't; but yet the King shall know
There was some such thing in't I told him of,
And that I was an honest man.
Mel. He'll buy
That knowledge very dearly.

Re-enter DIPHILUS.

Diphilus,
What news with thee?
Diph. This were a night indeed
To do it in: the King hath sent for her.
Mel. She shall perform it, then.—Go, Diphilus,
And take from this good man, my worthy friend,
The fort; he'll give it thee.
Diph. Have you got that?
Cal. Art thou of the same breed? canst thou deny
This to the King too?
Diph. With a confidence
As great as his.
Cal. Faith, like enough.
Mel. Away, and use him kindly[y].
Cal. Touch not me;
I hate the whole strain. If thou follow me
A great way off, I'll give thee up the fort;
And hang yourselves.
Mel. Begone.
Diph. He's finely wrought. [*Exeunt* CALIANAX *and* DIPHILUS.
Mel. This is a night, spite of astronomers[z],
To do the deed in. I will wash the stain
That rests upon our house off with his blood.

[y] *Mel. Away, and use him kindly,* &c.] Theobald, to perfect the measure, printed:

"*Mel.* Away,
And use him kindly.
Cal. Touch not me; I hate
The whole strain *of you.* If thou follow me," &c.

[z] *astronomers*] i. e. astrologers.

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Re-enter AMINTOR.

Amin. Melantius, now assist me; if thou be'st
That which thou say'st, assist me. I have lost
All my distempers, and have found a rage
So pleasing! Help me.

Mel. Who can see him thus,
And not swear vengeance?—[*Aside.*] What's the matter, friend?

Amin. Out with thy sword; and, hand in hand with me,
Rush to the chamber of this hated king,
And sink him with the weight of all his sins
To hell for ever.

Mel. 'Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safety. Let your reason
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.

Amin. If thou refusest me in these extremes,
Thou art no friend. He sent for her to me;
By heaven, to me, myself! and, I must tell you,
I love her as a stranger: there is worth
In that vild[a] woman, worthy things, Melantius;
And she repents. I'll do't myself alone, [*Draws his sword.*
Though I be slain. Farewell.

Mel. He'll overthrow
My whole design with madness [*Aside*].—Amintor,
Think what thou dost: I dare as much as valour;
But 'tis the King, the King, the King, Amintor,
With whom thou fightest!—I know he is honest,
And this will work with him. [*Aside.*

Amin. I cannot tell [*Lets fall his sword.*
What thou hast said; but thou hast charm'd my sword
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here
Defenceless.

Mel. I will take it up for thee.
[*Takes up the sword, and gives it to* AMINTOR.

Amin. What a wild beast is uncollected man!

[a] *vild*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622. Later eds. "vile"; and so the modern editors. See note, p. 331.

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The thing that we call honour bears us all
Headlong unto [b] sin, and yet itself is nothing.
Mel. Alas, how variable are thy thoughts!
Amin. Just like my fortunes. I was run to that
I purpos'd to have chid thee for. Some plot,
I did distrust, thou hadst against the King,
By that old fellow's carriage. But take heed;
There's not the least limb growing to a king
But carries thunder in it.
Mel. I have none
Against him.
Amin. Why, come, then; and still remember
We may not think revenge.
Mel. I will remember. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter EVADNE *and a* Gentleman of the Bed-chamber.

Evad. Sir, is the King a-bed?
Gent. Madam, an hour ago.
Evad. Give me the key, then; and let none be near;
'Tis the King's pleasure.
Gent. I understand you, madam; would 'twere mine!
I must not wish good rest unto your ladyship.
Evad. You talk, you talk.
Gent. 'Tis all I dare do, madam; but the King
Will wake, and then, methinks [c]—
Evad. Saving your imagination, pray, good night, sir.
Gent. A good night be it, then, and a long one, madam.
I am gone. [*Exeunt severally* [d].

[b] *unto*] Theobald (besides another more violent alteration in this line) printed at Seward's suggestion "to"; and so Weber.

[c] *methinks*] So 4to. 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors.

[d] *Exeunt severally*] The old eds. mark only the "*Exit*" of the Gentleman,

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drama of a real central tragedy.

SCENE II.—*The Bed-chamber. The King discovered in bed asleep.*

Enter EVADNE.

Evad. The night grows horrible; and all about me
Like my black purpose. Oh, the conscience
Of a lost virgin[e], whither wilt thou pull me?
To what things dismal as the depth of hell
Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare
From this hour be disloyal, if her heart be flesh,
If she have blood, and can fear. 'Tis a daring
Above that desperate fool's that left his peace,
And went to sea to fight: 'tis so many sins,
An age cannot repent[f] 'em; and so great,
The gods want mercy for. Yet I must through 'em:
I have begun a slaughter on my honour,
And I must end it there.—He sleeps. Good Heavens,
Why give you peace to this untemperate beast,
That hath so long transgress'd you? I must kill him,
And I will do it bravely: the mere joy
Tells me, I merit in it. Yet I must not
Thus tamely do it, as he sleeps—that were
To rock him to another world; my vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and punishments:
I'll shape[g] his sins like Furies, till I waken
His evil angel, his sick conscience,

and place a stage direction "*King a bed*" at the commencement of Evadne's next speech. So wretched were the appointments of our early theatres, that when the Gentleman had left the stage, and a bed containing the sleeping King had been thrust on, the audience were to suppose that they beheld the royal bed-chamber.

[e] *virgin*] I may just notice that 4to. 1619 has "virtue".

[f] *repent*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "prevent".—Theobald, who, throughout the play, *made great use of the first 4to*, gives "repent" as his own conjectural emendation!

[g] *shape*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622. Later eds. "shake"; and so the modern editors.

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And then I'll strike him dead. King, by your leave;
[*Ties his arms to the bed.*
I dare not trust your strength; your grace and I
Must grapple upon even terms no more.
So, if he rail me not from my resolution,
I shall be strong enough [h].—My lord the King!
My lord!—He sleeps, as if he meant to wake
No more.—My lord!—Is he not dead already?—
Sir! my lord!

King. Who's that?

Evad. Oh, you sleep soundly, sir.

King. My dear Evadne,
I have been dreaming of thee: come to bed.

Evad. I am come at length, sir; but how welcome?

King. What pretty new device is this, Evadne?
What, do you tie me to you? By my love [i],
This is a quaint one. Come, my dear, and kiss me;
I'll be thy Mars [j]; to bed, my queen of love:
Let us be caught together, that the gods
May see and envy our embraces.

Evad. Stay, sir, stay;
You are too hot, and I have brought you physic
To temper your high veins.

[h] *So, if he rail me not from my resolution,*
I shall be strong enough.—My lord the King, &c.] So all the old eds.; except 4to 1619, which has—

"*So, if he raile me not from my resolution,*
As I beleeue I shall not, *I shall* fit him.
My Lord the King", &c.

In the concluding lines of this speech I have followed the modern arrangement (Theobald's), though not quite satisfied with it.

[i] *love*] Altered by Theobald to "life",—probably because the former word occurs in the next line but one.

[j] *I'll be thy Mars*] "The allusion here is to the words of Ovid in the fourth book of his Metamorphoses, where Mars and Venus are caught in conjunction by a subtle net which her husband Vulcan had bound over them, and exposed them to the view of the gods:—

———*Turpes jacuere ligati*
Turpiter, atque aliquis de Dis non tristibus optet
Sic fieri turpis."—THEOBALD.

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King. Prithee, to bed, then; let me take it warm;
There thou shalt know the state of my body better.
Evad. I know you have a surfeited foul body;
And you must bleed. [*Draws a knife.*
King. Bleed!
Evad. Ay, you shall bleed. Lie still; and, if the devil,
Your lust, will give you leave, repent. This steel
Comes to redeem the honour that you stole,
King, my fair name; which nothing but thy death
Can answer to the world.
King. How's this, Evadne?
Evad. I am not she; nor bear I in this breast
So much cold spirit to be call'd a woman:
I am a tiger; I am any thing
That knows not pity. Stir not: if thou dost,
I'll take thee unprepar'd, thy fears upon thee,
That make thy sins look double, and so send thee
(By my revenge, I will!) to look[k] those torments
Prepar'd for such black souls.
King. Thou dost not mean this; 'tis impossible;
Thou art too sweet and gentle.
Evad. No, I am not:
I am as foul as thou art, and can number
As many such hells here. I was once fair,
Once I was lovely; not a blowing rose
More chastely sweet, till thou, thou, thou, foul canker,
(Stir not) didst poison me. I was a world of virtue,
Till your curs'd court and you (Hell bless you for't!)
With your temptations on temptations
Made me give up mine honour; for which, King,
I am come to kill thee.
King. No!
Evad. I am.
King. Thou art not!
I prithee speak not these things: thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.

[k] *to look*] "Occurs continually in old plays for *look for*; and yet Theobald says it is no English expression, and reads *seek*." WEBER.

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Evad. Peace, and hear me.
Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy
To those above us; by whose lights I vow,
Those blessèd fires that shot to see our sin,
If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood,
I would kill that too; which, being past my steel,
My tongue shall reach[1]. Thou art a shameless villain;
A thing out of the overcharge of nature,
Sent, like a thick cloud, to disperse a plague
Upon weak catching women; such a tyrant,
That for his lust would sell away his subjects,
Ay, all his Heaven hereafter!
King. Hear, Evadne,
Thou soul of sweetness, hear! I am thy king.
Evad. Thou art my shame! Lie still; there's none about you,
Within your cries; all promises of safety
Are but deluding dreams. Thus, thus, thou foul man,
Thus I begin my vengeance! [*Stabs him.*
King. Hold, Evadne!
I do command thee hold!
Evad. I do not mean, sir,
To part so fairly with you; we must change
More of these love-tricks yet.
King. What bloody villain
Provok'd thee to this murder?
Evad. Thou, thou monster!
King. Oh!
Evad. Thou kept'st me brave[m] at court, and whor'd[n] me, King;
Then married me to a young noble gentleman,
And whor'd me still.
King. Evadne, pity me!
Evad. Hell take me, then! This for my lord Amintor!
[*Stabs him.*

[1] *reach*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622, 1630, 1638 (—Theobald gives "reach" as his own conjectural emendation!—). Later eds. "teach."

[m] *brave*] i. e. in fine apparel, &c.

[n] *whor'd*] So the old eds. both here and in the next line but one, and so doubtless the author wrote. Altered by the modern editors to "whor'd'st."

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This for my noble brother! and this stroke
For the most wrong'd of women!

King. Oh! I die. [*Dies.*

Evad. Die all our faults together! I forgive thee. [*Exit.*

Enter two Gentlemen of the Bed-chamber.

First Gent. Come, now she's gone, let's enter; the King expects it, and will be angry.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis a fine wench: we'll have a snap at her one of these nights, as she goes from him.

First Gent. Content. How quickly he had done with her! I see kings can do no more that way than other mortal people.

Sec. Gent. How fast he is! I cannot hear him breathe.

First Gent. Either the tapers give a feeble light,
Or he looks very pale.

Sec. Gent. And so he does:
Pray Heaven he be well! let's look.—Alas!
He's stiff, wounded, and dead! Treason, treason!

First Gent. Run forth and call.

Sec. Gent. Treason, treason! [*Exit.*

First Gent. This will be laid on us:
Who can believe a woman could do this?

Enter CLEON *and* LYSIPPUS.

Cle. How now! where's the traitor?

First Gent. Fled, fled away; but there her woful act
Lies still.

Cle. Her act! a woman!

Lys. Where's the body?

First Gent. There.

Lys. Farewell, thou worthy man! There were two bonds
That tied our loves, a brother and a king,
The least of which might fetch a flood of tears;
But such the misery of greatness is,
They have no time to mourn; then, pardon me!

Enter STRATO.

Sirs, which way went she?

Stra. Never follow her;

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For she, alas! was but the instrument.
News is now brought in, that Melantius
Has got the fort, and stands upon the wall,
And with a loud voice calls those few that pass
At this dead time of night, delivering
The innocence of this act.
Lys. Gentlemen,
I am your king.
Stra. We do acknowledge it.
Lys. I would I were not! Follow, all; for this
Must have a sudden stop. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before the Citadel.*

Enter MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, *and* CALIANAX, *on the walls.*

Mel. If the dull people can believe I am arm'd,
(Be constant, Diphilus,) now we have time
Either to bring our banish'd honours home,
Or create new ones in our ends.
Diph. I fear not;
My spirit lies not that way.—Courage, Calianax!
Cal. Would I had any! you should quickly know it.
Mel. Speak to the people; thou art eloquent.
Cal. 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows:
You were born to be my end; the devil take you!
Now must I hang for company. 'Tis strange,
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

Enter LYSIPPUS, CLEON, STRATO, DIAGORAS, *and Guard.*

Lys. See where he stands, as boldly confident
As if he had his full command about him!
Stra. He looks as if he had the better cause, sir;
Under your gracious pardon, let me speak it.
Though he be mighty-spirited, and forward
To all great things, to all things of that danger
Worse men shake at the telling of, yet certainly

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I do believe him noble, and this action
Rather pull'd on than sought: his mind was ever
As worthy as his hand.
Lys. 'Tis my fear too.
Heaven forgive all!—Summon him, lord Cleon.
Cle. Ho, from the walls there!
Mel. Worthy Cleon, welcome:
We could have wish'd you here, lord; you are honest.
Cal. Well, thou art as flattering a knave, though
I dare not tell thee so—— [*Aside.*
Lys. Melantius!
Mel. Sir?
Lys. I am sorry that we meet thus; our old love
Never requir'd such distance. Pray to[n] Heaven,
You have not left yourself, and sought this safety
More out of fear than honour! You have lost
A noble master; which your faith, Melantius,
Some think might have preserv'd: yet you know best.
Cal. When time was, I was mad: some that dares fight,
I hope will pay this rascal. [*Aside.*
Mel. Royal young man, those[o] tears look lovely on thee:
Had they been shed for a deserving one,
They had been lasting monuments. Thy brother,
Whilst[p] he was good, I call'd him King, and serv'd him
With that strong faith, that most unwearied valour,
Pull'd people from the farthest sun to seek him,
And beg[q] his friendship: I was then his soldier.
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust,
(That never-cur'd dishonour of my sister,
Base stain of whore, and, which is worse, the joy
To make it still so,) like myself, thus I

[n] *to*] So 4to. 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors.
[o] *those*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622. Later eds. "whose"; and so the modern editors.
[p] *Whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to "While".
[q] *beg*] So 4to. 1619. Other eds. "buy" (and "by"); and so the Editors of 1778.

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Have flung him off with my allegiance;
And stand here mine own justice, to revenge
What I have suffer'd in him, and this old man
Wrongèd almost to lunacy.
Cal. Who, I?
You would draw me in. I have had no wrong;
I do disclaim ye all.
Mel. The short is this.
'Tis no ambition to lift up myself
Urgeth me thus; I do desire again
To be a subject, so I may be free[r]:
If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild
This goodly town. Be speedy, and be wise,
In a reply.
Stra. Be sudden, sir, to tie
All up again. What's done is past recall,
And past you to revenge; and there are thousands
That wait for such a troubled hour as this.
Throw him the blank.
Lys. Melantius, write in that
Thy choice: my seal is at it. [*Throws a paper to* MELANTIUS.
Mel. It was our honours drew us to this act,
Not gain; and we will only work our pardons.
Cal. Put my name in too.
Diph. You disclaim'd us all
But now, Calianax.
Cal. That is all one;
I'll not be hang'd hereafter by a trick:
I'll have it in.
Mel. You shall, you shall.—
Come to the back gate, and we'll call you King,
And give you up the fort.
Lys. Away, away! [*Exeunt.*

[r] *free*] Theobald gave with the later eds. "freed."

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SCENE IV.—*Ante-room to* AMINTOR'S *Apartments.*

Enter ASPATIA *in male apparel, and with artificial scars on her face.*

Asp. This is my fatal hour. Heaven may forgive
My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid
Griefs on me that will never let me rest,
And put a woman's heart into my breast.
It is more honour for you that I die;
For she that can endure the misery
That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live and laugh at all that you can do.

Enter Servant.

God save you, sir!

Ser. And you, sir! What's your business?

Asp. With you, sir, now; to do me the fair office
To help me to your lord.

Ser. What, would you serve him?

Asp. I'll do him any service; but, to haste,
For my affairs are earnest, I desire
To speak with him.

Ser. Sir, because you are in such haste, I would
Be loath delay you longer[s]: you can not.

Asp. It shall become you, though, to tell your lord.

Ser. Sir, he will speak with nobody;
But in particular, I have in charge,
About no weighty matters[t].

Asp. This is most strange.
Art thou gold-proof? there's for thee; help me to him.
[*Gives money.*

Ser. Pray be not angry, sir: I'll do my best. [*Exit.*

Asp. How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me!

[s] *you longer*] The modern editors give with the later eds. "*you* any *longer.*"

[t] *But in particular I have in charge,*
About no weighty matters] Found only in 4to 1619.

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There is a vild[u] dishonest trick in man,
More than in woman[v]. All the men I meet
Appear thus to me, are harsh[w] and rude,
And have a subtilty in every thing,
Which love could never know; but we fond women
Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts,
And think all shall go so. It is unjust
That men and women should be match'd together.

Enter AMINTOR *with* Servant.

Amin. Where is he?

Ser. There, my lord.

Amin. What would you, sir?

Asp. Please it your lordship to command your man
Out of the room, I shall deliver things
Worthy your hearing.

Amin. Leave us. [*Exit* Servant.

Asp. Oh, that that shape
Should bury falsehood in it! [*Aside.*

Amin. Now your will, sir.

Asp. When you know me, my lord, you needs must guess
My business; and I am not hard to know;
For, till the chance of war mark'd this smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me
My sister's picture, and her mine. In short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd Aspatia.

Amin. The wrong'd Aspatia! Would thou wert so too
Unto the wrong'd Amintor! Let me kiss [*Kisses her hand.*
That hand of thine, in honour that I bear
Unto the wrong'd Aspatia. Here I stand
That did it. Would he could not[x]! Gentle youth,

[u] *vild*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622, 1630. Later eds. "vile"; and so the modern editors. See note, p. 331.

[v] *woman*] So 4to. 1661. Other eds. "women"; and so the modern editors.

[w] *are harsh*] Theobald for the metre printed "*are* all *harsh*"; and so his successors. But "appear" is frequently used as a trisyllable.

[x] *Here I stand*
That did it. Would he could not!] Heath (*MS. Notes*) proposes to read "Here *he stands*," &c. Of the words, "Would he could not!" Weber attempts

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Leave me; for there is something in thy looks
That calls my sins in a most hideous form
Into my mind; and I have grief enough
Without thy help.

Asp. I would I could with credit!
Since I was twelve years old, I had not seen
My sister till this hour I now arriv'd:
She sent for me to see her marriage;
A woful one! but they that are above[x]
Have ends in every thing. She us'd few words,
But yet enough to make me understand
The baseness of the injury[y] you did her.
That little training I have had is war:
I may behave myself rudely in peace;
I would not, though. I shall not need to tell you,
I am but young, and would be loath to lose
Honour, that is not easily gain'd again.
Fairly I mean to deal: the age is strict
For single combats; and we shall be stopp'd,
If it be publish'd. If you like your sword,
Use it; if mine appear a better to you,
Change; for the ground is this, and this the time,
To end our difference. [*Draws her sword.*

Amin. Charitable youth,
If thou be'st such, think not I will maintain
So strange a wrong: and, for thy sister's sake,
Know, that I could not think that desperate thing

a most absurd explanation. The text may be corrupted; yet in a preceding part of the play we find a passage somewhat similar;

"*I* bear *my* grief
Hid from the world. How *art thou* wretched then?
For aught *I* know, all husbands are like *me*."—p. 372.

[x] *But they that are above, &c.*] "How nobly, and to what advantage, has Shakespeare expressed this sentiment in his Hamlet!—

'And that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.'"—THEOBALD.

[y] *injury*] So the later eds. Earlier eds. "injuries"; and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

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I durst not do; yet, to enjoy this world,
I would not see her; for, beholding thee,
I am I know not what. If I have aught
That may content thee, take it, and begone,
For death is not so terrible as thou;
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.

Asp. Thus, she swore,
Thou wouldst behave thyself, and give me words
That would fetch tears into mine eyes; and so
Thou dost indeed. But yet she bade me watch,
Lest I were cozen'd, and be sure to fight
Ere I return'd.

Amin. That must not be with me.
For her I'll die directly; but against her
Will never hazard it.

Asp. You must be urg'd:
I do not deal uncivilly with those
That dare to fight; but such a one as you
Must be us'd thus. [*Strikes him.*

Amin. I prithee, youth, take heed.
Thy sister is a thing to me so much
Above mine honour, that I can endure
All this—Good gods! a blow I can endure;
But stay not, lest thou draw a timeless death
Upon thyself.

Asp. Thou art some prating fellow;
One that hath studied out a trick to talk,
And move soft-hearted people; to be kick'd, [*Kicks him.*
Thus to be kick'd.—Why should he be so slow
In giving me my death? [*Aside.*

Amin. A man can bear
No more, and keep his flesh. Forgive me, then!
I would endure yet, if I could. Now shew [*Draws his sword.*
The spirit thou pretend'st, and understand
Thou hast no hour to live. [*They fight,* ASPATIA *is wounded.*
What dost thou mean?
Thou canst not fight: the blows thou mak'st at me
Are quite besides; and those I offer at thee,

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Thou spread'st thine arms, and tak'st upon thy breast,
Alas, defenceless!

Asp. I have got enough,
And my desire. There is no place so fit
For me to die as here. [*Falls.*

Enter EVADNE, *her hands bloody, with a knife.*

Evad. Amintor, I am loaden with events,
That fly to make thee happy; I have joys,
That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,
And settle thee in thy free state again.
It is Evadne still that follows thee,
But not her mischiefs.

Amin. Thou canst not fool me to believe again;
But thou hast looks and things so full of news,
That I am stay'd.

Evad. Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze;
Let thine eyes loose, and speak. Am I not fair?
Looks not Evadne beauteous with these rites now?
Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes
When our hands met before the holy man?
I was too foul within to look fair then:
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.

Amin. There is presage of some important thing
About thee, which, it seems, thy tongue hath lost:
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife.

Evad. In this consists thy happiness and mine:
Joy to Amintor! for the King is dead.

Amin. Those have most power to hurt us, that we love;
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.
Why, thou hast rais'd up mischief to his height,
And found one[y] to outname thy other faults;
Thou hast no intermission of thy sins,
But all thy life is a continued ill:
Black is thy colour now, disease thy nature.
Joy to Amintor! Thou hast touch'd a life,

[y] *found one*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622, 1630, 1638, 1641. Later eds. "*found* out *one*"; and so the modern editors, those of 1778 excepted.

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The very name of which had power to chain
Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.
Evad. 'Tis done; and, since I could not find a way
To meet thy love so clear as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.
Amin. Couldst thou procure the gods to speak to me,
To bid me love this woman and forgive,
I think I should fall out with them. Behold,
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my breast,
Sent by his violent fate to fetch his death
From my slow hand! And, to augment my woe,
You now are present, stain'd with a king's blood
Violently[z] shed. This keeps night here,
And throws an unknown wilderness[a] about me.
Asp. Oh, oh, oh!
Amin. No more; pursue me not.
Evad. Forgive me, then,
And take me to thy bed: we may not part. [*Kneels.*
Amin. Forbear, be wise, and let my rage go this way.
Evad. 'Tis you that I would stay, not it.
Amin. Take heed;
It will return with me.
Evad. If it must be,
I shall not fear to meet it: take me home.
Amin. Thou monster of cruelty, forbear!
Evad. For Heaven's sake, look more calm: thine eyes are sharper
Than thou canst make thy sword.
Amin. Away, away!
Thy knees are more to me than violence;

[z] *Violently*] Theobald chose to print "Most *violently*."

[a] *wilderness*] "This is a word here appropriated by the poets to signify *wildness*, from the verb *bewilder*. Milton seems to have been pleased with the liberty of using it in this sense, as he has copied it in his *Paradise Lost*: B. ix. v. 245.

'These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from *wilderness* with ease.'" THEOBALD,—who appears to have forgot that Shakespeare had used the word in that sense, *Meas. for Meas.* act iii. sc. 1.

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I am worse than sick to see knees follow me
For that I must not grant. For Heaven's sake, stand.
Evad. Receive me, then.
Amin. I dare not stay thy language:
In midst of all my anger and my grief,
Thou dost awake something that troubles me,
And says, I lov'd thee once. I dare not stay;
There is no end of woman's reasoning. [*Retiring.*
Evad. [*rising.*] Amintor, thou shalt love me now again:
Go; I am calm. Farewell, and peace for ever!
Evadne, whom thou hat'st, will die for thee. [*Stabs herself.*
Amin. [*returning.*] I have a little human nature yet,
That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.
Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late.
Oh, I am lost! the heavy sleep makes haste. [*Dies.*
Asp. Oh, oh, oh!
Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel
A stark affrighted motion in my blood;
My soul grows weary of her house, and I
All over am a trouble to myself.
There is some hidden power in these dead things,
That calls my flesh unto 'em; I am cold:
Be resolute, and bear 'em company.
There's something yet, which I am loath to leave:
There's man enough in me to meet the fears
That death can bring; and yet would it were done!
I can find nothing in the whole discourse
Of death, I durst not meet the boldest way;
Yet still, betwixt the reason and the act,
The wrong I to Aspatia did stands up;
I have not such another fault to answer:
Though she may justly arm herself with scorn
And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled,
When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow:
I will not leave this act unsatisfied,
If all that's left in me can answer it.
Asp. Was it a dream? there stands Amintor still;
Or I dream still.

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Amin. How dost thou? speak; receive my love and help.
Thy blood climbs up to his old place again;
There's hope of thy recovery.

Asp. Did you not name Aspatia?

Amin. I did.

Asp. And talk'd of tears and sorrow unto her?

Amin. 'Tis true; and, till these happy signs in thee
Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.

Asp. Thou art there already, and these wounds are hers:
Those threats I brought with me sought not revenge,
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand:
I am Aspatia yet.

Amin. Dare my soul ever look abroad again?

Asp. I shall sure live[a], Amintor; I am well;
A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.

Amin. The world wants lives to excuse[b] thy loss;
Come, let me bear thee to some place of help.

Asp. Amintor, thou must stay; I must rest here;
My strength begins to disobey my will.
How dost thou, my best soul? I would fain live
Now, if I could: wouldst thou have lov'd me, then?

Amin. Alas,
All that I am's not worth a hair from thee!

Asp. Give me thy hand; mine[c] hands grope up and down,
And cannot find thee; I am wondrous sick:
Have I thy hand, Amintor?

Amin. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.

Asp. I do believe thee better than my sense.
Oh, I must go! farewell! [*Dies.*

[a] *I shall sure live*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622; and so Theobald. Qtos. 1630, 1638, "*I shall* surely *live*;" and so the editors of 1778 and Weber. Other eds. "*I shall live*".

[b] *lives to excuse*] Old eds. "lines *to excuse*"—a misprint for "liues," &c. Theobald admitted into the text Seward's conjecture, "*lives to* expiate," proposing in a note "limits *to excuse*."

[c] *mine*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "my"; and so Weber. I may notice that in this line, the three earliest 4tos. have "*Giue me* thine *hand*", and that 4to. 1619 has "*mine* eyes grow *vp and downe*."

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Amin. She swounds[d].—Aspatia !—Help ! for Heaven's sake, water,
Such as may chain life ever to this frame !—
Aspatia, speak !—What, no help yet ? I fool ;
I'll chafe her temples. Yet there's nothing stirs :
Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls,
And let her answer me !—Aspatia, speak !—
I have heard, if there be any life, but bow
The body thus, and it will shew itself[e].
Oh, she is gone ! I will not leave her yet.
Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,
I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me,
You heavenly powers, and lend for some few years
The blessed soul to this fair seat again !
No comfort comes ; the gods deny me too.
I'll bow the body once again.—Aspatia !—
The soul is fled for ever ; and I wrong
Myself, so long to lose her company.
Must I talk now ? Here's to be with thee, love !
[*Stabs himself.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. This is a great grace to my lord, to have the new king come to him : I must tell him he is entering.—Oh, Heaven[f] ! —Help, help !

Enter LYSIPPUS, MELANTIUS, CALIANAX, CLEON, DIPHILUS, *and* STRATO.

Lys. Where's Amintor ?

Serv[g]. Oh, there, there !

[d] *swounds*] Altered by the modern editors to the modern form "swoons." Compare Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, act iii. sc. 1 ;

"I take thy body from the ground
In this deep and deadly *swound*."

[e] *I have heard, if there be any life, but bow*
The body thus, and it will shew itself.] "These lines form the best comment upon the common direction in old plays, to bend the body of a dying or dead person." WEBER.

[f] *Heaven*] Qtos. 1619, 1622, "God" ; which Weber very unnecessarily adopted.

[g] *Serv.*] Old eds. "Strat." "We cannot believe our poets intended these

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Lys. How strange is this!

Cal. What should we do here?

Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand
Stiff here for ever! Eyes, call up your tears!
This is Amintor: heart, he was my friend;
Melt! now it flows.—Amintor, give a word
To call me to thee.

Amin. Oh!

Mel. Melantius calls his friend Amintor. Oh,
Thy arms are kinder to me than thy tongue!
Speak, speak!

Amin. What?

Mel. That little word was worth[h] all the sounds
That ever I shall hear again.

Diph. Oh, brother,
Here lies your sister slain! you lose yourself
In sorrow there.

Mel. Why, Diphilus, it is
A thing to laugh at; in respect of this:
Here was my sister, father, brother, son;
All that I had.—Speak once again; what youth
Lies slain there by thee?

Amin. 'Tis Aspatia.
My last is said[i]. Let me give up my soul
Into thy bosom. [*Dies.*

Cal. What's that? what's that? Aspatia!

Mel. I never did
Repent the greatness of my heart till now;
It will not burst at need.

Cal. My daughter dead here too! And you have all fine new tricks to grieve; but I ne'er knew any but direct crying.

words to be spoken by Strato. Strato is following Lysippus into the room, yet is the first to give information of what that prince must have seen before him. The speech appears to us to belong to the Servant; to whom therefore we have assigned it." *Ed.* 1778.

[h] *worth*] Theobald, dissatisfied, as usual, with the metre, printed "more *worth*."

[i] *My last is said*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622. Later eds. "*My* senses fade."

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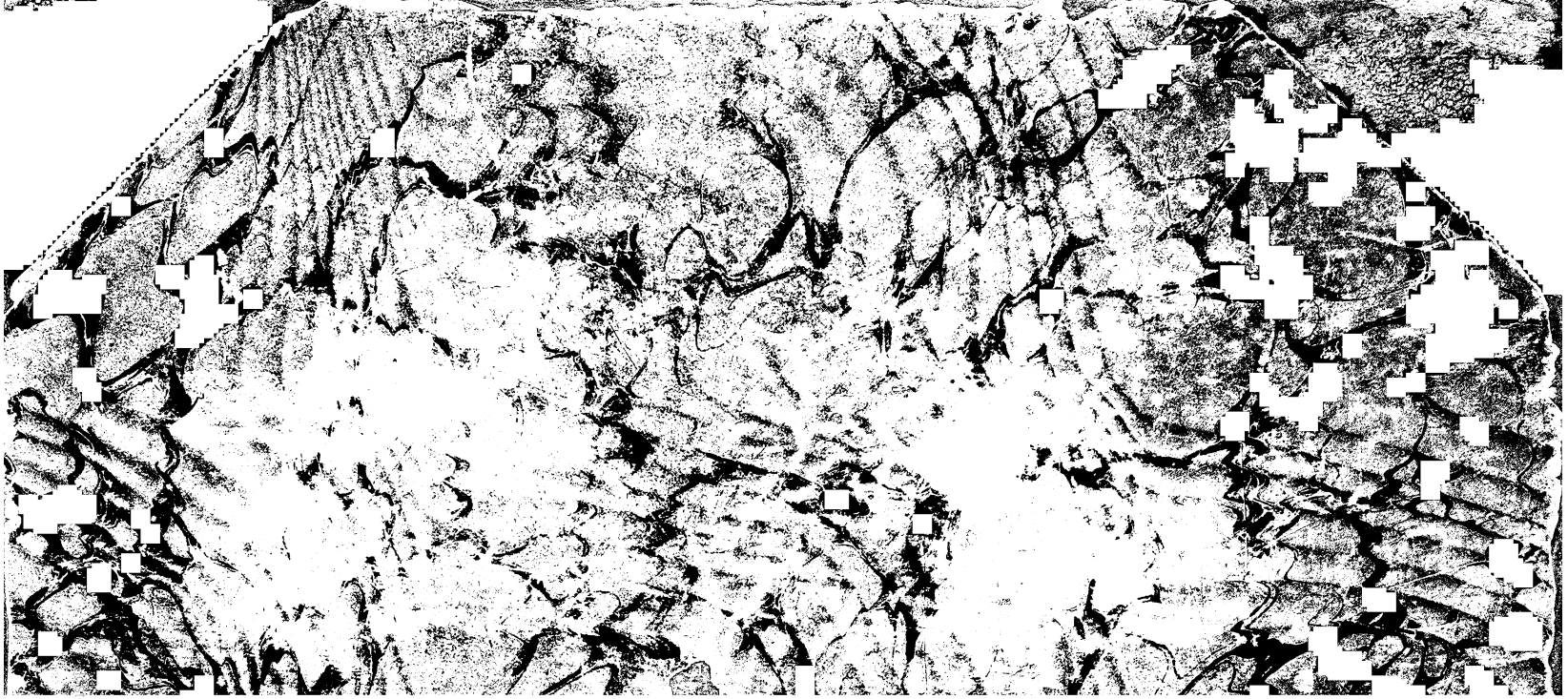

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